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CHILE.*

IT is a remark made by Hugh Miller, and, very probably, by others before him, that the great features of physical geography rarely form right lines, but, where such do occur, the geologist may look for something remarkable.

No better example illustrative of this observation can be found, than that line which every child has noticed on its school-geography maps of the western hemisphere—a chain of mountains, in some places but a single ridge, in others branching or forming several parallel lines, but extending in one conspicuous and unbroken system, nearly north and south, for eight thousand miles, from Cape Horn to Russian America.

It is apparently one long axis of fractures and disturbances in the earth's crust. If we admit the prevalent theory, that our planet once existed in a melted state, and has cooled on its exterior, it seems to follow that the process must have been accompanied by a certain degree of contraction. The spherical crust, left comparatively unsupported by its shrunk interior, must have exerted in all directions a lateral pressure or "thrust," like that sustained by the piers of an arch; under which the weaker portions must have yielded—crowded into broken ridges, and uplifts. We have seen on a frozen lake a simi-

lar result produced, by the expansion of the ice from changes of temperature, a long crack being formed across the icy sheet, the edges of which were raised up into ridges, resting against each other like the slopes of a roof. We may conceive the long upthrow of the Andean chain to have been somewhat analogous to this; but after the crack was formed, and its edges uplifted, a new element came into activity. The melted matter from our planet's interior rose through the crevice, and its hardened overflow added immensely to the height and bulk of the mountain range. To this agency appear to be due the enormous accumulations of lava, porphyry, trachyte, and other plutonic rocks, which accompany the chain, through openings in which the volcanic fires still blaze at intervals from Southern Chile to Russian America.

Perhaps it may be true, as some geologists have suggested, that this great uplift was contemporaneous with a depression of the area occupied by the Pacific. Be this as it may, the ranges of the mountains and the coast are parallel, and both inclose and give character to the territory which forms the subject of these handsome volumes.

"With an arid desert on its northern frontier, successive ranges of mountains,

* Report of the U. S. Naval Astronomical Expedition to the southern hemisphere, during the years 1849, '50, '51, '52. Published by order of Congress. Washington, 1855.

whose summits are covered by everlasting snows, on the east, Cape Horn, with its appalling storms of ice and sleet, on the south, and the vast Pacific ocean washing its western shores," the territory of Chile stretches through a length of about 2,000 miles, with an average width of nearly eighty.

Its more southern portion, for eight or ten hundred miles, seems to be little more than a mere selva of rough country, crowded between the mountains and the rifted and iron-bound coast, which, indeed, in many places, come together without any interval of habitable land. The more northern part, which is generally spoken of as Chile, is from 1,000 to 1,200 miles long, by perhaps 100 in average width. Its peculiar and isolated position, and the grandeur of its natural features, must always secure for any work devoted to its description the interest of all intelligent minds.

The chief object of the Expedition, of which Lieut. J. M. Gilliss was the head, and Lieut. Archibald McRae, Acting Master S. L. Phelps, and Captain's Clerk E. R. Smith, were associates, was to effect a series of observations of the stars of the southern hemisphere, in connection with which duty special researches were to be made in magnetism and meteorology. The observations made in these departments of science, however, are not to any great extent embraced in the volumes now before us, which are chiefly occupied with details of more popular interest, collected under general instructions, to secure, in addition to the leading objects of the expedition, "any other information of a useful character which there might be opportunity to obtain."

This direction seems to have been obeyed in the most industrious spirit, if we may judge by the result before us. The contents of the work may be roughly classified as follows. Descriptive geography, political divisions, and industrial resources, seventy-six pages; climate, and earthquakes, about as much more; descriptions of Santiago and Valparaiso, sixty-seven pages; of the government, society, and the church, forty-six pages; journeys in the provinces, 113 pages; the Presidential election of 1851, and its unhappy contests, thirty-five pages. Then we have fifty pages devoted to the journey from New York to Valparaiso, via Panama and the

coast; twenty to "first experiences in Chile; while a variety of minor details make up the 550 pages of Vol. I. Three hundred more are given in Vol. II. to the report of Lieut. McRae's tour across the continent, and sundry illustrated papers on archæology and natural history. Eight hundred and fifty quarto pages—no less—a magnum opus laborious in achievement, and not a little so in perusal. We confess that we would have preferred a couple of tight little duodecimos, or small octavos; and valuable as is the great mass of information collected in this report, it seems to us that by the omission of part of its contents, and the condensation of more, it might have been made less expensive to publish, less burdensome to the mails, and more useful to the public. The best part of our people are active, practical men, whose time is too much occupied to allow them leisure to search through such bulky volumes; and the author who might, by a book condensed into the concise form and clearest arrangement, have interested tens of thousands of readers, is apt to find, when he has completed a ponderous quarto, designed to be his monument, that he has literally buried under it his reputation.

The gentlemen of the expedition left New York in August, 1849, going by way of Panama, stopping at different points along the coast, and reaching Valparaiso on the 25th of October, whence they proceeded to the capital city of Santiago, a town of 80,000 or 90,000 inhabitants, covering with its low houses an area of six or seven square miles, in a plain or basin of about sixty miles by twenty in extent; sixty miles inland, and 2,000 feet above the level of the ocean. It is overlooked, on the east, by the great Andean chain, some of the highest peaks of which are visible from the valley. From the eastern part of the city rises the hill of Santa Lucia, a mass of porphyritic rock 175 feet high, on the upper part of which the observatory was established, and the instruments mounted. The native population looked on the advancing work with great curiosity, and on its completion, all who wished, rich or poor, learned or ignorant, were allowed to scan the heavens through the wonderful optic tube. Yet there remained many who attributed to the strangers more than scientific lore, and as the season proved

an unusual one in the occurrence of severe thunder storms, as well as earthquakes, the "masses" were much inclined to associate these disturbances with the advent of the wizards on Santa Lucia.

The locality proved exceedingly favorable for astronomical observations, as the serenity of the skies permitted a much larger amount of work to be done within a limited period than can be accomplished in most countries. It is stated in the report, that out of 132 consecutive nights after January 31, 1850, there were but seven cloudy ones, and during the next summer, from November 10th to April 10th, observations were made on 120 out of 152 nights. The only drawback on the advantages of the position, was the small number of the observers, which made the work most laborious and exhausting, and limited the usefulness of the expedition.

Beginning at the south pole, a complete examination was made of the heavens through more than 24° of declination, by "sweeping" them with the telescope in narrow successive belts or rings. Within this space were obtained 33,600 observations of some 23,000 stars, of which more than 20,000 are stated not to have been previously tabulated. In addition to this, a large amount of time was devoted to the examination of more northerly zones of the sky, which, with observations of the moon, planets, etc., number about 9,000 measures. Lieut. Gilliss had hoped to have tabulated all the stars not clearly visible above the horizon of Washington, so that, by combining the labors of his expedition with those of our national observatory, it might be said that the American Navy had mapped the whole heavens; but the numerical force of his corps was insufficient for the task. The valuable results of the great amount of astronomical work which they were enabled to accomplish, will appear separately. We have now only to glean from the present volumes such particulars of popular interest, relative to other topics, as our limits will allow.

The dimensions, and a sketch of the general position of Chile, have already been given. Between the Andes and the sea, the country is generally rough and hilly. The best and most fertile portion of the country extends along the base of the Andes, in a series of valleys, or a long depression between them

and the seaboard hills, lying in the provinces of Santiago, Colchagua, and Maule. This may be considered as a continuation of the submarine valley separating the island of Chiloe from the main-land.

The main Andean chain is, as a mass, highest in latitude 35° , and its base has a width, from the lower lands of Chile to the Pampas at the foot of the eastern slope, of one hundred and twenty miles. The most lofty peaks in Chile are Aconcagua, in latitude $32\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, within sight of Santiago, rising to the altitude of 22,300 feet, and Tupungato, in latitude, $33\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, the height of which is given at 22,450 feet. The elevation of these summits is much greater than was formerly supposed, and they are entitled to rank among the very loftiest few of the giants of the Andes.

The reader, however, if he compares the elevation of these peaks with the width of the base of the chain, will find that their extreme height is but about one-thirtieth of such width; a result which tends very much to flatten down prevalent popular ideas of the steep, wall-like character of mountain chains. In truth, though minor inequalities of the earth's surface may be more abrupt, its greater ridges and undulations, viewed on a large scale, are gentle and almost insignificant. Differences of elevation, as compared with those of distance, are so slight, as not only to require exaggeration to make them appreciable on the profiles and sections of the engineer and the geologist, but we believe that we all insensibly habituate the eye to give greater importance to elevations than to distances, and acquire a distorted idea of their proportions which misleads our perceptions.

Through this huge mountain barrier, a number of passes lead to the broad pampas and great rivers of the Atlantic slope of the continent. Those most frequently traversed are the Uspullata pass to the N. E. of Santiago, and the Portillo pass, S. W. of that city, both of which were examined by Lieut. McRae, from whose surveys maps of these lofty valleys have been made and published in the report. The Uspullata pass, in latitude $32^{\circ} 49'$, is the more sheltered, and the more frequently used, and attains a height of 12,500 feet; the Portillo, in latitude $33^{\circ} 35'$, is a shorter route, but more dangerous and difficult. Its first sum-

mit is nearly 13,200 feet above the sea level, and when, after passing the mountain valley of Tunyan, 3,000 feet in depth, the traveler, faint with the difficulty of respiration at these heights, reaches the second summit, and looks through the Portillo,* at the distant ocean-like pampas of Buenos Ayres, he has attained the elevation of 14,475 feet. For the "puna," or weakness and lassitude caused by exertion in the thin atmosphere of these great altitudes, onions and garlic are recommended as remedies; though it is quaintly mentioned that Dr. Darwin found nothing so efficacious in removing it as the discovery of fossil shells at the elevation of more than 13,000 feet above their parent ocean.

In the valley leading to the Portillo pass are beds of pure white gypsum, which are estimated (unless the printer has added a superfluous cipher) at 2,000 feet in thickness.

The less used passes of Come-Cavallo, (literally "eat-horse,") and Dona Ana, are at heights of 14,500 and 14,900 feet, so that the lower indentations of this chain are as high as the loftiest peaks of European mountains.

Few cross the range in the south of Chile. There are at least two passes—those of the Planchon and the Antuco—at elevations of only about 6,500 feet; but east of the mountains the Pehuenches scour the pampas, and travelers prefer the danger and difficulty of the higher northern passes to the risk of encountering these fierce savages.

Among the mountains are many lakes, shut in the basins of upheaved rock. They are in many instances accessible only with difficulty; are fed by mountain torrents, and give birth to other streams which roar through rapidly descending gorges and valleys toward the ocean.

As might be expected, the rivers of Chile are short, turbulent, and rarely navigable. The largest, the Biobio, is navigable for boats only from forty to fifty miles. These streams, though not large in appearance, discharge great quantities of water; and it is believed that the Mapocho, at Santiago, though but thirty yards in width, pours through its sloping bed a greater vol-

ume than is borne to the sea by the lake-like Potomac.

The climate of Chile, influenced by its situation between the mountains and the sea, is peculiar. At its northern extremity, the desert of Atacama lies under the southern border of the trade-winds, which, chilled in rising over the Andes, condense their moisture in heavy rains to nourish the forests, and feed the huge rivers of the Atlantic slope, and then come down the western declivities, so dry as to absorb, instead of shedding moisture. Here, and in the neighboring districts of Peru, rain scarcely ever falls, and the mode of building adopted is such that a rainy day will bring down more houses than an earthquake.

As we go southward and come under the influence of the return current, which, outside the tropics, sets from the westward to counterbalance the intertropical flow of the trade-winds, and brings the evaporation from the Pacific to the continent, the rains commence and increase, so that while in the northern part of Chile, there are, on an average, but fourteen rainy days in the year, there are in the southern districts forty. But even in central Chile the rains descend only in the winter months of May, June, July, and August, while during the summer, vegetation almost disappears; the hills become brown, and little efficient cultivation is practicable save by irrigation. The olive flourishes, and the grape yields good wine, but the sugar-cane and many other tropical plants do not succeed, for want of continuous moisture. In localities where this can be supplied, the native fruit-trees and a great variety of shrubs are evergreen, but Lombardy poplars and other introduced trees retain their deciduous habits. It seems strange to read of their yellow leaves falling in May, and their boughs remaining bare during June and July; but this is only one of the features of this land, the reverse of our own country, not only in its position relatively to the equator, but to the continent and ocean. Maize is raised to some extent, barley succeeds well, and rye was introduced for the purpose of distillation; but although the yield of grain was good, its cultivation was abandoned because the

* This opening of the ridge is but just wide enough for a loaded mule to pass; hence its name, "portillo," a little door.

Chilenos preferred their own aguardiente, and would not take kindly to whisky. Wheat is a great staple, and Chile flour was for a long time almost the sole supply of California.

At Santiago there fell, in the brief rainy season in 1850, fifty-six inches of rain, and in 1851, thirty-nine inches; quantities quite equal to the rain-fall distributed through twelve months in New York. Lightning, though frequent in the Andes, is so rare in the valley that a sharp thunder-shower causes almost as much consternation as an earthquake.

Still further southward, the number of rainy days in winter and the constant humidity of the seasons increase, as is shown by the fact, that while Central Chile has scarcely a tree, except the exotic species planted along the water-courses, the southern provinces possess valuable forests of tall and heavy timber. Here there have been observed 156 rainy days in the year, and this region would probably well reward steady cultivation; but it yet remains, in great proportion, in the possession of warlike Araucanian Indians.

Still beyond, the cold, wet, and tempestuous climate of Cape Horn and the Straits of Magellan, has long been proverbial.

Beautiful atmospheric effects delight the visitor to this mountain land. At Santiago there is often a season of warm, hazy weather, like an Indian summer, but it occurs not in November, but in their autumn, about the last of March or first of April. Most remarkable are the sunset hues, which Lieut. Gilliss describes as flitting over the snowy Cordillera, after the plains are in shadow; successive tints of violet, purple, and rosy pink, creeping up the white slopes, and "forming a picture to which no words can render justice."

Yet, bright as are its skies, soft its breezes, and delightful its temperature, free from the fierce heats of the tropics and the frosts of winter, the climate of Chile is not regarded by Lieut. Gilliss as favorable to longevity. Few aged men are met with, and from the census returns of 1854 the population appears, during six years, to have increased only three per cent., or from 1,393,000 to 1,435,000. Probably other than climatic causes contribute to this effect, for the report before us gives but an unfavorable picture of the morals

and comforts of the people. Out of less than 45,000 births, more than 10,000 were illegitimate, and to the large mortality among children, arising from the neglect and insufficient care incident to such a state of things, are to be added the effects of scrofulous diseases, which are the secondary results of vicious habits, and of privations arising from that indolence which often inflicts on the apparently favored population of mild climates a degree of poverty and want unknown among the industrious sons of the north. Lieut. Gilliss gives, in several places, unpleasant accounts of the character and domestic life of the lower classes of the people, and represents the condition of the peon laborers as practically not less servile and dependent than that of the negroes of our own south; while they have not that legal claim on their masters for support and protection which, with the latter, forms some counterpoise to the weight of their unfortunate position.

The attention of Lieut. Gilliss and his associates was given with much care to the earthquakes, so common on the southern Pacific coast; but we do not perceive that the report affords much information in regard to them that is new. The establishment of a telegraph line, between Santiago and Valparaiso, enabled observers to prove that, at least in one instance, the shock was precisely simultaneous at these two points, though upwards of sixty miles asunder. This is the first satisfactory observation of the kind; for all previous observations of time, in which dependence was placed on clocks at remote points, were not to be relied on at all.

A large amount of details in relation to earthquakes is given, embracing accounts of the more severe convulsions since 1570. That of 1835 appears, so far as the southern provinces were concerned, to have been one of the most terrible. The towns of Concepcion and Talcahuano were destroyed, not more by the earthquake itself than by the huge waves, which rolled in from the ocean at intervals for hours after, sweeping ships 200 yards inland, overturning and removing from their places twenty-four pound cannon, and dragging back, in their seaward reflux, everything that was movable. On this occasion the island of Santa Maria, seven miles in length, was upheaved, bodily, to an average height of nine feet, together with the

bottom of the sea around, so that in places where, in 1834, there had been thirty feet depth of water, subsequent soundings showed but twenty-one. The island of Mocha, seventy or eighty miles distant, was, at the same time, raised about two feet. The celebrated Juan Fernandez, 360 miles from the coast, was violently shaken, and a volcano burst forth through 300 feet of water, at a distance of a mile from its shore.

In connection with such sudden and violent changes of level, which seem the effect of the same forces which, in past epochs, raised the Andes themselves from the sea, Lieut. Gilliss suggests that others may be going on imperceptibly, such as geologists know to have been for centuries raising the coast of Scandinavia. His meridian circle, standing on stone blocks, which rested immediately on the rock of Santa Lucia, showed, for many months, a distinct and almost uniform change of position, as if its eastern support was constantly rising, or the whole hill slowly tilting over to the westward.* Such changes have been suspected in parts of England, and we remember reading, some years since, of surveys made and monuments accurately fixed in the southern counties, by future inspection of which the slightest fluctuations could be detected in the rocky foundations of that reputed "fast-anchored isle."

We have seen it stated that the average annual number of earthquake shocks at Lima is forty-five, though no disastrous convulsion has occurred there for a very long time. The present report gives the number occurring at Santiago during twenty-eight months as sixty-nine, and twice as many were noticed during the same period of time in the northern province of Coquimbo. Most of these were comparatively trifling, serious damage being caused in but few instances. It has been thought that they occur more frequently in autumn than at other seasons, but it is not established that any connection exists between the changes of our atmosphere and these movements of the solid crust of our earth.

Of the long accounts given of the government, church, and society in Chile, and of the presidential election of 1851, and its unhappy consequences

of domestic disturbance and civil war, we have not room to speak. It seems a very ungracious feature in a report made and published in such an official manner, to describe with what must be regarded as disapprobation any of the social, civil, or religious customs or transactions of a sister republic, with which we have been on friendly terms, and which received and aided the expedition with the utmost kindness and attention. Lieut. Gilliss seems to have anticipated such a view of portions of his volume, and deprecates it in an "apologetic conclusion," on the last page. Yet, it seems to us, that this government document should have left untouched, or very slightly referred to, topics so delicate, especially if not strictly embraced within the natural and legitimate scope of a scientific publication; and that their omission would have been one step well taken in retrenchment of the unnecessarily cumbrous dimensions of the work.

The chapters devoted to journeys through the provinces, and that from New York to Panama, and thence by the Peruvian coast, would furnish many quotations and facts of interest, but we must refer our readers to the book, which, by the "liberality of Congress," has been widely distributed. They will also find in it a valuable mass of statistics of a commercial character, in relation to products, exports and imports, mines, harbors, etc., etc.; and will have reason to admire the energy and ability which was able, during the brief intervals of engrossing scientific duties, to gather so great and so various a mass of general information.

The second volume is, as we have said, chiefly occupied with papers on antiquarian and scientific subjects. That on Indian remains, by Mr. Ewbank, describes and figures a great variety of relics, which, however, are almost exclusively Peruvian, very few of them being from Chile. Among the latter are copper axes and chisels, and a copper knife of crescent shape with a handle attached to its centre, very like the kind in use in every saddler's shop, or to others found among the collections of Egyptian antiquities. It is interesting to notice the uniformity in shape of tools which human ingenuity has contrived for its

* This movement went on regularly through seven or eight months of the year, but appeared to be interrupted during the winter, when the instrument remained nearly stationary.

own assistance, through such remote periods and regions.

These copper tools are not hardened to any considerable degree, as their proprietors seem to have valued highly the power of sharpening them by thinning the edge with a hammer, a method which shortened the otherwise long and tedious process of abrading them on a whetstone.

Among the Peruvian relics are many vessels of earthenware, showing the proficiency which the aboriginal tribes had made in the art of the potter; others carved from wood; baskets, fragments of textile fabrics, bodkins, needles, and other humble household property, buried long ago in the graves with their dusky owners. A collection of Peruvian antiquities, examined by Mr. Ewbank in Brazil, has furnished most of the illustrations, not only of stone and earthen, but metallic objects—ornaments, small tools, and industrial implements, weapons, official batons or sceptres, and small statuettes, fabricated of copper, bronze, gold, and silver. All these, with innumerable relics of similar character, by which so much has been learned of the conditions of art at remote periods in all quarters of the world, we owe to that almost universal superstition (if we are at liberty to call it by that name), which led to the burial, with the lost friend, of the articles most useful to or prized by him during life.

The paper contributed by Mr. Baird, of the Smithsonian Institution, is occupied with the numerous specimens of the mammalia of Chile, collected by Lieut. Gilliss, and to a list of all the species yet known from that country. The existence of the "panther" of our northern forests through South America, where it is well known under the name of "puma" and "cougar," is a remarkable instance of the wide diffusion of a single species. Among the more interesting quadrupeds noticed, are an opossum, almost as small as a mouse and as downy as a flying squirrel; the coypou, that beaver-like, aquatic animal, whose skins are so important an article of trade under the name of "nutria" fur; and that rare armadillo, the *chlamyphorus*, one example of that remarkable family of mailed quadrupeds peculiar to the South American continent, where are found the fossil bones and plates of a gigantic predecessor, whose length Cuvier estimated at ten feet, and whose

armor was at one time supposed to have covered the megatherium.

Lieut. Phelps contributes an interesting account of the habits of the guanaco, one of the peculiar family of quadrupeds to which the cama and alpaca belong, and which, like the armadillos, had among the lost races of the ante-human epoch a gigantic representative in the "*macrauchenia*." Mr. Phelps hunted the guanacos among their native mountain heights, and seems to have found this chase a larger kind of deer-stalking, the animal being so shy and vigilant as to perceive and fly from the hunter while yet at two miles distance. He, however, succeeded in shooting them, though their propensity to bound over the nearest precipice, when struck by the bullet, made their recovery often difficult or impossible.

Mr. Cassin's article on the birds is illustrated by handsome colored plates, partly executed by the new chromotypic process. Though many of the Chilean birds differ very widely from those of our northern temperate zone, there still occur, among the wading and swimming kinds, some of the identical species known in Pennsylvania and New England, while among others we notice that striking similarity in general appearance which often occurs in species which are reasonably regarded as having sprung from entirely different origins. This apparently indicates (if we may use such an expression in reference to the inscrutable creative agency) a tendency in nature to produce closely similar forms in remote regions, in a manner analogous to that in which the paleontologist finds similar forms to have been produced and reproduced at remote epochs.

Facts of this nature strike us with especial interest, if viewed in connection with the disputes which prevail respecting the unchangeable character of species, and the unity or diversity of similar races. An example of this kind may be found in the close resemblance of our golden-winged woodpecker to the red-quilled species of the Cape of Good Hope; where two species, which a careless observer might deem to be accidental varieties, caused by climate or other circumstances, are proved, by the impossibility of their transmission or migration across wide oceans, and the impassable torrid zone, to be of radically

distinct character. The reader, who can look over the immense and almost unrivaled ornithological collection of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, will find an hundred illustrations of the same fact. Among those conspicuous in Mr. Cassin's memoir are the large blackbird, so like our own large grackle, the smaller species almost the counterpart of our red-wing, except that his gay epaulette is of gold instead of crimson, and the sturnella, scarcely differing from our familiar meadow lark, but with a breast of red instead of yellow.

Mr. Girard, also of the Smithsonian, deals with the reptiles and crustacea. No lover ever yet made his sonnet to his mistress's eyebrow with the devotion and minuteness with which a thorough herpetologist scans the surocular, post-frontal, subgular, or symphyseal scales and plates of snakes. If the reader would be amused by two quarto pages of detailed description of a single lizard, without a word of its habits or manner of life; or entertained with five pages about the form and arrangement of the maxillipes, caudal paddles, chela, rostra, and antennae of the little crustaceous wretch, called, for want of a shorter name, *Rhyncoecinetes*, let him borrow Vol. II. of this report, and sit down cheerfully to it. We suspect, however, that he, with us, would be better pleased with some book of natural history, dealing more with the complete living form and its habits than with minute structural details, and the changing arrangements of system and nomenclature. Nevertheless, let justice be done to the patient investigator of the driest anatomy. His laborious accumulation of facts in natural science, is like the collection and arrangement of medals and inscriptions, and half interpreted alphabets and hieroglyphics. By-and-by, when the series of observations is nearly complete, will arise the man of wide views, the combiner and generalizer, to sweep the whole army of facts into their disciplined array; and the story is told, the world listens, and learns in a few words the great results of lifetimes of toil. This facile or fortunate employer of others' observations, this eventual interpreter into popular form, of truths before scattered and hidden in technical books, is, like a commanding officer, too apt to concentrate on himself the laurels which in great share

belong to less conspicuous, but not less able laborers in the same field.

Dr. Wyman's article is a brief description of some mastodon bones from Southern Chile, belonging to different species from those known in the United States.

Mr. Conrad describes and figures some fossil shells, whose interest is very great on account of the position of their localities. Some, of Oolitic or Jurassic age, are from the Cordillera de Dona Ana, at the height of 13,400 feet above the sea, and furnish certain evidence that since the secondary geological epoch, when they died and were buried, this part of the Andes has been raised by more than one half of its present enormous elevation. Probably, when those rocks were forming, and including the relics of the living forms of their parent ocean—long after the silurian regions of our northern states had risen above the sea, long after the Pennsylvania coal measures and the ridgy Alleghanies had been crumpled into their present distorted and folded form, and after the sea-beach bird-tracks had hardened in the red sandstones of the Connecticut Valley—this huge mountain chain only showed above the waves a line of peaks and ridges forming a long series of mountain islands.

Other shells, found on the line of the Copiapo rail-road, at the elevation of 420 feet above tide, are identical with species now living in the Pacific. This part of the Chilean coast must, therefore, have been raised at least 420 feet since the existence of the fauna, now inhabiting its bordering waters. The researches of Dr. Darwin, and other previous explorers, have shown yet more remarkable facts, proving that this enormous chain, and the broad continental plains to the eastward of it, have, during the latter periods of geological history, undergone oscillations of elevation and depression of astonishing extent.

Before closing this necessarily brief and imperfect sketch, we should mention the liberal and enlightened course of the Chilean government in supporting extensive scientific researches on its soil, and in its efforts for the education of its people. The work of M. Gay, published by the state, comprises, in addition to five volumes of political and civil history and two of documents, eight volumes of zoology and nine of botany, illustrated by 350 elegantly en-

graved and colored plates; and the work is yet going on. The topographical surveys by M. Pissis, from which the maps in this Report are in great part compiled, the Santiago Museum of Natural History, and the mineralogical cabinet arranged by Prof. Domeyko, are equally honorable to the government of Chili. The Military Academy, with its hundred and twenty pupils, the Na-

tional Institute with its nine hundred, the government normal schools and schools for teaching the mechanic arts, agriculture, painting and music, need only to be mentioned, to show how honorable a position, in comparison with states of far greater population, wealth and age, is maintained by the yet young republic of the Pacific coast.

THE HASHEESH EATER.

IT was at Damascus that I took my first dose of hasheesh, and laid the foundations of that habit which, through the earlier years of my manhood, imprisoned me like an enchanted palace. It was surely a worthy spot on which to build up such an edifice of hallucinations as I did there erect and cement around my soul by the daily use of this weed of insanity. Certainly no other spot could be so worthy, unless it were Bagdad, the marvelous city of the marvelous Sultan, Haroun al Rashid. I need not tell the reasons: every one can imagine them; every one, at least, who knows what Damascus is; much more every one who has been there. It was among shadowy gardens, filled with oriental loungers, and in Saracenic houses, gay as kaleidoscopes with gilding and bright tintings, that I made myself the slave of the hasheesh. It was surrounded by objects so suitable for dream-work, that, by the aid of this wizard of plants, I fabricated that palace of alternating pleasure and torture which was for years my abiding place. In this palace I sometimes reveled with a joy so immense that I may well call it multitudinous; or I ran and shrieked it through its changeful spaces with an agony which the pen of a demon could not describe suitably; surrounded, chased, overclouded by all the phantasms of mythology or the Arabian Nights; by every strange, ludicrous, or horrible shape that ever stole into my fancy, from books of romance or tales of spectredom.

It is useless to think of relating, or even mentioning, the visions which, during four or five years passed through my drugged brain. A library would not suffice to describe them all: many,

also, were indistinct in their first impressions, and others have so mingled together with time, that I cannot now trace their individual outlines. As the habit grew upon me, too, my memory gradually failed, and a stupor crept over me which dulled the edges of all events, whether dreams or realities. A dull confusion surrounded me at all times, and I dropped down its hateful current, stupid, indifferent, unobserving, and never thoroughly awake except when a fresh dose of the plant stimulated my mind into a brief consciousness of itself and its surroundings. The habit and its consequences naturally deepened my morbid unsociability of temper, and sunk me still more fixedly in the hermit-like existence which I had chosen. For some years I made no acquaintance with the many European travelers who pass through Syria; and I even, at last, got to avoid the presence of my listless oriental companions—keeping up no intimacy except with those who, like myself, daily wandered through the saharas and oases of hasheesh dreamland. Never before did I so completely give myself up to my besetting sin; for a sin I now consider it to cast off one's moorings to humanity; to fly from one's fellow-beings and despise, at once, their good will and their censure.

A terrible fever at last came to my relief and saved me by dragging me, as it were, through the waters of death. While the sickness continued, I could not take the hasheesh; and when I recovered, I had so far gained my self-control, that I resolved to fling the habit aside forever. I am ashamed to confess that it was partly the urgings of an old friend which supported me to this pitch of real heroism. He was a

young physician from my own city, and we had been companions and often room-mates through school and college, although it was by the merest accident that he met me in Beirut a few days before my seizure. Two months he watched by me, and then perfected his work by getting me on board the steamer for Marseilles, and starting me well homeward. I shall have to speak of him again; but I cannot give his name, further than to call him Doctor Harry, the pet title by which he was known in his own family.

I reached Marseilles, hurried through France, without passing more than a night even at Paris, and sailed for New York in a Havre steamer. In less than a month after I stepped from the broken columns which lie about the landing place of Beirut, I was strolling under the elms of my native city in Connecticut. The spell was broken by this time, and its shackles fallen altogether both from mind and body. I felt no longing after the *hasheesh*; and the dreary languor which once seemed to demand its restorative energy had disappeared: for my constitution was vigorous, and I was still several years under thirty. But such chains as I had worn, could not be carried so long without leaving some scars behind them. The old despotism asserted itself yet in horrible dreams, or in painful reveries which were almost as vivid, and as difficult to break as dreams. These temporary illusions generally made use of two subjects, as the scaffolds on which to erect their troublesome cloud-castles: first, the scenery and personages of my old *hasheesh* visions; second, the incidents of my journey homeward. I was not at all surprised to find myself haunted by sultans, Moors, elephants, afreets, rocs, and other monstrosities of the Arabian Nights; but it did seem unreasonable that I should be plagued, in the least degree, by the reminiscences of that wholesome, and, on the whole, pleasant flight from the land of my captivity. The rapidity and picturesqueness of the transit had impressed themselves on my imagination; and I now journeyed in spirit, night after night, and sometimes day after day, without rest and without goal; hurried on by an endless succession of steamers, diligences and railroad trains, all driven at their utmost speed; beholding oceans of foam, immeasurable snow mountains, cities of

many leagues in extents and population, whose multitudes obstructed my passage. But these illusions, whether sleeping or waking, were faint and mild compared with my old *hasheesh* paroxysms, and they grew rapidly weaker as time passed onward. The only thing which seriously and persistently annoyed me was an idea that my mind was slightly shaken. I vexed myself with minute self-examinations on this point, and actually consulted a physician as to whether some of my mental processes did not indicate incipient insanity. He replied in the best manner possible: he laughed at me, and forbade my pursuing those speculations.

All this time I amused myself in society, and even worked pretty faithfully at my legal profession. I shall say nothing of my cases, however, for, like most young lawyers, I had very few of them; all the fewer, doubtless, because long residence abroad had put me back in my studies. But I must speak at some length of my socialities, inasmuch as they soon flung very deep roots into my heart, and mingled themselves there with the poisonous decay of my former habit.

The first family whose acquaintance I renewed, on reaching home, was that of my dear friend, Doctor Harry. His father, the white-headed old doctor, and his dignified, kindly mother, greeted me with a heartiness that was like enthusiasm. I had been a school-fellow of their absent son; and more than that I had very lately seen him; and more still, I spoke of him with warm praise and gratitude. They treated me with as much affection as if it were I who had saved Harry's life, and not Harry who had saved mine. A reception equally cordial was granted me by the doctor's two daughters: Ellen and Ida. Ellen, whom I knew well, was twenty-three years old, and engaged to be married. She was the same lively, nervous, sentimental thing as of old; wore the same long black ringlets, and tossed her head in the same flighty style. Ida, four years younger than her sister, was almost a stranger to me; for she was a mere child when I first became a beau, and had been transferred from the nursery to the boarding-school without attracting my student observation. She was quite a novelty, therefore, a most attractive novelty also—the prettiest, un-

obtrusive style of woman that ever made an unsought conquest. I was the conquest, not the only conquest that she ever made, indeed; but the only one that she ever deigned to accept. I could not resist the mild blue eyes, the sunny brown hair, the sweet blonde face, and the dear little coral mouth. She had the dearest little expression in her mouth when she was moved; a pleading, piteous expression that seemed to beg and entreat without a spoken word; an expression that was really infantine, not in silliness, but in an unutterable pathetic innocence. Well, she quite enslaved me, so that in three months I was more her captive than I had ever been to the hasheesh, even in the time of my deepest enthralment.

I would not, however, offer myself to her until I had written to Doctor Harry, and asked him if he could permit his little sister to become the wife of the hasheesh eater. His reply was not kinder than I expected, but it was more cordial, and fuller of confidence. He knew little, in comparison with myself, of the strength of that old habit; nothing at all of the energy with which it can return upon one of its escaped victims. He was sure that I had broken its bonds; sure that I never would be exposed to its snares again; sure that I would resist the temptation, were it to come ever so powerful. Yes, he was quite willing that I should marry Ida; he would rejoice to meet me at his home as his brother. I might, if I chose, tell my history to his father, and leave the matter to him; but that was all that honor could demand of me, and even that was not sternly necessary.

I did as Harry directed, and related to the old physician all my dealings with the demon of hasheesh. Like a true doctor, he was immensely interested in the symptoms, and plunged into speculations as to whether the diabolical plant could not be introduced with advantage into the *materia medica*. No astonishment at my rashness; no horror at my danger; no grave disapproval of my weak wickedness; no particular rejoicing at what I considered my wonderful escape. And when, a few days after, I asked him if he could surrender his child to such a man as I, he laughed heartily, and shook both my hands with an air of the warmest encouragement. I felt guilty at that moment, as well as happy; for it seem-

ed as if I were imposing upon an unsuspecting ignorance, which could not and would not be enlightened. Nor did Ida say *no* any more than the others, although she made up a piteous little face when I took her hand, and looked as if she thought I had no right to ask her for so much as her whole self. So I was engaged to Ida, and was happier than all the hasheesh eaters from Cairo to Stamboul.

It was about a month after our engagement, and two months before the time fixed for our marriage, that a box reached us from Smyrna. It contained a quantity of Turkish silks, and other presents from Harry to his sisters, besides the usual variety of *nargeelehs*, *chibouks*, *tarbooshes*, *scimitars*, and so forth, such as young travelers usually pick up in the East. The doctor and I opened the packages, while Ellen, Ida, and their mother skipped about in delight from wonder to wonder. Among the last things came a small wooden box, which Ellen eagerly seized upon, declaring that it contained attar of roses. She tore off the cover, and displayed to my eyes a mass of that well-remembered drug, the terrible hasheesh. "What is it?" she exclaimed, "Is this attar of roses? No it isn't. What is it, Edward? Here, you ought to know." "It is hasheesh," I said, looking at it as if I saw an afreet or a ghoul.

"Well, what is hasheesh? Is it good to eat? Why, what are you staring at it so for? Do you want some? Here, eat a piece. I will if you will."

"Bless me!" exclaimed the doctor, dropping a Persian dagger and coming hastily forward. "Is that the real hasheesh? Bless me, so that is hasheesh, is it? Dear me, I must have a specimen. What is the ordinary dose for an adult, Edward?"

I took out a bit as large as a hazelnut, and held it up before his eyes. He received it reverently from my hands, and surveyed it with a prodigious scientific interest. "Wife," said he, "Ellen, Ida, this is hasheesh. This is an ordinary dose for an adult."

"Well, what is hasheesh?" repeated Ellen, tossing her ringlets as a colt does his mane. "Father! what is it? Did you ever take any, Edward?"

"Yes," mumbled the doctor, examining the lump with microscopic minuteness; "Edward is perfectly acquainted with the nature of the drug;

he has made some very interesting experiments with it."

"Oh, take some, Edward," cried Ellen. "Come, that's a good fellow. Here, take this other bit. Let's take a dose all round."

"No, no," said Ida, catching her sister's hand. "Why, you imprudent child! Better learn a little about it before you make its acquaintance. Tell us, Edward, what does it do to people?"

I told them in part what it had done to me; that is, I told them what mighty dreams and illusions it had wrapped around me; but I could not bring myself to narrate before Ida how shamefully I had been its slave. When I had finished my story, Ellen broke forth again: "Oh, Edward, take a piece, I beg of you. I want to see you crazy once. Come, you are sane enough in a general way; and we should all enjoy it so to see you make a fool of yourself for an hour or two."

She put the morsel to my lips and held it there until Ida pushed her hand away, almost indignantly. I looked at my little girl, and, although she said nothing, I saw on her mouth that piteous, pleading expression which appeared to me enough to move angels or demons. It moved me, but not sufficiently; the smell of the hasheesh seemed to sink into my brain; the thought of the old visions came up like a wave of intoxication. Still I refused; two or three times that afternoon I refused; but in the evening, Ellen handed me the drug again. "It is the last time," I said to myself; and taking it from her hand I began to prepare it. The doctor stood by, nervous with curiosity, and urged caution; nothing more than caution; that was the whole of his warning. Ida looked at me in her imploring way, but said nothing; for she only suspected, and did not at all comprehend the danger.

I swallowed the drug while they all stood silent around me; and I laughed loudly, with a feeling of crazed triumph, as I perceived the well-remembered savor. My little girl caught my sleeve with a look of extremest terror; the doctor quite as eagerly seized my pulse and drew out his repeater. "Oh, what fun!" said Ellen. "Do you see anything now, Edward?"

Of course I saw nothing as yet; for, be it known, that the effect of the

hasheesh is not immediate; half an hour or even an hour must elapse before the mind can fully feel its influence. I told them so, and I went on talking in my ordinary style until they thought that I had been jesting with them, and had taken nothing. But forty minutes had not passed before I began to feel the usual symptoms, the sudden nervous thrill, followed by the whirl and prodigious apparent enlargement of the brain. My head expanded wider and wider, revolving with inconceivable rapidity, and enlarging in space with every revolution. It filled the room—the house—the city; it became a world, peopled with the shapes of men and monsters. I spun away into its great vortex, and wandered about its expanses as about a universe. I lost all perception of time and space, and knew no distinction between the realities around me, and the phantasmas which sprang in endless succession from my brain. Ida and the others occasionally spoke to me; and once I thought that they kneeled around and worshiped me; while I, from behind a marble altar, responded like a Jupiter. Then night descended, and I heard a voice saying: "Christ is come, and thou art no more a divinity."

The altar disappeared at that instant, and I came back to this present century, and to my proper human form. I was in the doctor's house, standing by a window, and gazing out upon a moonlit street filled with promenading citizens. Beside me was a sofa upon which Ida lay and slept, with her head thrown back, and her throat bared to the faint silvery brilliance which stole through the gauze curtains. I stooped and kissed it passionately; for I had never before seen her asleep, nor so beautiful; and I loved her as dearly in that moment as I had ever done when in full possession of my sanity. As I raised my head, her father opened a door and looked into the room. He started forward when he saw me; then he drew back, and I heard him whisper to himself: "She is safe enough, he will not hurt her."

The moment he closed the door a window opened, and a voice muttered: "Kill her, kill her, and the altar and the adoration shall be yours again;" to which innumerable voices from the floor, and the ceiling and the four walls responded: "Glory, glory in the highest

to him who can put himself above man, and to him who fears not the censure of man!"

I drew a knife from my pocket, and opened it instantly; for a mighty persuasion was wrought in me by those promises. "I will kill her," I said to myself, "dearly as I love her; for the gift of Divinity outweighs the love of woman or the wrath of man."

I bent over her and placed the knife to her throat without the least pity or hesitation, so completely had all love, all nobleness, all humanity, been extinguished in me by the abominable demon of hasheesh. But suddenly she awoke, and fixed on me that sweet, piteous, startled look which was so characteristic of her. It made me forget my purpose for one moment, so that, with a lunatic inconsistency, I bent my head and kissed her hand as gently as I had ever done. Then the demoniac whisper, as if to recall my wandering resolution, swept again through the eglantines of the window: "Kill her, kill her, and the altar and the adoration shall be yours again."

She did not seem to hear it; for she stretched out her hands to give me a playful push backwards, while, closing her eyes again, she sank back to renewed slumber. Then, in the height of my drugged insanity, in the cold fury of my possession, I struck the sharp slender blade into her white throat once, and once more, with quick repetition, into her heart. "Oh, Edward, you have killed me!" she said, and seemed to die with a low moan, not once stirring from her position on the sofa.

I took no further notice of her; I did not see her in fact after the blow; for the smoke of sacrifices rose around me, obscuring the room; and once more I stood in divine elevation above a marble altar. There were giant colonnades on either side, sweeping forward to a monstrous portal, through which I beheld countless sphinxes facing each other adown an interminable avenue of granite. Before me, in the mighty space between the columns, was a multitude of men, all bowing with their faces to the earth, while priests chanted anthems to my praise as the great Osiris. But suddenly, before I could shake the temple with my nod, I saw one in the image of Christ enter the portal and advance through the crowd

to the foot of my altar. It was not Christ the risen and glorified; but the human and crucified Jesus of Nazareth. I knew him by his grave sweetness of countenance; I knew him still better by his wounded hands and bloody vestments. He beckoned me to descend and kneel before him; and when I would have called on my worshipers for aid, I found that they had all vanished; so that I was forced to come down and fall at his pierced feet in helpless condemnation. Then he passed judgment upon me, saying: "Forasmuch as thou hast sought to put thyself above man, all men shall abhor and shun thee."

He disappeared, and when I rose the temple had disappeared also, with every trace of that mighty worship by which I had been for a moment surrounded. Then did my punishment commence; nor did it cease throughout a seeming eternity; for, in order to complete it, time was reversed, and I could live in bygone ages; so that I ran through the whole history of the world, and was avoided with loathing by every generation. First I stood near the garden of Eden, and saw a hideous man hurrying by it, alone, with a bloody mark on his forehead. "This is Cain," I said to myself; "this is a wicked murderer, also, and he will be my comrade."

I ran toward him confidently, eagerly, and with an intense longing for companionship; but when he saw me he covered his face and fled away from me, with incomparable swiftness, shrieking: "Save me, O God, from this abominable wretch!"

After that, I hastened wildly over earth, across many countries, and through many successive ages, alone always, avoided always, an object of fear, of horror, of incredible detestation. Every one that saw me, knew me, and fled from my presence, even to certain death, if that were necessary, to evade my contact. I saw men of Gomorrah rush back into the flames of their perishing city, when they beheld me coming humbly to meet them. Egyptians, who had barely escaped from the Red Sea, leaped again into the foaming waters as I ran toward them along the shore. Everywhere that I went, populations, even of mighty cities, scattered from my track, like locusts rising in hurried flight before the feet of a camel. The loueliest shipwrecked sailor, on the most

savage island of the sea, fled from his hut of reeds, and plunged into untracked and serpent-haunted marshes at the sight of my supplicating visage. Unable to obtain the companionship of men, I at last sought that of wild beasts and reptiles—of the gods of ancient mythology, and the monsters of fairydom; but, all to no purpose. The crocodiles buried themselves in the mid-current of the Nile, as I stealthily approached its banks. I unavailingly chased the terrified speed of tigers and anacondas through the stifling heat of the jungles of Bengal. Memnon arose from his throne, and hid himself in the clouds, when he saw me kneeling at his granite feet. I followed in vain the sublime flight of Odin over the polar snows and ice-islands of both hemispheres. Satyrs hid from me; dragons and gorgons avoided me. The very ants and insects disappeared from my presence, taking refuge in dead trunks, and in the bowels of the earth. My punishment was constant and fearful—it was greater than I could bear; yet, I bore it for ages. I tried in many ways to escape from it by death; but always unsuccessfully. I sought to fling myself down precipices, but an unseen power drew me back; I endeavored to drown myself in the sea, but the billows upheld me, like a feather. It was not remorse that prompted me to these attempts at self-destruction. Remorse, penitence, and every other noble emotion had been swallowed up in mere anguish under the dreadfulness of my punishment. Sometimes I could not believe that all this was a reality, and struggled with wild, but useless ragings to break the dreadful presence of horror. At other times I felt convinced of its perfect truth; because I saw that the punishment was exactly suited to the offense, and that it reprov'd, with astonishing directness, that unsocial and almost misanthropic spirit which I had so long encouraged by my habits of life and temper of thought. Thus, dragging about with me a ghastly immortality, I wandered through miserable year after year, through desolation after desolation, until I stood once more on the deck of the steamer to Marseilles. Now I again performed my journey homeward, passing, as before, through a succession of steamers, railroads, and diligences. But the steamers were empty; for the passengers and sailors leaped overboard at

my appearance; and the vessel reeled on unguided, through wild, lonely seas that I knew not. Just in the same manner, every one fled before me from the rail-cars; and, through deserted plains and valleys, I arrived, at headlong speed, in great cities, as the only passenger. My diligence journeys were performed without companion, or conductor, or postillion, in shattering vehicles, drawn by horses which flew in the very lunacy of fright. Paris was a solitude when I entered it—without man, and without inhabitant, and without beast—silence in its streets, in its galleries, and in its palaces—the sentinels all fled from the gates, and the children from the gardens.

At last I arrived at the entrance of my native city; and now I hoped that in presence of this familiar spot my vision would break; but it did not, and so I paused in a most miserable stupor of despair. It was early dawn, and the sky was yet gray; nor had many people arisen from their sleep. I heard dogs barking in the streets, and birds singing in the orchards; but, as always, neither the one race nor the other ventured near the spot where I stood. I sat down behind a thicket, where I could see the road, but could not be seen from it, and wept for an hour over my terrible misery. It was the first time that tears had come to soften my terrible punishment; for, hitherto my anguish had been desperate and sullen, or wild and blasphemous; but now I wept easily, with some feeling of tender penitence, and speechless supplication. I looked wistfully down the street, longing to enter the town, yet dreading to see the universal terror which I knew would spread through the inhabitants the moment I stepped in among them.

At last persons began to pass me; chiefly, I believe, workmen, or market people; but among them were some whose faces I had seen before. I cannot describe the thrill of tremulous, fearful, painful pleasure with which I looked from so near upon these familiar human countenances. How I longed, yet dreaded, to have one of them turn his eyes upon me. At last I said to myself: "These people know of my crime; perhaps they will not fly from me, and will only kill me."

I stepped out suddenly in front of a couple of ruddy countrymen, who were driving a market-cart from the city, and

fell on my knees, with my hands uplifted toward their faces. For a moment they stared at me in ghastly horror, then, wheeling their rearing horse, they lashed him into violent flight. I rose in desperation, in fury, and, with the steps of a greyhound, leaped after them through streets now resonant with human footsteps. Oh, the wild terror! oh, the agonized shrieking! oh, the wide confusion! and oh, the swift vanishing of all life which marked my passage! I hastened on, panting, stamping, screaming, foaming in the uttermost extremity of despair and anguish, until I reached the house where my darling had once lived. As I neared the steps, I saw a person whom I knew to be Harry. He did not shriek and fly at my approach, but met me and looked me steadily in the face. His eyes, at first, were full of inquiry; but, in a moment, he seemed to gather the whole truth from my visage; and then, with a terrible tremor of abhorrence, he drew a pistol from his bosom. "It is right, Harry," I said; "kill me, as I killed her."

But with a quick motion which I could not arrest, he placed the muzzle to his own temples, drew the trigger, and fell a disfigured corpse at my feet. I howled as if I were a wild beast, and sprang over him into the door-way. I saw Ellen and her father and mother flying with uplifted hands out of the other end of the passage. I did not follow them, but turned into the parlor where I had committed my crime; and there, to my amazement, I saw Ida lying on the sofa in the same position in which I had left her; her head fallen backward, her eyes closed, her throat hidden by her long hair, and her hands clasped upon her bosom. On the floor lay my knife still open, just as it had fallen. I picked it up and passed my finger over the keen edge of the blade muttering: "Now, I know that all this is real; now I can kill myself, for this is the time and the place to die."

Just as I was placing the knife to my throat, I saw a sweet smile stealing over Ida's lips. She has become a seraph, I thought, and is smiling to see the eternal glory. But, suddenly, as I looked at her for this last time, she opened her eyes on me, and over her mouth stole that sweet pleading expression which was the outward sign of her gentle spirit. "Stop, Edward!" she

cried, earnestly; and springing up, she caught my hand firmly, although I could feel that her own trembled. In that moment, my horrible dream began to fade from me, and I gazed around no longer utterly blinded by the hazes of the hasheesh demon. She was not harmed, then! No, and I was not her murderer; no, and I had not been the loathing of mankind. Nothing of the whole scene had been real, except her slumber on the sofa, and the knife which I held in my hand. I flung it fiercely from me; for I thought of what I might have done with it had my madness been only a little more persistent and positive. Then, struck by a sudden thought, half suspicion and half comprehension, I ran to the front door-way. Harry was not, indeed, lying there in his blood; but he was there, nevertheless, upright and in full health; and we exchanged a delighted greeting before the rest of the family could reach him.

"Why, Harry," said the doctor, in the parlor again, "that was a most interesting substance you sent us—that hasheesh. I have made an extraordinary experiment with it upon Edward here. He muttered wonders for an hour or two in my study. He then went to sleep, and I missed him about two minutes ago. I really had no idea that he had come to."

That closing dream of crime and punishment, then, had passed through my brain in less than two minutes; and I had been standing by the sleeping form of my little girl all the time that I seemed to be wandering through that eternity of horror.

"What!" said Harry, "has Edward gone back to the hasheesh again?"

"Yes," I replied; "but I have taken my last dose, my dear fellow. With your permission, doctor, I will pitch that infernal drag into the fire."

"Really," said the doctor, "I—I—don't know. I should like to reserve a few doses for experiments."

"Oh! don't throw it away," urged Ellen. "It is such fun. Edward has been saying such queer things."

"Where is it?" asked Harry resolutely. "I will settle that question."

"It is in the fire, brother," replied Ida. "I threw it there half an hour ago."

I raised the little girl's hand to my lips and kissed it; and since then I have taken no other hasheesh than such as that.

ELSIE'S CHILD.

A LEGEND OF SWITZERLAND.

"COME and sit beside me, Elsie—put your little wheel away—
Have you quite forgotten, darling wife, this is our wedding day?"

Elsie turned her bright face towards him, fairer now than when a bride;
But she did not cease her spinning while to Ulric she replied:

"No, I have not quite forgotten; all day long my happy brain
Has been living o'er the moments of that blessed day again.

"I will come and sit beside you when the twilight shadows fall;
You shall sing me some old love-song, while the darkness covers all.

"But while golden sunbeams linger in the vale and on the hill,
Ask me not to bid the music of my merry wheel be still."

"If its humdrum notes are sweeter than thy husband's voice to thee,
Mind thy spinning, Madam Elsie—do not come to sit with me!"

"Don't be angry with me, Ulric; see, the sun is almost down,
And its last red rays are gilding the far steeples of the town.

"I will come to you directly, and will kiss the frown away—
You must not be angry, Ulric, for this is our wedding day."

"If it were not I should care not that you will not come to me;
But this evening! prythee, Elsie, let that tiresome spinning be!"

"Why, to-morrow is the fair-day, do you not remember, dear?
I must spin a little longer; 'tis the last skein I have here.

"On the wall are others hanging, very fine and soft are they,
And for them old Father Maurice will his money gladly pay."

"You can buy a silken boddice, and a ribbon for your hair,
Or a hooded crimson mantle—they will make you very fair!

"Or a necklace sparkling grandly, or a kerchief bright and gay—
Yonder Henri drives the cows home, I will join him on the way."

"Oh, no, Ulric, do not leave me," cried she, springing to his side,
I have done my weary spinning, and the last knot I have tied.

"Come with me, within the cottage, where our Hugo lies asleep,
Never saw you rest as placid as his slumber soft and deep.

"How the flaxen ringlets cluster round his forehead broad and white!
Saw you ever, dearest Ulric, half so beautiful a sight?

"Now, if you will smile upon me, just as you were wont to do,
While we sit here in the moonlight, I'll a secret tell to you.

"I shall buy no silken boddice, and no necklace grand and gay;
I'm a wife, and mother, darling, and I've put such things away.

"But a coat for little Hugo—of bright scarlet it shall be,
Trimmed with braid, and shining buttons, and the richest broderie.

"Lady Alice, at the castle, soon will give her birth-day fête,
And last night I chanced to meet her, as I passed the western gate.

"She was walking with her maidens, but she bent her stately head,
Kissed our little Hugo's forehead, as she sweetly smiled, and said:

"Bring him to the castle, Elsie, lovelier boy was never seen—
Bring him with you, on my fête-day, to the dance upon the green."

"So, to-morrow, dearest Ulric, you must surely go with me,
And I'll buy, for little Hugo, just the prettiest coat I see!"

II.

"There, my Hugo, you are ready, run out now before the door,
And I'll come to join my little one, in just five minutes more.

"How the scarlet coat becomes him! Ulric, do but see him now,
As he shakes his head, and tosses back the light curls from his brow."

"What a vain young mother, Elsie! from the window come away,
You'll have time enough to glory in your pretty pet to-day.

"Bind up now your own bright tresses; here are roses sweet and rare,
With the dew still lingering on them—you must put them in your hair.

"You must wear the scarf I gave you, and the bracelets—and I ween
That my Elsie 'll be the fairest one that dances on the green."

"Which is now the vainest, Ulric, tell me, is it you or I?
I'll be ready in a minute; look, if you can Hugo spy.

"It may be that he will wander where the purple berries grow;
For the world I would not have him, they will stain his new coat so."

"Elsie! Elsie!" In a moment rose and scarf were dashed aside,
And she stood within the doorway—"Where is Hugo?" then she cried.

"I have traced his little footsteps where the purple berries shine,
But I can see nothing of him; do not tremble Elsie, mine.

"Very likely he has wandered towards the castle; for he knew—
Little wise one!—we were going, and that he was going, too.

"We will find him very quickly—he cannot have strayed away;
'Tis not five minutes, darling, since you bade him go and play."

All day long they sought for Hugo, sought him utterly in vain,
Sought him midst the rocks and glaciers, and beneath them, on the plain.

From the castle Lady Alice sent her servants far and wide;
Mirth was lost in bitter mourning, and the voice of music died.

Through the day the air resounded with the little lost one's name,
And at night, with myriad torches, hills and woods were all a-flame.

But they found not pretty Hugo; where the purple berries grew,
They could see his tiny footsteps—but they nothing further knew.

III.

"Henri! Henri! don't be gazing at the eagle's nest all day;
Long ago you should have started forth, to drive the cows away."

"But come here one moment, mother, just one moment; can you see
Nought that flutters like a banner when the wind is blowing free?"

"Oh, my eyes are dim and aged," was the withered crone's reply,
"You must look yourself, good Henri, for I nothing can espy."

"Then do you come here, Enrica; does my sight deceive me so?
You can see it, I am certain, when the wind begins to blow."

But Enrica's cheek grew pallid, and she turned her eyes away,
Crying, "Elsie, my poor Elsie!" It was all that she could say.

For within that lofty eyrie, on the mountain's craggy height,
Hung the coat of little Hugo, gleaming in the morning light.

With its hue of brilliant scarlet, just as bright as bright could be,
With its gaily shining buttons, and its rich embroidery!

Months and years rolled slowly onward—Elsie's sunny hair turned gray,
And the eagles left the eyrie to its desolate decay.

But alas! when'er the sun shone, and the wind was blowing free,
Something fluttered like a banner, which no eye could bear to see!

GOING TO MOUNT KATAHDIN.

LAST night I dreamed of Katahdin. Masculine tyranny had kept me, as a woman, in the house all day, on pretense of storms, which looked really worse from inside than outside. It was a wild, cold night, and the little comfortable fire, that smouldered on the hearth, was dying away as I went to sleep. The rail-roads were choked with snow; but in five minutes I had traveled the three hundred miles, and was in those happy woods again. It was September once more, and we were in our camp by the lake. Breezes from the monarch of eastern mountains stirred the tall tree-tops above our heads; the soft splash of the water came faintly through the white birch trees; and was it a moose's slender feet upon the twigs, or some crackling artillery among the green bushes on the fire? I felt the softness of the hemlock couch beneath me—freshest and most fragrant of beds, where I never sought sleep in vain. Half awake, I raised myself, leaning against the tent stakes, as I had done so often. There was the little cleared circle amid the woods, lighted and limited by the smouldering fire. One great log, that hissed with a soothing sound of slow burning, sent sometimes a shower of sparks into the night air, and sometimes dropped its tribute of brilliants into the pit of intense light beneath it. The embers before the tent of our masculine companions were low and dim, and, from the woods beyond, came the smothered stroke of an axe, wielded by the strong arm of guide or friends, risen at midnight to replenish them. But our domestic flames flickered on the scattered traces of our daily employments: pots, kettles, and birch-bark platters; three partridges hanging upon one branch, a string of fish upon another; a pile of tin dippers against a mossy root; Fanny's shoes drying on the ashes, and Rachel's immaculate little white sun-bonnet on a projecting branch of the tent-pole. Above, the stars burned in keen eagerness through the black sky; around, the circle of trees stood, illuminated sentinels; black, flickering shadows were blotted in behind them; and behind these lay the interminable forests of Maine.

Suddenly the wind seemed to blow

more wildly. What woodland bird or beast was it, pray, that gave that strange sound, like a combination of shivered window-glass and a crashing blind? Instantly the light vanished, as I started up, broad awake, exclaiming: "Girls! Kate, Fanny, the camp-fire is out!" when a blast such as I never felt in the forest blew through the broken pane; and I knew that it was January, not September—and a chamber, not a camp.

The next day I went to Fanny's house. Fanny was at home. "Friends," said I, "we have been basely deceived. H., who was to have been historiographer of our feminine expedition, has fled to foreign parts, and is probably at this moment standing on the Pico d'Azores, which is two thousand feet higher than even Katahdin. Nevertheless, that history is to be written, if I write it myself." So here it follows:

For more than a year, we had clearly resolved to go to the top of Katahdin, which, as everybody knows, is deep in the forests of Maine, and is the highest ground in New England, except Mount Washington. During the whole summer, L., at Bangor, and H., at home, had corresponded with the voluminousness which gentlemen always think necessary when anything entertaining is to be done. H., also, in well-meant but rather superfluous precaution, was constantly calling at our houses during the last month, on various pretexts, but always happening to close with the inquiry whether our Bloomer dresses were ready for the woods, and an additional hint as to the importance of wearing our new calf-skin boots a good deal beforehand, so as to accustom the feet to pedestrian labors, etc., etc. Of course, we needed no such suggestions. Accordingly, the boots of two out of the five were sent home precisely twelve hours before departing; and the last stitches were put to the wardrobe of at least one, at a much later period. My impression is, that *that* stitch in time did not save nine subsequently.

What could the staid conductor on the Eastern Railroad have thought of our state of spirits that night? What the dignified statesman thought—our opposite neighbor in the car—was painted in his countenance. But if he had been a signer of the Declaration of Independ-

once, it would not have sobered us. We had signed one ourselves. Anxious mothers and doubting papas were behind us (it might be for weeks, but we knew it could not be forever), and we had before us the radiant days of early September, and a fortnight of freedom in the woods. Ingenuity itself could not discover anything to be anxious about. So many little things might have interfered, and none did. There was not even a cold among us, and nobody had forgotten her carpet-bag.

On board the steamer from Portland to Bangor we began to live according to nature; that is, we went to bed with the moon, and rose with the sun. It was lovely, up the Penobscot, passing somewhere that singular, stony mountain of which Theo. declared, that if it were struck by lightning, the lightning would get the worst of it. At last appeared the wharf; there was Bangor, but there was not L. We needed a check to our triumph, and we had one. We went to the Bangor House, and felt for a moment a little blank, as L. alone was to make our arrangements. However, we packed our cares on H.'s shoulders, and sent him off to explore, while Alice and I took our own way to dispel our griefs, by going shopping, for shoes, veils, and gloves, additional, at the last moment.

Presently, L. and sunshine came into the room together; they always hunt in couples. After him came Ben, our future driver, philosopher, and friend, six feet and a fraction; Yankee to the backbone, and plenty of *that*; slim, straight, and keen-eyed, with long black locks, and also two ends of blue ribbon, four times longer, depending from his hat; probably a triumphal decoration for the ladies' trip to Katahdin. I remember nothing more till we found ourselves behind Ben's three horses, at four and a half, p. m., on the road from Bangor to Orono, riding among river views which I believe are good in reality, and which certainly are quite celestial in my memory. Ten precious souls, with their bodies; and dear sturdy L. had plenty of both. Projector, patron, and purveyor of our expedition, he never looked so happy when preaching his best sermon, or bringing home his largest moose, as when he had thus his adopted children fairly within his reach, on their way to the wonders he had promised them. How little he expected our first pause would bring him (at Orono) the tele-

graphic news of dear little Annie's sickness, and that he must leave us, with a heavy heart, at the very entrance of our promised land.

How we ever got over his departure, we never clearly understood. It shows what a state of spirits we were in. Indeed, at first, it hung upon a breath whether we should go on, or turn back. Happily the breath was L.'s, and we went on. But fancy a pleasure-party in a boat, with only one sailor among them, and he stepping on shore as they leave the wharf. Yet who had ever dreamed of a boat as longingly as we had dreamed of Katahdin? When I say we went on without L., therefore, I say something wonderful. Happily, we took in Mr. C., himself a sturdy prop, and especially charged by L. with our support. Mr. B. had joined us at Bangor, so we were still ten precious souls, though we felt a trifle less precious than before.

How that cool, rich evening air wiped out our sorrows! Yes, a little damp, if you insist upon it. But there we were, in an open wagon, on a cloudless night, and we were on the way to Katahdin; and there was the low and winding Penobscot, and the early stars above its meadows; and these cottages were Maine farm-houses, and so all was delightful; and we talked, and laughed, and made acquaintance with our new recruits, and sang the songs for the first time, which we were never to hear the last of. And we rode through Oldtown, with its mills and looms; and Sunkhaze, where we could not find that anything was ever sunk, except a horse and his rider in the mud, about whom the usual story is told. And there is a still better story, viz., that a certain spirit, conversing through his medium in Bangor, and declaring his position to be in the unmentionable region of perpetual warmth, stated (on being asked for minuter details), that the said place was far, far worse than Oldtown, and almost as bad as Sunkhaze.

We spent that night at Greenbush, twenty-two miles from Bangor. It was a good beginning. Theo. was confident that he had heard the cry of a wolf, and we had everything comfortable about us. In the evening we called in experts to testify as to routes and guides. These gentlemen tipped back their chairs and gave familiar lectures with great gusto; slashing into our preju-

dices without mercy, objecting to our favorite plan of approach (though we took it after all), and setting down our expected guide with "Law! he's an old hen!" (N. B. We didn't take take him, but he isn't!)

In the morning, some of us were amused by the comments of our advisers and others on our expedition. "Don't yer suppose, now, them gals will have a better time than if they'd gone to Saratogue or them places?" "Think likely!" ejaculated another. "Git to the top of Katahdin, will they, think?" "Law, no!" was the reply; "but they think they're goin' to, and they'll have just as good fun as if they did!"

The gentlemen began to shed civilization at Greenbush, and showed a tendency to brilliant shirts, while we postponed our October hues for two days longer. But the change gave us a little the air of a circus company as we rode along, and contributed to the excitement of the Penobscot valley. Our wagon had three seats, holding three each, besides room for three more passengers, viz., two on the great iron guards to the wheels, and one on the barrel of hard bread that was made fast behind. These places being extremely uncomfortable, were of course the favorites with the gentlemen of the party. These scarlet outriders gave breadth as well as color to the equipage; and it was quite impressive to walk on before the wagon and look back, as our three stout horses toiled up long hills in Ben's energetic hands, or Kate's, sometimes.

It was a great moment when we first came in sight of Katahdin; in fact it called forth the first of those triplets of rather shrill hurras which afterwards marked all important eras of our expedition, and some unimportant ones. There stood the great, bare, lonely, steep, blue magnificence, as marked in outline as Monadnock, but more absolutely isolated, more precipitous, more sublime; its square top, not yet broken by nearness into volcano-like jags, but the whiteness of its many broad slides gleaming afar off, and rather fearfully.

All day we kept his majesty in sight, and he seemed to withdraw or bring near his august form, as the vapors gathered or dissolved around him—delicate vapors, never a cloud.

We were surprised all along here, first at the openness of the country, and

then at the size of the villages; indeed, we afterwards heard expressions of astonishment that we had been willing to go through the cities in such costume. The cities were Lincoln and Mettawamkeag. There anxieties about guides began. We could find neither "Brad Webber," nor "Bill Chesley," but were happy in securing the aid of "Alick McClane," a vigorous specimen of resolute manhood, who looked as if he could go anywhere, and accomplish anything, unless turning back made a part of the duty. His measure was easily given to us, in the lumberer's scale—"Can charge his six dollars a day, in spring, as 'head of a drive,' and get it, too."

Our horses were tired, but we were bound to reach "Hunt's," the last house on our route, by the morrow night. So we must push on seven miles further, after dark, walking much of the way. The road changed, and led through deep woods. How wild it was, to press on before the rest, with a single companion, lighted by stars, glow-worms, and a lantern; no house, endless woods full of possible bears, and no sound but the lumbering of the wagon behind, and an occasional burst of song. Yet welcome at last, near midnight, was the light of the South Moluncas Hotel, at the foot of the Aroostook road.

We had already heard of a dance, this night, at this very hotel, and that was one of our reasons for resolving to get there, though Ben, our driver, had promised us a sleepless night in consequence. To be sure, he admitted, these balls were nothing to the times in spring, when the lumbermen came out of the woods, to these rural inns. "Lively doings then?" asked we. "I tell you," quoth Ben, energetically, "the things they don't say and do, ain't worth thinking of!" After this preparation, we were astonished at the quietness of the establishment; but the ball had turned out rather a failure, and the youths and maidens were as well dressed and as tame as in Boston. They were just going to supper, and we were too tired to sit up for the renewal of festivities; but Ben did, and said he told them that our party would have made their dance "enough sight livelier." He had already learned to appreciate us, that was evident.

We waked fresh and bright, and so did the morning; in the little parlor

we found a spirited damsel who had been in the second party of women to the mountains (Mrs. E. O. Smith's being the first, and ours the third). Her account was slightly fearful; they spent eight days in the woods, and when they got back from "Hunt's," she had to be lifted out of the wagon. We looked at ours, and inwardly vowed we would not sink to that degradation, even if we had to roll over the bread-barrel in the rear. But we now knew what was before us—twenty-five miles of forest walking, each way, not more than we expected; but first we must get to the terminus—"Hunt's."

To relieve Ben's horses, four of us got into a stage wagon that passed, and rode eighteen miles to our dining-place, "Number Three." Our fame had traveled before us, and the driver eagerly asked which of the ladies was Lucy Stone? We thought of assuming her laurels, as there was no great danger of being called on for a speech, and we could safely crow when going *into* the woods; but we told the truth at last, that she was not of our party. It seemed that there had been in Bangor a rumor of her coming with us. That was surely a delicious ride, along the Aroostook road; genuine Maine, at length; woods not very ancient, indeed, but unbroken; up sudden hills, and down into perilous valleys where the wheels were braked; on, on, among bright leaves and tall dead stems draped with lichens and mosses; scarcely a clearing in the distance, but constant glimpses of the great lonely Katahdin, pale blue against the sky, square and stern, his sides scarred whiter than ever, and opening his vast crater more and more upon a nearer and profile view.

We had got beyond towns with names to them. Township, No. 1 (in the fifth range), has four families. No. 2 is or was owned by the Roman Catholic bishop of Boston, and is settled by Irish wholly. It is sometimes called Benedicta. No. 3 is a very little settlement; yet the tavern at which we dined had been occupied sixteen years; it is supported wholly by the lumber business, and a kind old lady looked up from her knitting to inform us that eighteen or twenty horses stopped there every night, and in winter, thirty or forty. The human statistics seemed less important.

At this place, as everywhere else, our

party called forth much wonder, more compliments than wonder, and more good advice than compliments. On this occasion, we were warned, among other things, not to expect to get to Hunt's that night. It was hard to bear this, as much of our plans depended on that point. It was only ten miles, by the road, if it only had been a road. But the ride turned out a walk, for most of us, and the first five miles took nearly three hours. And the lumber road made Pinkham Notch look smooth, and the North Conway paths appear English lawns. Yet, how lovely it was to walk through those endless woods into the dying day, the long rank under-growth filling up the intervals of the trees, and, at every step, some splendor amid the greenery, or dark blue dracæna berries, or the gorgeous scarlet seeds of the arum. Lovely, until some sudden plunge of a gentleman into a bog (for the ladies were more carefully guided), or of a wagon-wheel into some gap in the "corduroy road," brought the procession to a precipitate halt, amid unfailing and joyous laughter. Thus early were the strength and spirits of the party tested—a thing most important; for it is precisely the same mishaps and misadventures which bring dismay to the timid traveler, and make up half the enjoyment of the journey to the sunny and strong.

The sun was low when we reached, not Hunt's farm-house, but Stacy's, the only previous one, and half the distance. Here we held a council, abandoned at once our cherished hope, and in ten minutes had formed our usual line from wagon to entry, passed in shawls, cloaks, valises (one apiece), and all smaller commodities, while Ben had unharnessed his horses, and McClane and Mr. C. started on foot for Hunt's, to make arrangements for the morrow. The little house swelled to receive us; two prompt and lady-like maidens moved quietly about to make preparations; a delightful farmer's supper was soon ready (and such appetites!) and we settled down for the night, pleased and surprised at our most unexpected quarters.

This detention was the one great success of our journey. We stopped for a night's lodging, and found a treasure. The fact was, we still had felt rather anxious about our guides. McClane

was admirable; but we needed two—besides, he had never ascended the mountain on this side, and we knew the inconvenience which the slightest mistake in our course might produce. Our one desideratum was, a guide in whose knowledge of the route we might feel implicit confidence, and we found him here. John Stacy—the fine looking youth in a red shirt, who went in and out occasionally as we sat at table—not only turned out to be (as we afterwards discovered) the best woodsman in that region, but had actually been one of the party which *spotted*, as it is termed, the only path through the woods to Katahdin, on this side. No wonder we eagerly clutched at such a prize; but we evidently had a reciprocal attraction, for though he had to leave his grain unshorn (as in the Scotch ballad), he, at last, forsook it and followed. Yes, we had reason to be grateful for our delay at that pleasant farm-house, with the original log-cabin beside it, in which this really refined and agreeable family had been born and bred; and, with the noble view of Katahdin close by, which, tired as we were, we must go out and see before light failed us. Nay, the house seemed a half-way house to Katahdin; for the memory of Mrs. E. O. Smith's visit was still a fruitful subject of conversation; and we found, on referring to the journal of a certain friend (which we had brought with us), that he also had stopped here, ten years before, and had praised the same household attributes which we admired.

We slept that night in large rooms, unfinished, so that our neighbors' lights glimmered through the laths, and every voice in the house sounded close to our ears. It was easy to wake each other up next day; indeed, peals of laughter did that unconsciously. For a great transformation took place that morning; and we, who left the parlor at night, robed in the bedrabbled skirts of civilization, reappeared at breakfast, metamorphosed into free and happy "Bloomers."

Be it known, that we had always been special opponents of the "short dress," as it is more mildly termed by its friends, and had delayed assuming it as long as possible. But yesterday's mud had settled that question, so down we came, in our very melo-dramatic costume. The gentlemen tried to spare our feelings; but it must be confessed, that our feet

trod uneasily in the unaccustomed daylight.

Shall I describe the dresses? First, Fanny and Kate came shyly in, attired alike in slate-colored suits, trimmed with an almost invisible blue cord; there was, also, a glimpse of not quite invisible blue stockings, just above the substantial shoes—the sombreness of their dresses being relieved by little jaunty felt hats and colored ribbons. They were declared to resemble stage-struck nuns, or Quaker opera-dancers. Next, Alice tried to escape observation, by hiding her face beneath a broad straw hat; but her scarlet trimmings, on a plain dark skirt and jacket, made her both conspicuous and picturesque. The two remaining damsels put on a bold face, laughed at themselves, and stood up to be looked at. Mistress Mary wore a chocolate-colored suit, corded with scarlet, and a white felt hat; a pair of boots hung at her belt (the only genuine pair in the party), and she carried a long staff, like little Bo-peep in the picture. Finally, came Rachel, whose costume was at once admitted, without envy, to be the crowning triumph. Her dress was blue and drab, with broad blue trimmings, and the trowsers gathered in at the ankle, were very becoming to the little booted feet. She wore a white sun-bonnet (which staid white to the last), lined with blue; and the tin cup at her belt completed her resemblance to La Fille du Regiment, with her canteen.

The five gentlemen's costumes I must be excused from describing; they looked sturdy and comfortable in various combinations of blue and red shirts and frocks, with black belts for knives and cups. In some cases they even looked picturesque, especially Theo. in a red fancy shirt, borrowed from some friendly fireman, and decorated with large white stars and white spread-eagles, upside down. Beside these, we had our two guides and our trusty driver, Ben; all three having served their time in a lumber-camp, and knowing on which side of a pine tree to look for the north.

A few hours of the morning brought us to that desire of our hearts, Hunt's farm-house; and it proved as delightful a spot as we had fancied. It is the end of inhabited Maine in this direction, and an important place to the lumberers in the logging season. Here is a little

green clearing on the high bank of the lovely "East Branch" (Penobscot), which here makes a bend round a point of forest; wooded mountains rise behind, hiding King Katahdin. The farm-house was defined by Theo. as being "very small outside, and very large inside—the proper way to build a house;" it is of logs, squared and boarded over, and it contains the most stupendous of kitchen fireplaces, and the cheeriest of hostesses. Their last previous visitor was Church, the artist, who had just been spending some time there. None of us had ever seen him, but we wished that he had staid long enough to accompany and illustrate our march; and we wished, also, for jovial John P. Hale, whom we heard of down below, at South Moluncas, idling away his time in making stump speeches, instead of going beyond the stumps into the forest with us.

Meanwhile, the gentlemen proceeded to "make up their packs" in the most scientific manner, on the grass before the house. Packs are made thus: a square blanket or coarse shawl is spread on the ground, and the contents placed on one corner; then rolled over and over, till the other corner is reached, which is securely pinned with a wooden peg. The two ends of this long roll are then brought together and also pinned; and the whole slung over the victim's shoulders. We had reduced our baggage to a minimum, or minimissimum, for six days. But add nearly a barrelful of hard bread, fifteen pounds of sugar, thirty pounds of pork, twenty pounds of tea, beside two tents, cooking utensils, gun, axe, and sundries, and you will perceive that the sinews of our masculine friends were likely to be pretty well tested.

After a good dinner, we left Hunt's, with three cheers. Crossing the river in a bateau, we struck at once into a forest-path, that led—to Katahdin! Fifty miles of forest and mountain were before us, including the return walk; but we had a cloudless sky, happy hearts, trustworthy companions, and comfortable shoes. Thanks to the practice of the two preceding days, we were somewhat inured to walking; and to this, and our moderate speed at the outset, was attributed our entire freedom from blistered feet, the most common discomfort of pedestrians. Mr. Hunt was to go with us a few miles, to

convey our load as far as possible, in his little two-horse cart, or "jumper;" but the jumper soon jumped once too often, over a stone, and broke down, and the packs had to be shouldered.

The fresh delight of that first afternoon's walk, with the world behind us, and the woods before, can neither be described nor forgotten. It was too delicious to be real, and too genuine to be ideal. We walked along a grassy path, out to carry provisions to the lumber camps in winter, as we saw by a few scattered traces—here a sled among the bushes, there a vast empty cask. These were all but concealed by the luxuriant undergrowth. We walked among great golden rods, and coarse white asters, higher than our heads, and were never far from the shallow, rippling river. Here and there some tree had fallen across the road, or some rude bridge been swept away from a water-course: if there had been no difficulties to surmount, we should not have known the luxury of our new costume. We heard with special satisfaction the first woodman's rule, that H. imparted: "never step on anything which you can step over;" for he little knew what a novelty it was to us, to be able to step over anything.

We could scarcely believe that we had walked six leisurely miles, when we reached our first camping-ground, at sunset. "Already!" was the universal cry, as, two by two, we came down with delighted surprise into the little forest dingle, where the blue smoke already curled up through the stately trees, and we could see McClane spreading tents, while Stacy unrolled packs, and old Mirch (an assistant brought with us from Hunt's, for this day only) busied himself among his scanty kettles and pans. We women-folk were soon a picturesque group of semi-fatigue, beneath the trees; but presently hastened to join in the feminine avocation of bed-making. In this case, the bedstead was a spot of earth, from which all stubs and stumps had been smoothed away by the axe; and the bed consisted of three or four layers of ends of hemlock boughs, laid regularly, in shingle fashion, over the whole surface. This being thoroughly done, and a thickness or two of blanket laid over it, the result is luxury. Pillows we had none, or only the ancient Egyptian style, namely, a log of wood.

After awhile, Fanny, Rachel, and I, wandered off to the river side, first crossing a brook, by a fallen tree, in the fading light. We had left the East Branch behind us, and sat now watching the pretty whirling ripples of the wild Wissatacook, swiftest of the Penobscot's tributaries. At last, then, we had entered on our gipsy life. Would all be happy as now, or would rains and disasters follow? Would the joyous thoughts and refreshing existence of the woods only come and go away useless, like those water-drops down the river, or lead our aspirations, like the blue smoke, upward? Suddenly the smoke suggested other thoughts, and we went back to the camp, and for the first time in our lives, tasted fried pork and crackers. Well, it was not quite unsuccessful, and we hoped for something better to-morrow, and had it. Tea without milk was not intolerable either, only so great were the demands upon the sugar, that Mr. B. became its guardian, at once, and kept close the string of the sack. We sat up awhile; for it did not take long to "clear away the things;" we looked at the stars, and the fire, and the trees, and each other, and the picturesque red-shirted figures passing to and fro with great logs, or with water-pails; we were very happy; we sung songs and hymns; and did not like it overmuch, when H., beginning thus promptly his tyranny, sent us to bed very early, and then sat up himself. How inconceivably strange it was, to lie on the ground, wrapped in our blankets, with only a tent above our heads, and a camp-fire before us; for the tent, of course, was open on that side. The air seemed cool, if we popped our heads out into it; but the tent was full of warmth—sometimes too much warmth—and occasionally, though rarely, a trifle of smoke. For me, I lay awake an hour, and then slept, I may say, enthusiastically. One or two were less fortunate; but they declared it was worth lying awake for. No sound but the wind in the trees, and the crackling flames—think of it!

Besides early bed-time, H. established a rule that we should rise every day at five, and the ladies should have exclusive possession of the forest and river for half an hour, the gentlemen taking their turn afterwards.

To these delightful morning ablutions,

we owed, no doubt, much of the health and comfort of the journey. At six we breakfasted—fried pork and crackers for the second and last time. We had brought no other provisions (except tea and sugar), relying on the woods to furnish our supplies, which, so far, they had not done. Still, we were glad to have to come down to the simplest fare at the outset, so as to know that we could do it. Indeed, in respect to fried pork and crackers, one finds after a day's tramp, that—but perhaps I had better stop.

At any rate, the gentlemen were pleased to compliment our freshness of appearance in the morning, nor was Stacy, our guide, content with this partial encomium. (I intend to write the whole truth, the whole, or none.) Said H., who had observed his scrutinizing eye dwelling on one or another of the party, "Mr. Stacy, will these ladies get through to the top?" "That's what they will do," responded he, energetically. "I tell you, there's no better grit to be scared up anywhere than those women have!" If we had quailed for one moment during the excursion, these words would have inspired us again.

While the final preparations were being made, we watched with a sort of lingering regret the smouldering remains of our fire, dying away into blank daylight. At seven we left, with packs somewhat diminished in weight, the gentlemen remarked at first. I believe that after a mile or two they changed their opinion. Our way at first led along a high bank, above the river, through the same rank growth of aster and golden-rod; we went strolling on, with our long staves of black birch, beneath trees higher than before; still no scrambling or real difficulty yet. Sometimes we stopped to rest; once at a deserted lumberers' camp, built of logs, with fire-place in the middle, "deacon-seat" on each side, and sleeping-places still littered with decayed fir-boughs, behind. Close by, stood the stable—a more imposing edifice than the house. During these halts, Alfred would make impetuous efforts to catch fish, while Ben strolled before us with a gun, having about equal success, that is, none at all.

At last we must leave our friendly path, ford the river, and plunge into deeper woods. The transit was effected by aid of our strong guides, who grasped

hands, and thus gave us a seat between them. H., however, having had some experience in carrying invalid ladies, was moved to transport Alice alone. The water was not more than knee deep, but very rapid, and the bottom consisted of large, round, slippery stones; we were, therefore, not surprised, before he reached the opposite shore, to see him sink suddenly on one knee, where he quietly remained, afraid to attempt to recover himself, and holding Alice aloft, until help came in the shape of Stacy. She escaped with only a wet foot, but we all had that soon; for we presently plunged into the most inexplicable bog which we anywhere encountered. Evidently some mountain stream had hurried through there in the spring, carrying a lapful of logs to play with, and had never taken the trouble to clear them away afterwards; so we played puss-in-the-corner with them ourselves, up and down, now in, now out—jumping from clump to clump of grass, amid black mud, in which our boots sank full fathoms five, and our feet became mere cork-screws to pull them out again; then chancing on little dells of lovely Linnæa, still in bloom, and stopping to decorate our hats with its long sprays of soft leaves and nodding flowers, soon to be torn off, perhaps, by overhanging boughs. The great white berries of the delicate creeping snowberry were also beneath our feet, and we refreshed ourselves with these; Stacy first pronouncing them innocent. We saw also berries of trillium, Solomon's seal, dwarf cornel, and dracena? Then we took our course upward, having to skirt a smaller eminence before coming in sight of Katahdin. There was only the vestige of a path, which we soon became expert in tracing; as also in detecting the "spots" on trees, where previous explorers had struck off a chip with an axe, for guidance. Sometimes, however, even Stacy was in doubt, and we halted willingly till his cheery voice rang through the woods. Often, too, we halted with no such good reason. For we varied in speed, of course, and it was very pleasant, at some place where a clear spring oozed from the rich black earth, to halt and drink from our tin cups, and look back on red and blue figures winding through the woods, while each of our brethren, as he came up, unslung the weary pack from his

shoulders, and some companion damsel, perhaps, seated herself at once upon it, or lay reclined upon the moss, gazing up at the heaven between the tree-tops. No wild beasts, nor wild men, only a partridge whirled away when the gun was in the wrong place. To be sure, an advance party once saw a bear, but he quickly retreated; however, we all saw bear tracks, and fresh deer tracks everywhere. As for men, we found the names of two youths of our acquaintance recorded on a tree, where we crossed the Wisaticook, and we appended our own beneath them. We elsewhere found one of their night-camps, skillfully built of boughs and hemlock bark. There were few flowers, and the trees were not so large as we had expected; though sometimes a magnificent pine towered amid the second growth, memorial of a time when maidens, duskier and more agile than we, chanted their murmuring songs beneath its boughs.

At such times, also, we could compare notes of experience, and have leisure for Theo.'s jokes, and the woodland lore of the guides. It was wonderful how many different themes the pine woods led to. It is said that western roads often dwindle to a squirrel track, and run up a tree, but our talk ran up the trees first, and then far away. Who would think, for instance, of any connection between Katahdin and the Crimea? But we learned that the war had raised the value of bearskins, in these forests, to fourteen dollars. Then we broached the Darien expedition, and found that Stacy knew all about it. Poor Strain he commended in terms brief indeed, but as strong as New England lips can pronounce. "That Strain," he said, "was a plaguy smart fellow." This was a compliment not to be gainsayed, considering the man it came from. He criticised Strain's course a little, however. "It was unfortunate that he had sailors with him instead of woodsmen. He ought to have left the stream and trusted to his compass;" which is hereby recorded for the benefit of future Darien explorers.

So, walking and halting, we made our pleasant way along, with only the discomfort that no good place presented itself for our noonday rest, until, at two o'clock, we suddenly came out of the thick woods, and the mountain rose before us, "so blue and so far," as Brown-ing says. Another step, and beneath

us lay a little lake, as large as Jamaica Pond (near Boston), rippling almost to our feet; close beside us was an old, gray, wooden dam, roughly built years ago by the first lumberers, to flood the brook below at the proper time. Katahdin lake is the source of the South Branch of the swift Wissaticook, while the North Branch almost encircles Katahdin. Look in Colton's atlas, and you will find precisely where we were, though the names are not given.

The little waves rippled pleasantly on the yellow beach as we came down upon it, and the sun shone so warmly that we were glad to clamber down into the shade of the old dam, which looked so quiet and gray, that nature seemed to have adopted it as willingly as if beavers had made it, and it did not seem to interfere with that loneliness we loved. The brook slipped through it, and went dashing on, among great rounded rocks, with deep, dark, whirling pools, offering suggestions of superb trout, which it proved hard to fulfill. Among these rocks we perched ourselves, and I afterwards pilfered the following saucy sketch from H.'s pocket-book:

"*Katahdin Lake, 2 P.M.*—Stacy, delighting himself by catching fish in the lake; and McClane delighting us by making a fire to cook them; Alfred, rather dissatisfied with hooks and brooks; Ben, eyeing Katahdin through a spy-glass, who eyes him back, quite undisturbed; the rest of the company seeking shade. B. rather sleepy on one side of the dam; C. and Rachel wide awake on the other; Fanny below, letting down her hair over the water, like a bloomerized mermaid; Mary and Theo. trying to balance themselves, in great discomfort, upon a sharp, smooth rock, amid peals of laughter; Kate climbing over similar rocks, in a restless manner, as if she had been cheated of her usual exercise to-day, and meant to make up for it somehow; finally, Alice and H. pledging each other in copious tin cups of cold biscuit and water."

How delighted we were, when it was decided to remain for the night at this pleasant place, catch a liberal supply of fish, and prepare for a laborious walk next day. We were not at all tired, and could easily have gone further; for we had only walked seven miles, though those were forest miles, to be sure. But

we all felt stronger and better than when we left home. It only seemed absurd that strong and active women should go anywhere else. I can scarcely look back upon a more blissful memory than that sunny afternoon by the lake; soul and body seemed alike satisfied; trout and tranquillity ruled the hour. (N.B. They caught a hundred fish and then stopped.) The freedom of the woods descended deeper and deeper into us, all obstacles seemed removed, and everything looked easier than we had expected.

As for the mountain, nobody can ever imagine how glorious it was that afternoon, changing with the waning sunlight, that sank and faded behind it. The summit was four miles from us in an air-line, and twelve by our track. It was the most *personal* mountain I had ever seen; more so than Monadnock; far more so, from its isolation, than any of the large family of White Mountains—as, indeed, the abrupt height is much greater—the surrounding country being lower. Alfred compared it to Vesuvius, which he had seen, and we were always impressed with its volcanic appearance. It stood out magnificent and lonely in a sea of woods—square, and jagged at the top; while a projecting shoulder on one side gave us a glimpse of its terrible basin, or crater, whose bare cliffs, one thousand feet high, we could see without a glass. The white "slides" were barer and nearer, and at the foot of one of them, half way up the mountain, Stacy pointed out our next night's camping-ground. But, after all we had heard of the perpetual clouds and storms, in which this mystic mountain-home of the Indian Pomola was encircled, it seemed strange that it should be so clear and unforbidding now. There was no gorgeous sunset that night, however; but over the whole height there grew a gradual, soft film, and the peak retired further and further away, as if following the light over the western horizon. A few small and placid clouds just lingered round its brow,—reddish, brown, and golden—while the lake below began to be gently ruffled by the evening breeze.

But I think it is time to draw upon a certain epic, which was made by the company on our return, being a veritable history of our progress. Most of it was written in the steamboat, Rachel acting as scribe, while the other passen-

gers, drawing round, looked on with wonder, and one asked me confidentially. "if that was the young lady who wrote verses for the newspapers." Here is a specimen:

"But now we'll bid our lyre awake,
To sing the glories of the lake.
Beyond it King Katahdin towered,
With sunset glories richly dowered.
The horizon was shrouded with silvery haze,
That ethereal veil of our autumn days;
The travelers wander here and there,
To camp-ground, or to lake repair;
Some catch the fish, some sketch the view;
Workers there are, and idlers, too;
Beneath the dam the latter rest,
Reading aloud, with eager zest,
Those words of our great Emerson,
Which from the winds and waves have won
That harmony of rhyme and rune,
Which chimes with changing nature's tune;
And then the autumn evening long
Was passed in merry games and song.
In the night the loon's laugh, clear and shrill,
Sounded from every echoing hill,
And we heard, above the wild wind's roar,
The tramp of the moose on the forest floor."

That last line means something; it brings me to an adventure, with a preliminary to it. That night as we sat singing, and Kate's rich voice was mounting up in the fine chorus of the "Old Kentucky Home," suddenly, "Hush—a footstep!" cried Fanny, melodramatically, and hush it was. And a footstep it was, too; for, listening intently, we heard the distinct but cautious tread of four feet, receding into the bushes. "Moose," said McClane, briefly, and explained that our fires were made in a moose path, where they came down to drink. Out went our guide, into the darkness, with a rifle, but came back unsuccessful, though we had heard the rifle crack; and next day we found that the pretty creature had made its way to the water, and refreshed itself, in spite of us. We were glad enough that they did not shoot it, and, as I timidly remarked to C., "Suppose it had been a man, he might have been killed." "Certainly," he coolly replied, "for we knew there was nothing outside but what ought to be killed,"—a rather startling view, and, perhaps, a little exclusive, we thought.

Now for the adventure. "Wake up, boys, Billy Kirby is going to die," as the Howadjí has it. Just as we had got our birch cups and platters ready (for we had them fresh at each meal, and burned them afterwards, the most thorough housekeeping we had ever known), we heard, close to us, bang!

bang! two rifle shots in quick succession. We looked round, and there lay our private arsenal, against a tree! Who could it be? We had felt as far from men as if we were in the middle of the ocean. Some cried, "L. has followed us after all," and we all rushed out. H. and I ran to the lake side, and there lay the gun, and there stood such a figure—clothes ragged and torn from the woods, face haggard, wild eyes like blue fire, hair dripping from a hasty ablution; he looked intoxicated, or insane, and turned out only sleepless and hungry; a wandering hunter, who had come through on our track from Hunt's, since 2 P. M. the day before, lost his way in the "fathoms five" bog, and had no sleep. Our woodsmen took, his measure at a glance, and took him to their hearts at once—we took him to our breakfast. He had partridges for our larder, having had better luck than we, and, moreover, kept us supplied from that moment. He was a Lowell man, but had been to California, and everywhere else; he wore a gay Mexican poncho, and half the time went bareheaded, with elf locks, and keen, metallic blue eyes; and Ben christened him "Mr. Wildfire."

It had rained the night previous, and we feared a wet day; but the morning was only cold and raw. This showed the mountain in a new aspect of wonder. Instead of that radiant outline of filmy brightness, there was now a vast castle of chill gray cloud, with dark towers of precipice frowning here and there, between. It was no longer our summer friend, but the gloomy and awful abode of Pomola. We remembered what storms others had suffered on that height; and what Thoreau said, that it seemed a slight insult to the gods to climb their mountains; and we shuddered to think that our next night's camp would be within that circle of white, soft, cold, vaporous mystery. Should we dare it? But, moment by moment, clouds went and came, and always more went than came, and at last the sunlight once more shone brightly on the wood-fringed lakes, and we went up to breakfast as aforesaid.

That morning we walked four miles to Roaring Brook, and it was exciting enough to know that now we were at the real base of the mountain; here we talked an hour, and while Stacy fried the fish, we sat upon a sturdy pine

trunk, which McClane had promptly felled for our bridge, after which the same enterprising person climbed the tallest spruce in the neighborhood, and threw down the topmost spire to us.

After dinner we began to go up in earnest, and sometimes went astray a little, and learned the difference between even "a spotted trail" and the untried forest—not that any path is cleared in either case, but that the former is always a practicable track, and you may be sure it does not end in a swamp, a cliff, or a jungle. Three miles more, and we struck Avalanche Brook, beside whose brink we threw ourselves down, in as much delight as if there were no other water in the world. Indeed, it is no fancy to say, that to sight, taste, and touch, such water is as different from the water of civilization as the snow of Vermont is from the snow of Broadway. It was more than all our previous excitements, to look up through a vista of green woods, and see the bright water bubbling and rushing among white rocks and cliffs, seeming as if a water-spout had just burst in the sky. Up we soon began to go, bounding from rock to rock, now in the water, now out of it, now slipping, now springing, as if our limbs had ceased to be brittle, and the mountain air had transformed us to india-rubber. We went so fast it seemed like flying, and the guides kept checking us. Two miles were passed without knowing it. We came closer and closer into a gorge of the mountain, with glimpses upward of the frowning peak, soon lost again—high walls on each side, and enchanting visions behind us, of miles of level country, all one forest, framed in a foreground of green boughs, or else "great granite jambs," like the highland descriptions in the "Bothie." But we were growing tired, especially during some *detours* through the woods, and it was becoming darker and colder. The wind blew fiercely down from the heights, and our leaders looked a little anxious; more so, when we approached our camping-ground, and heard the report of our returning pioneers; water was far off, the wood was white birch—good kindling, but poor fuel—worse yet, the wind blew so that no tent could be raised, and scarcely would the fire burn. And here were we, wet, cold, tired, hungry. But what of that? We rose with the crisis. This was

what we had come for; to take nature as she was, and see all sides—we should have been defrauded with only sunshine. So we felt, and so we said, and our companions were bright again instantly, seeing that we were. One thing was instantly settled, to change our ground further into the woods; the gentlemen were all soon set to work, and some of the ladies, too, while some of us dried ourselves as well as we could, with the smoke whirling furiously hither and thither, and often into our very faces, as we sat in our blankets. Soon a brighter flame blazed at a short distance, and presently came Messrs. C. and B. with great torches of birch-bark to light us through the wood. Mr. Wildfire was invaluable, and his partridges delicious; some fish still remained also, and we tried a new method of cooking them, by roasting on sharp sticks before the fire, which proved quite successful. We could not raise our tents, because the smoke shifted every moment, and would have suffocated us; but one tent was spread for a couch for us women folk, above the invariable bed of hemlock, another was securely hung behind us, for a curtain against the furious blast; there was an immense fire, beyond which our companions were dimly seen curled in their shawls or blankets, on mother earth, taking such comfort as they could get. In spite of all our troubles, we had a merry evening. Fanny wandered about a great deal, wrapped in a long blanket, like an insane squaw, and kept turning and arranging a great many pairs of shoes before the fire, as if they were flapjacks. But the rest of us laughed a great deal at her, and at each other, and at anything but dear old Katahdin; and at last we went into a refreshing sleep, and nobody took cold. If we did wake occasionally, it was pleasant to look up, and listen to the young whirlwinds that came blustering down from the summit to twist and twirl the tree-tops, and peer down into our place of retreat.

The next morning rose perfectly magnificent. From our dressing-room in a sheltered nook by Avalanche Brook, we looked straight into the sunrise, as it came fresh and gorgeous over the far eastern horizon, and it thrilled a glow of hope all through us, to conquer the chill of that morning air. The mountain peak, which seemed to hang sheer above us, was absolutely cloud-

less, and shone rosy with answering light. All smiled benignant, and we shivered acquiescent. Our teeth, indeed, chattered, but our hearts bounded; and we went back to our partridges in bliss.

That day was such a day as one dreams of for the great days of history. What had we done to deserve such love from Pomola, when scarcely a previous visitor had seen his home in sunshine? But now it seemed as if every cloud that lingered on the earth's surface was cleared away to the antipodes, and this one bright epoch allotted to Katahdin and to us.

We ran rather than walked, a quarter of a mile through the woods, and came out at the foot of the great slide. Oh! what a place. One broad gray furrow up the mountain side; that was the slide. Fancy a dozen gray walls of crumbling stone, each steeple-high, piled one on the other, up into the sky; that was the mountain. We felt like standing off a little, lest the peak itself should totter over upon our heads. We sat down to meditate. Then we got up, to climb.

All I can say is that we did climb, and got to the top somehow. I have an indistinct recollection that the summit looked about half a mile off, vertically, from the bottom—a mile when half way up—and two miles afterwards; that the ridges, which looked from below near to the summit, looked from above close to the base; that the people above us seemed to be hung on pegs, and the people below us to be balanced upon the tops of trees; that sometimes we were tugged along by gentlemen, and sometimes offered to help gentlemen along; that it was very pleasant to stop and roll stones down, but not quite so pleasant to start again, and drag ourselves up; that finally when we got near the top among the blueberry and cranberry beds, it seemed an absolute embargo on further progress; at least, till we had eaten over the whole berry garden, covering perhaps an acre and a half. But how delicious that long repose was, to cling to the side of the mountain by the bushes (for it really amounted to that), nibble the minute morsels of aromatic nourishment, which the bears had left for us, facing round sometimes, from the berries, to look at the universe. Among this vegetation, grew low and

stunted evergreen bushes, that would, we were assured, have been trees further down; but we did not need to clamber over the tops of these, as other explorers had done on a different side of the mountain. On this side it was bare enough, and there was no obstacle but the trifling one of perpendicularity. In our weakness we found that sufficient; but nevertheless, I have an impression, that the first on top was a woman. At any rate, the ascent took three hours.

The top of the mountain can be depicted at a single stroke, to any well instructed woman. Merely fancy the rim of a teacup, five miles round, with a piece broken out of one side. Beside this, the whole is jagged and uneven; nibbled, in truth, by a thousand or two of hungry winters. So that after we had once reached the edge on the southeast, we spent an hour more in climbing a mile further along, higher, and still higher, up one dark, sharp cliff, and down another, with views right and left, and often at liberty to tumble off either way, at our pleasure. Dark, bare, inhospitable, impenetrable granite; if there is anything solid in the material globe, we thought we had found it at last. It was more impressive than the vast pile of broken fragments, which forms the summit of Mount Washington; and it is singular, that though not volcanic, it closely resembles in size, shape, and proportions the only volcanic crater I ever saw.

How strange it was to be lifted, at a gigantic height, with a narrow pedestal beneath one's feet, sheer up into the blue dome of heaven; but very kindly that blue dome received us, so simple in coloring, so sublime; one soft white bar of cloud encircling the whole heavens near the horizon, and nothing else to mar the absolute and perfect hue. Such simplicity of coloring, blue sky, white cloud, and beneath, one sea of green; only, here and there lay noble lakes—scattered fragments of the sky-mirror—Milnoeket, with its thousand isles, "the crystal Ambigejis," Chesuncook, and the rest. To the southeast, Lake Katahdin lay delicately couched amid its long, evergreen branches, and we thought that had we wings as eagles we could make one dip into its pale soft waters, and then swoop homeward. The forest trees had not the look of vast size that we expected; but the dens-

ity was beyond expression. "It did not look as if a solitary traveler had cut so much as a walking-stick there." Only we were startled to see, below us, two faint dimples in the woods at the very base of the mountain. One, Stacy assured us, was where the young trees had been cleared for our last night's camp—another marked a spot where he himself had camped for a longer time. So unconsciously do we leave our mark in the universe. Afterwards they showed us "the farm"—a dot of brighter green in the remote distance—and something white, which they stoutly asserted to be the village of Patten.

Then the basin, or crater, lay on our right, encircled by the vast rim along which we picked our way. It was exciting to hear, that descent into it was absolutely impossible, and it could only be approached by the gap aforesaid on the eastern side. It was exciting to roll stones over precipices, whither even our agile guides could not fellow; and hear the sharp rattle and crash from depth to depth. Yet it did not look bare in that great basin; for its area of two hundred acres is mostly overgrown with bushes, among which, however, great slides track themselves in heaps of desolation, and great square blocks of granite suggest shuddering fancies of the time when, in the dead of winter, perhaps, those giant masses crashed and rebounded from above.

On the south side of this basin, there is a deep, narrow indentation, through which the winds rush fearfully, it is said, when Pomola's cloud factory within is in active operation. This must be passed, and much hard clambering up and down, if we would go still further, and we saw there was one point of rock, some two miles distant, that was somewhat higher than that on which we stood; but we had done enough, fortune had favored us, and why should we tempt her more? We had done it; we had ascended Katahdin, and the reality was more than our dreams.

Only Fanny was dissatisfied; she and Mr. Wildfire wished to go further yet. The latter had heard of a spring of good water two miles ahead, and he wanted "just to step along and try a taste of it." We were quite in a condition to appreciate good spring water, but McClane, with gallant labor, had just brought us a small pailful from nearly

that distance in a different direction, and we thought that "just to step along" over two miles of rugged granite cliffs, at a height of six thousand feet, was a step too far. However, there was more reason in his remark than is apparent to those who do not know the taste of mountain springs; and when we saw Mr. W. clamber on before us, through the aforesaid gully, bareheaded, his long hair and poncho waving in the fierce wind, which even then blew there, his gun slung over his shoulder—climbing straight up cliffs where a civilized cat would have lost eight of her lives, and gazing round at us half way, with wild, triumphant eyes, we really felt ashamed not to go where he did, though, I dare say, we should all have been at the north pole by this time, if we had once undertaken to follow. We resisted, brought Fanny back, wrote our names on a paper, and put it in a phial, which Stacy hid somewhere in this corner-stone of the globe; and then resolutely went down.

First, however, we came suddenly upon the one inhabitant of the region—Pomola's sole incarnation; but here I must draw upon the epic again:

"Bristling, bouncing, black and big,
There bolted forth a queer 'quill-pig';
He had for one pen the mountain side,
And a thousand more were stuck in his side.
Stacy drove him from rock to rock,
With sometimes a poke, and sometimes a
knock—
Stirring him up with good-will hearty
For the benefit of the stranger party."

One or two halts among the cranberry bushes, on which his hedgehogship (quill-pig is the vernacular) was browsing, and, with a large supply of this valuable addition to our *cuisine*, we stepped over the edge of Katahdin.

That descent was a good deal quicker than the ascent, a little easier, and far more amusing. There is a picture in Punch's "Tour of Brown, Jones, and Robinson," which always recalls it to us. Ben had previously described the place to us, as one "where the shortest jacket would trail on the ground." Down we slid, two and two, supported on canes if we had them, over the steep surface of decomposed granite, often dislodging large stones, which would have damaged those below us, only that the crumbled gravel soon stopped them by its friction. In an hour and a half we accomplished what had cost us

three in the morning; and it was pleasant to pause where Avalanche Brook distilled itself—a series of tiny drops—from the shelter of a rock-fragment, in the very middle of the great slide. We could see also the tracks of other brooks in wooded ravines along the mountain, and the scars of other, but smaller, slides.

Before sunset, we had reached our camp of the preceding night. We damsels were allowed to render some aid in stewing the delicious cranberries, of a more sweet and spirited flavor than their lowland cousins, which made a sumptuous sauce for our *toujours perdrix*. Our supply of spoons being limited, we had little wooden ones, clean and pure as our birch-bark platters. It was observed that the "tin cup aristocracy" (which was the obnoxious epithet given to the possessors of those conveniences, all aristocracy, however, being, as Theo. said, founded essentially on tin) had gradually diminished in number; even the precious cup on which Fanny's initials had been engraved with a jack-knife, disappearing at last in Avalanche Brook. Many, indeed, were the jokes made around that evening's fire (though they were never a rare commodity with us); the glorious weather, the day's enjoyment, the success, the absence of discomfort or accident—all raised our glee to the highest point, and it found vent in words and acts of harmless merriment, which the cold world shall never, never know from me. But poor H. never had such hard work to send us to bed, as that night, though we had a tent over our heads, and no more smoke in our faces than was good for us. At last, however, we all had our eyes shut, and we five slept like the "seven."

Off we plunged, down the brookside, next morning, after the gentlemen had fired at a mark a little, while loiterers were getting ready. The same clear, invigorating morning air, the same merry chase of pure water-drops. As *Cœur de Lion*, in the *Talisman*, would have given the best year of his life for that one half hour beside the desert spring, so do I now look back upon that foaming water. I remember foreseeing this, as I sat once that morning, all alone, waiting for the others to overtake me—sitting between great masses of rock, rounded smoothly by the crystal stream which poured from one aqua-

marine basin into another, and looking through a gap of trees upon fair Katahdin Lake, and a soft blue hill beyond it. And yet, I thought, people travel to Scotland and to Switzerland who have never been here, and who have no more personal experience of a hemlock bed than of the bed of the Atlantic.

We crossed Roaring Brook once more, and dined that day by a nameless woodland pond; and at night, our beloved "Lake-camp" received us again after our ten-mile walk, and we called it home. We loved it all the more, because we had a foreboding that it would be our last night in the woods; and so it proved. As Stacy predicted, we easily accomplished, next day, the thirteen forest miles that had been two days' work before, and did it, warm as the day was, in a style that delighted him. "In fact," he added, "I've been in the woods with a good many young gentlemen, who would have given out before they got to Hunt's to-day, warm as the weather was, too." Even the taciturn McClane expressed his decided satisfaction; and as for Ben, he said: "I've got a little memorandum book; I don't often put anything down in it; but I shall put this day down, *sure*."

So we crossed the Wassaticook again, this time without accident, and so we once more divided with our feet the great golden-rods and asters; strolling leisurely, staff in hand, through the sunny wood-path, that September afternoon; and so we came to the East Branch once more, out into the open clearing, opposite Hunt's; and there lay the solid farm-house upon the bank, and there were the whole family out to see; and there was the *batteau* beached upon the sand, and McClane waiting to paddle us over. In we sprang, the *batteau* was pushed from the shore, it traversed the swift black current, we were landed opposite, and our life in the woods was over.

I shall make short work of the remainder; how delighted good Mrs. Hunt was that we had done the jaunt more quickly than women had done it before; how strange it seemed to us to sit on chairs again, and use cups and saucers; how delicious were the bread-cakes, and the potatoes, and the milk; how gay we all were, till we had to dance at least; how our only minstrel was a wild Irishman, who played and sang "The girl I left behind me,"

thrumming with his fingers a clattering accompaniment on a dust-pan; how we thought there never was such inspiriting music, and tired each other down with the wildest of Virginia reels before the great kitchen-hearth. This I never can describe, though it was certainly the wildest scene I ever witnessed, and seemed more like a highland *bothie* than anything in New England. Happily, in this case, the excitement was all tetotal, and came pure from the happiest of happy hearts. That night we slept as well as we could be expected to do, in real beds, and the next day we all went down the Penobscot in two batteaux, and were almost happier than on any previous day, paddled steadily along the smooth swift canal between drooping trees, seeing no human being except a silent man in a birch canoe, and two girls paddling across to their father's clearing. Sometimes, however, coming to rapids where we passengers had to get out, while two in each batteau guided it magically among great rocks and through narrow passages where it seemed no floating thing could pass without shipwreck. Having only three regular voyageurs, H. went as the fourth, and said it was the most exciting thing he ever did, and like standing on the back of the most spirited horse, and he said, also, that it was perfectly superb to see the consummate skill with which McClane, in the bow of the boat, would guide it among white, whirling

torrents, and round sharp angles of threatening rock, where it seemed madness to venture. We got, with difficulty, some dinner at a queer little settlement called Nickatow, and the last part of the way was almost dangerous. It grew late, and there were bad shoals and rapids, or "rips" to pass, and both our comrades and our guides were weary; so we rowed races for a stimulus, and composed saucy verses, and hurled them at each other, and at last, when it was quite dark, we glided out upon the deeper waters of the main Penobscot, and soon after were landed beneath overhanging alders, and walked up through a hushed and star-lit lane, mysteriously, into the little village of Mattawamkeag, and to its large and lighted tavern. There we took leave, not without very genuine signs of true regard on both sides, of our friendly and manly guides. There some of our own party, also, must leave us, and hasten on at midnight. We had one last gay evening in our woodland-dress; and there the history of those bright days must close.

After the story comes the moral. We proved the truth of the prediction we overheard, that it would give us "better fun than a trip to Saratogue," and our moral is, that there is more real peril to bodily health in a week of ball-room than in a month of bivouacs. Our health and strength improved from beginning to end, nor did any ill consequence follow.

THE GIPSY'S TOAD.

A DOWN the haunted copse I went,
Wrapt in the glooms of discontent:
The weeds were thick, the grass was sere,
Because the gipsy's toad was near!

It cowered beside the marshy road,
Its eye with devilish cunning glowed:
I stamped and stamped it in the mud,
Until my feet were red with blood!

Then on I went with hurried tramp,
Until I reached the gipsies' camp:
Great was the stir and bustle there,
And the old Queen tore her ragged hair!

"What is the matter, old Mother Crawl?"
She answered not, but raised her shawl:
Jesu! the gipsy's child was dead,
And its elfish blood was on my head!

WEIMAR IN 1825.

"DER Herr scheint unglücklich zu seyn:"—the gentleman seems to be unhappy;—said, in an audible whisper to her male companion in the public room of the *Erbprinz* in Weimar, a stout, comely woman of five and thirty. Women are so charged with sympathy. In a tone half pleasant, half pitying she spoke, and made, I think, her words purposely audible to him who was the object of them; judging, perhaps, that knowledge of the proximity of interest would be a comfort. She judged rightly; for it was sheer loneliness that, from the bosom of a young man seated on the sofa, had brought up the sigh which awakened her curiosity and her good feelings.

Just a week previously, I had set out from Göttingen, in company with a Scotch fellow-student, Weir. My intelligent friend parted from me in Gotha, on a foot-excursion; and I, after spending two or three days at Gotha, in that state of half ennui, half restlessness, familiar to young men idling without acquaintance in a strange place, had, early on the morning of Sunday, the 27th of March, 1825, started alone, in a hired carriage, and, halting midway at Erfurt, to visit Luther's cell in the convent of the Augustines, had arrived at Weimar about noon; my purpose being to stop there a day or two, see Goethe, if I could, and then go on to Leipsic and Dresden.

The feeling of loneliness which came over me on losing my companion, grew daily while I continued at Gotha, had been cultivated in the solitary drive of six hours, and now, in noiseless, secluded Weimar, with no social prospects to dispel its gloom, it reached a crisis in the sigh above-mentioned. The relief brought by this exhalation of heart-gripping melancholy, seconded by the womanly comment thereon, was completed by the tickling fingers of the ridiculous, which, simultaneously with the arrival to my ears of the lady's words, were mirthfully thrust into my ribs.

To the fat lady I was grateful for her kindly succor; and, as a return, I determined to give her tender heart the solace of knowing that my "unhappi-

ness" was not of a Wertherian hue. At the same time I wished to spare her delicacy the embarrassment of learning, from any too palpable act or movement, that I had overheard her remark. In a few moments, therefore, rising from my hypochondriacal position—viz., bent forward with elbows on knees, and face buried in hands—I discharged from my countenance all trace of dismal thoughts, and, walking springingly across the room, smiled out of the window; so that her benignant eye could in a twinkling perceive that in my features there was no suicide.

After dinner (which at the public table of the *Erbprinz* was served at half past one), learning that Goethe dined at two, I waited till a quarter past three, and then walked to his house in the *Frauenplatz* (woman's place), not two hundred yards from the hotel. I had no letter, and, knowing that Goethe refused to admit unlabeled visitors, I rang the bell with misgivings. The servant said, the *Herr Geheimerath* (the Privy councillor) had not yet risen from table. "There," cried I vexedly to myself as I turned away, "by my impatience I have forfeited the at best doubtful chance of seeing the great man. The summons of his waiter from the dining-room to the door, he will feel as an intrusion on his privacy and comfort, and be thereby jarred into an inhospitable mood." I walked into the park, enlivened on a sunny Sunday afternoon with Weimar's quiet denizens. Towards four I was again ringing Goethe's bell. The servant asked my name. I gave him my card on which I had written, "aus Washington, America." My home being near the capital, I availed myself of this to couple my name with that of the sublime man—honored by all the hundred millions in Christendom—the presenting of which to the imagination of a great poet might, I hoped, suddenly kindle an emotion that would plead irresistibly in my behalf. The servant quickly returned and ushered me in. I ascended the celebrated wide, easy Italian staircase. On the threshold I was about to pass, my eye fell pleasantly on the hospitable *SALVE*, inlaid in large mosaic letters. The door was opened before me by the servant, and there, in the

centre of the room, tall, large, erect, majestic, Goethe stood, slightly borne forward by the intentness of his look, out of those large luminous eyes, fixed on the entrance.

In 1825, Americans were seldom seen so far inland. In his whole life Goethe had not probably met with six. The announcement of one for the unbuzzed moments of after-dinner, was, I dare say, to the ever fresh student and universal observer, a piquant novelty. His attitude and expression, as I entered, were those of an expectant naturalist, eagerly awaiting the transatlantic phenomenon.

Goethe was then in his seventy-sixth year; but neither on his face nor figure was there any detracting mark of age. Kindly and gracefully he received me; advancing as I entered, bade me be seated on the sofa, and sat down beside me. In a few moments I was perfectly at ease.

At such an interview the opening conversation is inevitably predetermined. How long I had been in Europe; the route by which I had come; the sea-voyage. When he learnt, that for fifteen months I had been a student at Göttingen, he inquired with interest for several of the professors, especially Blumenbach and Sartorius.

Opportunities of converse with the wise have ever been esteemed, by men eager for improvement, one of the most choice of human privileges. Even now, when, through that far-reaching, silver-voiced speaking-trumpet—the printed page—the wise, and the unwise, too, can send their thoughts to the uttermost ends of the earth, personal contact with the gifted is still a gain and a rare enjoyment; for the most confidential writer cannot put all of himself into his books. In ancient times, when oral delivery was almost the only means of communicating knowledge, men traversed seas to hold communion with philosophers and thinkers. What a position was mine then at that moment—seated beside one wiser than the wisest of the seven sages of Greece, in whose single head was more knowledge than in the heads of all the seven together; the wisest man then living, nay, save two or three, the wisest that ever has lived. Across the Atlantic, through England and Belgium, across the Rhine (railroads and ocean-steamships were not in those days) I had

come, to be taught by the wise men of Göttingen. And here sat I, face to face with the teacher of these Göttingen teachers, with him from whom every one of them had learnt, and from whom the best of them were still learning. Yet, in this interview with the chief of teachers, the wisest of the wise—an interview which hundreds of the highest men of to-day would almost give a finger to have had—in this privileged tête-à-tête, it was not Goethe who taught me, it was I who taught Goethe.

Reader, I take no offense at your contemptuous incredulity, but will briefly tell you how it was.

The news of the election of John Quincy Adams to be President of the United States had just reached Germany. Three days before, I had read it, while at Gotha, in a Frankfort newspaper. Goethe wished to understand the mode and forms of election. This I explained to him in full; the first process through electors, and then, as in this instance, the second by the House of Representatives. In stating that the people did not directly choose, but voted for a small number of electors, and that these then voted for one of the candidates, I used the word *gereinigt* (cleansed) to describe how the popular will, to reach its aim, was sifted through the electoral colleges. The term *gereinigt* pleased Goethe much. I used it because, being of one of the most federal of federal families, and not having yet begun to think for myself on political subjects, the breadth and grandeur of democracy were still unrevealed to me; and it pleased Goethe because, broad and deep as was his sympathy with humanity, he was after all not omniscient any more than omniscient. Thus had I the honor of adding a grain to the vast granary of that omnifarious knowledge, which, passed through the bolting-cloths of a rich sensibility and bold imagination, furnished in abundance to his generation, and to all after generations, mental bread most nourishing and most palatable.

Thinking that a stranger, with not even the claim of an introductory note, should be content, after sharing with Goethe a brief fragment of his time, before a half hour had expired I rose and took my leave.

Back into the park I strolled, now no longer lonely: I was accompanied by the image of Goethe.

Goethe's face was oval, with grand harmonious lines, and features large and prominent, hair cut short, and gray without baldness, forehead high and roomy, largely developed throughout, and swelling in the upper corners, so as to unite in a fine curve the conspicuous organ of wonder and ideality. The whole head and face less massive than in the full-sized Paris engraving which I have after a portrait by Jageman; and also less broad than the engraving in Mrs. Austin's "Characteristics;" having the lightness and airiness which, in a countenance resplendent with mind, result from the harmony between the curve-inclosed breadth above and the strong basilar front.

At a German inn, especially in a small town, a stranger has resources which he will not find elsewhere in a public house. From thin subdivisions, the Germans are a many-sided people. The Silesian and the Rhinelander, the Hanoverian and the Bavarian, the Viennese and the Berlinese—each of these is a different variety of the same species, the difference being perceptible in language, tone, culture. In Germany there is more culture than in any other country. Her high schools, her universities, her libraries, are the best in the world, the most numerous and the most accessible. Nowhere is knowledge more valued; nowhere are there so many men with empty pockets and full heads; and nowhere has mere money less social weight. The German is, moreover, sociable; enjoying especially an after-meal talk. He excels, too, I think, in the highest conversational talent—that of being a good listener.

From those causes, the company that at about eight (the supper hour) gathers in the public room, will be more various, more communicative, and more cultivated than at a similar meeting in France, England, or America. Our little party at the Erbprinz on Sunday evening, was a favorable specimen of such assemblages, and was as companionable as though we had been the assorted guests of a discriminating Amphitryon. Our chief talker was a young southern ecclesiastic, who, voluble and well-informed, was carried forward by an inordinate momentum of animal spirits. Discussing the dress of the Protestant clergy, he averred, that the cause of its being black was, that Lu-

ther happened to wear black. *Thaler* (dollar), he said, was derived from *Thal* (valley) the German silver coin of that denomination having been first made from metal mined in a valley of Bohemia. These samples of his learning I throw out as light exercises for antiquarians. Another of our company was an inspector of baths at Marienbad, who was modestly proud of some autograph verses given him by Goethe.

On Monday morning I awoke with such pleasant recollections of the preceding afternoon and evening, that I resolved to stop a day or two in Weimar—at least until time should begin to press idly upon me. Just before leaving Göttingen, I had received from a Boston friend and Harvard class-mate a late number of the *North American Review*, containing an article on Goethe's works. This I inclosed to Goethe with a note, saying, that I took the liberty to send it, thinking that he might like to read what was written about him in the *New World*. The day I spent actively enough as sight-seer, seeing, among other things, the first printed Bible. Recollect that Weimar is Saxe-Weimar, lying near to Erfurt; and that Eisenach, with Luther's watch-tower, the Wartburg, is part of its domain. Nowhere in Germany is the spirit of the mighty reformer more alive than among his Saxon kindred, the foremost in culture of the most cultivated people of Europe. It was fitting that to this central land should be drawn—as it was by the enlightened sympathy of a Saxon prince—that mind which shares with Luther the intellectual sovereignty of Germany; and which, so unlike Luther's in its preponderances and in its ensemble, thoroughly harmonized with his in one deep characteristic; for Goethe was not behind even Luther in manly hatred of false religion.

Weimar, though a capital, being a small town, its sights were soon seen; and in the evening I was making inquiries about the routes to Leipzig, when there came a package from Goethe, containing the *Review* accompanied by a note of thanks, which stated, that he had a few hours before received a copy of the same number from a friend in Berlin. But the pith of the note was in the end of it—an invitation to Goethe's house on the following evening.

Weimar being, as I said, a small town, and Goethe's house, even more than

the palace, being its social centre, twenty-four hours were not needed to circulate through "society" the novel incident, that a young stranger, from far America, without letters, had, after an interview with Goethe, been invited to acquaintanceship with his family and circle. Of the mingled good will and curiosity awakened by this distinction, I had evidence the next day. Early in the forenoon, Baron Seckendorf of Württemberg, a fellow-student of Göttingen, whom, however, I had not known at the University, a modest, pleasing young man, called on me. He was spending his vacation with a cousin, the chamberlain of the Grand Duke. We took a chatty walk together into the country. This visit was followed, after dinner, by one from three young Englishmen, acquaintances of Goethe's daughter-in-law, Frau von Goethe. At this time, and for several years afterwards (it may be so still), there were always young Englishmen temporarily resident in Weimar to learn German, and mingle in the refined, easy society of the famous little capital, in which they were well received. By a progressive appointment of nature, strangers are ever warmly welcomed by women. For which, on the other hand, they are coldly eyed by the men.

Towards eight, I repaired to Goethe's. In the large drawing-room, where he had received me on Sunday, were collected twelve or fifteen persons. But Goethe was not among them: he was unwell. Neither was his son present. Frau von Goethe, sprightly, intelligent, and graceful, did the honors with tact and cordiality. In five minutes I felt myself at home. Before the close of the evening it was determined that I should go to court—my new English friends taking on themselves to prepare me for the initiation. On the Continent, young Americans and young Englishmen readily fraternize.

My chief business, on the following morning, was to engage a waltzing-master. In the United States, during the first two decades of the present century, waltzing was not an essential of a gentleman's education. I had hardly been three days in Weimar when I found myself launched into the midst of its social stream. My brief journal—alas! too brief—sparkles with entries like these;—"Wednesday: evening, at President Schwendler's;

games.—Thursday: evening, at Frau von Spiegel's.—Friday: concert in the evening; Mozart's Requiem." But the great day was drawing near—the day of presentation at court.

In 1825 a European court held, in the imagination of a young American, a place beside images left there by the Arabian Nights. It was a something gorgeous, glittering, remote, unapproachable; invested by history and poetry, and especially by romance, with elevation, splendor, and dignity. Kings, queens, dukes, lords, and ladies, were ideal, almost supermundane figures, robed in superfine Syrian tissues; personages disinfected of all work-day commonness, impressive with practiced superiorities; their words commands; their looks glaring authority; their habits ever stately; their thoughts ever proud. The palace walls—shielded by a circumvallation of haughty ceremony—inclosed a precinct consecrated to jealous privilege. Into this charmed circle I was to enter. I was about to be an actor in an Arabian Nights' Entertainment. I was about to read a chapter of history, in the first manuscript.

- The awe which I felt on approaching such a crisis in my existence, was somewhat allayed by daily sociable intercourse with the frequenters and constituents of the court. Especially did the talk of my English companions temper the effervescent spirit of imagination with the turbid water of reality. Still, it was not without trepidation that, at a quarter before three, on Sunday, April the 3rd, in the year 1825, I descended the steps of the Erbprinz to enter the sedan which was to bear me to the palace. But before hiding me behind the curtains of the sedan, I must exhibit myself to the reader in court-dress.

Of the importance attached to costume at the courts of Europe, our whole country has lately become aware, through the recommendation (which should have been positive instruction), sent by our government in 1853 to its diplomatic representatives; in conforming to which, he it said, and presenting himself in simple citizen's dress at the begilded French Court, our *Chargé d'Affaires* at Paris, Henry S. Sanford, earned, by his manly and truly republican bearing, a well-merited distinction. Thus, close upon the heels of the resolution to go to court in Weimar,

came the question of costume. A uniform of some kind, my English friends told me, I must have, the etiquette requiring it. I might follow my own taste and fancy in the color and style. One of those gentlemen—a man of parts and a graduate of Oxford, who had not even an ensign's commission—wore always at court the full dress of an English field-marshal, for which he had paid in London one hundred guineas. This ambitious fancy, by the way, cost him, a few weeks later, a ludicrous mortification; for the Duke of Clarence (afterwards William IV.) happening to visit the Weimar court, the young civilian, not wishing his field-marshalship to be challenged by so high a personage, withdrew for a week. Uniform I had none, and there was hardly time, had I even been so disposed, to have one first invented, and then made up by the tailor. The Englishman cast about in vain to compound an outfit, by borrowing a coat from one, pantaloons from another, etc.; but among them were few superfluous articles of the courtly kind. At last I suggested, that with sword, chapeau-bras, knee-breeches, and silk stockings, I might possibly be admitted. The chamberlain was applied to. He received the proposal favorably, and would consider it. The matter was doubtless submitted to the Grand Duke and Duchess. It is not at all improbable that even Goethe was consulted. For in Weimar, on anything great or small, that was worth a consultation, his opinion was sure to be sought. Be that as it may, the chamberlain gave a consenting answer. Instantly a tailor was set to work on the "inexpressibles." One Englishman furnished a sword, another a *chapeau*; and so, with my black Stultz dress-coat, and a white vest, I was equipped. History, to be history, must be truthfully told; and therefore, however painful to my feelings it be to pluck the lightest feather from the plume of my friend Sanford, I have to proclaim, that at about the time he was born I had made the initiatory step in the black coat affair.

A sedan is a light chair covered at top, with curtains on the sides and front, borne on poles by two men. An acceptable vehicle it is, where a pair of muscular human arms can be hired at the rate of twenty-five cents a day, where distances are not measured by

miles, and when you are in full dress with thin shoes. It takes you in and puts you out under cover of hall or entry. A single servant in livery received me at the foot of the grand ducal stairway, and conducted me up into one of the receiving rooms, where were already several of my new native acquaintance. The company gathered rapidly, and we soon passed into a larger room, where I was presented to the Grand Duchess. The Grand Duke was ill. The Grand Duchess was affable, and spoke of her son, Duke Bernhard, who was then traveling in the United States. The introduction and conversation were as uncereemonious as they would have been in the drawing-room of a well-bred lady in Boston or Baltimore. It was in this palace, at the head of the stairs I had ascended, that this Grand Duchess received Napoleon the day after the battle of Jena, and by her calm courage, womanly dignity, and intellectual readiness, rebuked his vulgar violence, and extorted an unwilling respect. Ignoble natures, feeling nobleness to be a reproach to themselves, hate the true and pure, and, when unavoidably confronted with them, pay them a reluctant homage.

At three the Grand Duchess led the way into the dining-room. About fifty persons sat down to a long table, the Grand Duchess in the centre. Opposite and beside her were placed the elderly and officially elevated, while the younger members of the company mustered at the extremities, where, intermingled with the maids of honor, and remote from the stately regal centre, we were under no other restraint than that which refines the freedom of ladies and gentlemen. Behind each guest was a servant in livery. The dinner was princely. That it was, moreover, excellent, I have no doubt; but this I cannot affirm from personal judgment; for, happily, my critical craft in this significant province of civilized culture was only developed some years later. Of the service—at once lavish and refined—of the grand ducal table, take this as a sample. No sooner was a glass emptied than it was replenished by the watchful attendant. Through this silent savory sign your preference—if you had one—was learnt, and hospitably indulged. You had, for instance, but to leave your Claret and Rhenish and Champagne unfinished, and to drain

your Burgundy-glass : so often as it was found empty it was refilled with Chamberlain or Clos Vougeot, to the number of a dozen or more fillings, should any guest be rash enough to trust his head with so many. The dinner lasted till towards five, when the company followed the Duchess back into the receiving-rooms. Here we lingered less than a half hour, and then withdrew, to return at seven to tea, conversation, and cards. In the evening I left the palace early, having made an engagement to sup at eight with *Ober-medical-rath* (Upper medical Councilor) Froriep, a man of large knowledge and practical ability, and of distinguished liberality, and for those qualities much valued by the Grand Duke.

The stranger is in luck who, on the same day, passes from the table of a sovereign to that of a burgher-subject. In the present case, there was this beauty in the juxtaposition of the two tables, that the contrast between them was purely in the material and external. In the high essentials they were equal and alike, culture and intellect giving the tone at both. The guests of Mr. Froriep were four or five gentlemen, who, with his wife and daughter, made a party of about eight round his supper-table. Mr. Froriep's house was a modest-centre of political liberalism. My fellow-guests were latent republicans. An open, legal, born, bodily republican could not but be an acceptable novelty. I sat down among them, a sudden welcome incarnation of their visions. The lively prose of conversation was occasionally pointed by written epigrammatic verse. One gentleman read some well-rhymed irony on the turning-lathe that had been set up at St. Helena in the room where Napoleon died. Another gave us a witty epigram on orders and ribbon-decorations.

On the following evening, I had an opportunity of testing the obsequiousness of the bodily members to the mind's royalty, by straining to subject my femoral muscles to the desires of my cerebral nerves. There was a ball at Herr von Heldorf's. Never did dancer stand up with a more resolute will to dance. I had misgivings. Four or five lessons are a short apprenticeship to a new business. To lege thoroughly indoctrinated in the *pas de quatre*, the *pas de trois* is as steep uphill work as the Kantian metaphysics to a Cartesian.

Yet, to an unpracticed looker-on, the waltz seems so easy ; and this deception through the eye is strengthened by the ear, which is captivated by the saltatory movement of the waltz-music. My utmost effort of will, the excitement of the scene and sound, and, more even than these, the indulgence and encouragement of my fair (and some of them were surpassingly fair) partners, could but partially and temporarily counterwork early thorough drilling and long habit. While my head and heart were intent on waltzing, my obstinate, undutiful legs would be thinking of the quadrille. I made lame work of it. Nevertheless, I staid until two o'clock, finding this the most instructive and the most delightful dancing-lesson I had ever had.

To the circle of the privileged, the doors of the palace were opened twice a week. Let me explain what I mean by "the privileged." At that time no Germans but such as had titles of nobility were *hoffähig*, that is, habitually admissible at the native courts. As much that they might adorn the court by their presence, as to do honor to their genius, were Goethe and Schiller ennobled. I never met at the palace one of the cultivated gentlemen with whom I had supped at Mr. Froriep's. Since that day, I believe, this feudal exclusiveness has been, in most capitals, extinguished or greatly relaxed, under pressure of the expansive spirit of these latter times. Once invited to the Sunday dinner at the palace, the invitation was repeated, as it was to other invited strangers, on every Sunday. But my English comrades had forgotten to put me through the form preliminary to an invitation to the Thursday evenings of the Grand Duchess, on which evenings she had a reception or a ball. The omission I discovered, dining on Thursday at Herr von Schardt's. The preliminary form was, simply, to be presented to the Countess Schulemburg; and this, in order that I might not lose the Thursday of the following week, was done the next day.

From what has been related of the presentation to the Grand Duchess, the logical reader will infer that one to her chief lady was not enveloped in many folds of formality. Opposite the palace is a large, plain building of three stories, similar outwardly and in inward structure to one of our college buildings at Cambridge or Princeton, called the *Prä-*

sen Haus, from having been once temporarily occupied by members of the reigning family. In the several stories of this edifice were lodged, in separate series of apartments, most of the ladies attached to the court. Here we were received by the Countess and her two daughters. I already knew the daughters, having half-waltzed with them a few evenings before. We were received, as at an ordinary morning call, without prearrangement, and without the other externals which, in a fashionable American house, are deemed indispensable—fine dressing and fine furniture. The toilets, sofas, tables, and chairs, were all of unobtrusive simplicity; nor was there in the demeanor of the inmates a trace of consciousness as to the character of these outward things. As ladies they received us, having no thought of their environment, and therefore not leading us to take thought thereof.

Nowhere in Weimar was there rich upholstery. Hundreds of houses in New York are more gorgeously furnished than was the ducal palace. It is true, neither Saxon princes nor Saxon nobles have much superfluous cash; but where there was any, it was likely to be invested in works of lasting beauty rather than in articles of superficial showiness, the obtrusive stare of which would discompose a gentleman if anything could discompose a gentleman. In Goethe's house the furniture was plain; but engravings, pictures, busts, spoke to the mind in his drawing-room.

It will be readily believed, that in this bright Weimar episode of my youth, there were no heavy hours. But had I been able to spend, without weariness, the whole of every day in dancing, gossiping, lounging, dining, supping, I should have been an unworthy participant of a society refined by the influence of Wieland, of Herder, of Schiller, and especially of Goethe, then the only survivor. It was vacation with me, and a salutary cessation of study; still, two or three hours a day with the lighter kind of books, were as grateful a refreshment in the long holiday idleness as the whole holiday itself was to the working University term. I read for the first time Schiller's Don Carlos, the glowing eloquence and aspiration of which make it so fascinating to the young, but which flinches somewhat before the calm gaze of mature criticism. Washington Irving and Fenimore Cooper were then in

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your Burgundy-glass : so often as it was found empty it was refilled with Chamberlin or Clos Vougeot, to the number of a dozen or more fillings, should any guest be rash enough to trust his head with so many. The dinner lasted till towards five, when the company followed the Duchess back into the receiving-rooms. Here we lingered less than a half hour, and then withdrew, to return at seven to tea, conversation, and cards. In the evening I left the palace early, having made an engagement to sup at eight with *Ober-medical-rath* (Upper medical Councillor) Froriep, a man of large knowledge and practical ability, and of distinguished liberality, and for those qualities much valued by the Grand Duke.

The stranger is in luck who, on the same day, passes from the table of a sovereign to that of a burgher-subject. In the present case, there was this beauty in the juxtaposition of the two tables, that the contrast between them was purely in the material and external. In the high essentials they were equal and alike, culture and intellect giving the tone at both. The guests of Mr. Froriep were four or five gentlemen, who, with his wife and daughter, made a party of about eight round his supper-table. Mr. Froriep's house was a modest-centre of political liberalism. My fellow-guests were latent republicans. An open, legal, born, bodily republican could not but be an acceptable novelty. I sat down among them, a sudden welcome incarnation of their visions. The lively prose of conversation was occasionally pointed by written epigrammatic verse. One gentleman read some well-rhymed irony on the turning-lathe that had been set up at St. Helena in the room where Napoleon died. Another gave us a witty epigram on orders and ribbon-decorations.

On the following evening, I had an opportunity of testing the obsequiousness of the bodily members to the mind's royalty, by straining to subject my femoral muscles to the desires of my cerebral nerves. There was a ball at Herr von Heldorf's. Never did dancer stand up with a more resolute will to dance. I had misgivings. Four or five lessons are a short apprenticeship to a new business. To legs thoroughly indoctrinated in the *pas de quatre*, the *pas de trois* is as steep uphill work as the Kantian metaphysics to a Cartesian.

Yet, to an unpracticed looker-on, the waltz seems so easy ; and this deception through the eye is strengthened by the ear, which is captivated by the saltatory movement of the waltz-music. My utmost effort of will, the excitement of the scene and sound, and, more even than these, the indulgence and encouragement of my fair (and some of them were surpassingly fair) partners, could but partially and temporarily counterwork early thorough drilling and long habit. While my head and heart were intent on waltzing, my obstinate, undutiful legs would be thinking of the quadrille. I made lame work of it. Nevertheless, I staid until two o'clock, finding this the most instructive and the most delightful dancing-lesson I had ever had.

To the circle of the privileged, the doors of the palace were opened twice a week. Let me explain what I mean by "the privileged." At that time no Germans but such as had titles of nobility were *hoffähig*, that is, habitually admissible at the native courts. As much that they might adorn the court by their presence, as to do honor to their genius, were Goethe and Schiller ennobled. I never met at the palace one of the cultivated gentlemen with whom I had supped at Mr. Froriep's. Since that day, I believe, this feudal exclusiveness has been, in most capitals, extinguished or greatly relaxed, under pressure of the expansive spirit of these latter times. Once invited to the Sunday dinner at the palace, the invitation was repeated, as it was to other invited strangers, on every Sunday. But my English comrades had forgotten to put me through the form preliminary to an invitation to the Thursday evenings of the Grand Duchess, on which evenings she had a reception or a ball. The omission I discovered, dining on Thursday at Herr von Schardt's. The preliminary form was, simply, to be presented to the Countess Schulemburg ; and this, in order that I might not lose the Thursday of the following week, was done the next day.

From what has been related of the presentation to the Grand Duchess, the logical reader will infer that one to her chief lady was not enveloped in many folds of formality. Opposite the palace is a large, plain building of three stories, similar outwardly and in inward structure to one of our college buildings at Cambridge or Princeton, called the *Prin-*

our *Haus*, from having been once temporarily occupied by members of the reigning family. In the several stories of this edifice were lodged, in separate series of apartments, most of the ladies attached to the court. Here we were received by the Countess and her two daughters. I already knew the daughters, having half-waltzed with them a few evenings before. We were received, as at an ordinary morning call, without prearrangement, and without the other external which, in a fashionable American house, are deemed indispensable—fine dressing and fine furniture. The toilets, sofas, tables, and chairs, were all of unobtrusive simplicity; nor was there in the demeanor of the inmates a trace of consciousness as to the character of these outward things. As ladies they received us, having no thought of their environment, and therefore not leading us to take thought thereof.

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knowledge, bearing the healthful fruit of mutual respect and leniency. What a pert mischief-maker is ignorance. Of what reciprocally the feelings then were between the islanders and the dwellers on the main, I had an amusing exemplification. On a forenoon, one of the Englishmen called for me to take a walk. "What's all this fuss about—who are these epauletted fellows on the stairway?" he asked, as he entered my room. "The Elector of Hesse Cassel arrived half an hour since," I answered; "he is about going to the palace, and these are his suite, waiting to attend him." This Englishman was a type of the animal, muscular, coarser John Bull. He was above the middle height, squarely built, broad across the shoulders, with good regular, not prominent features, a short face, and round head, a steady blue eye, and tanned skin. As we issued from my room, he preceded me. Lining the somewhat broad stairway, from the upper landing to the bottom, were ranged six or seven officers of rank, in full glittering military dress, forming a double row for their master to pass through. The Englishman, as he left my door, struck his hat down on his head, giving it a saucy cant on one side, thrust his hands into his pockets, descended the steps with a careless, loose gait, cast his eyes neither to the right nor to the left, utterly ignoring the presence of the dazzling Hessians, and whistled as he went. I, who had stopped a moment to turn the key, being several paces behind him, had a full view of his proceeding and its effect. Contempt could not have been more emphatically expressed, even in words. And yet, to no one of the contemned was it directly conveyed; for his eyes took no note of them. With motionless wrath, the Hessians beheld this sudden insolent apparition. Their moustaches seemed almost to curl with impotent rage; for the offense was hardly a tangible one; moreover, it was committed by an Englishman—a most palpable Englishman. The Hessians were, doubtless, brave men, and bore no especial love to Englishmen; nevertheless, they would, probably, on the spot, have resented the act, indirect though it was, had it been committed by a man of any other nation. No other European would or could have done such a thing. No other, however brave, would have had the boldness and independence

to give his scorn such expression. The habitual consciousness of freedom—a consciousness which no other European had then, or (alas!) has now—gave to the Englishman a virile tone, which enabled him to do what none other would dare do; and, more than this, to do what was offensive, and almost indecent, with impunity; for these very Hessians, not one of whom could even have felt moved to such a deed, and who were boiling with constrained anger, were yet unconsciously and unwillingly awed into passiveness by the manly inward power which enabled the Englishman to do it.

On the following Sunday I was presented to the Grand Duke. Carl August was below the middle height, with a large, square head, and well-composed face, expressive of intellect and energy. From recent illness, he was still pale and feeble; and being hard of hearing, in the interview with him before dinner, I had to raise my voice, which seemed to annoy him. I was glad when our brief conversation ended, and I thought his Highness somewhat grumpy. Now, among my precious memories is this: that in his own palace, I was presented to the enlightened, hospitable prince, the pupil of Wieland, the generous protector of Schiller, and the life-long fraternal friend of Goethe. And have you nothing more to say of Goethe? some of my readers may here ask. Would that I had. But, to be frank, I thought very little about Goethe. If self-reproaches were, in such a case, of any avail, briskly would I join the reader in heaping a mountain of them on my own head. Here was, indeed, a gigantic example of the wasted opportunities of youth. True, with the most intense will, I could not have had another interview with Goethe. From the illness into which he fell, two days after my arrival, he did not recover until I had left Weimar. His daughter-in-law promised me that I should see him again; but the day never came. I spent, however, three weeks, lodged within a stone's throw of his house, in the town where he had lived for fifty years, and where there were scores of men and women who had witnessed his arrival, and a whole population familiar with his person and his every-day life. I might have questioned the recollections of octogenarians, the experience of the middle-

aged. I might have sought out his old servants, his old enemies, and his old and his new friends—he had no new enemies. I might have tracked him to Ilmenau and to Jena. Now, presupposing the miracle, that a young man of twenty-two could have so appreciated Goethe—have so seized the significance of his deep life—have so mastered the import of such a career, as to have originated the inquiry, and then pursued it with a sagacious zeal; still, although many particulars might have been gleaned, whose valuable meaning sympathy would interpret, the result would probably have been far less affluent than you hope. Those among whom he lived did not fully realize his greatness. Familiarity with a genuine man does not breed indifference; but there may be even respect and affection without the key of sympathy, which alone can unlock the treasury of a mind. On his neighbors and fellow-townsmen the impression of any great man is stamped more by the acts and qualities wherein he is like themselves, than by those which constitute his greatness. Besides, in the many—without regard to class—there is a special obtuseness to the claims of poetic power—an unwillingness to acknowledge, grounded on an incapacity to perceive, the superiority of the creative nature. An extreme instance of this dullness I witnessed in England, a few years ago. While I was at Malvern, Wordsworth (it was only a year or two before he died) arrived at the house of a relative, on the opposite side of the Malvern Hills. Wishing to shake hands once more with the great poet, I hired a donkey-carriage, to drive the two or three miles round. Had I taken the shorter foot-path, over the hills, I should have met Wordsworth, who, then in his eightieth year, crossed them that very morning, on foot. The driver—whom we had often before employed—was a middle-aged man, intelligent and thriving. As we drew near, I told him we were going to see the poet Wordsworth, the greatest man then living in England. The house stood at some distance from the public road, and the driver getting down to open the gate that led to it, I said he need go no further with the carriage—we would walk to the house; and then, bethinking me, I added, “but perhaps you would like to take the chance of seeing Mr. Words-

worth; in that case we will drive to the door.” “Oh! no, sir,” he answered, “I don’t know what good that will do me.” I should have rejoined, “drive in, at any rate, perhaps the donkey will like to see him.”

To return to Weimar.—

One afternoon we found ourselves—two or three of my English fellow-idlers and myself—in the drawing-room of Madame Goethe. Goethe’s son and daughter-in-law had, in his house, upstairs, a separate suite of rooms. The Englishmen—more muscular than mental—soon got into a romp with several young ladies, who happened to be present. Not being so demonstrative, I was a tranquil, and by no means admiring spectator of the hoydenish flirtation. German houses are not the most solid. The room so shook, that I feared some cups, on an etagere, would leap to the floor. I said to Madame Goethe, “Will not this disturb your father-in-law?” “Oh! no,” she answered, “he will not hear it, and if he does, he will not mind it.” This is another precious, and, I may add, unique memory, that, in Goethe’s own house, I once raised my voice, to protect his sick nerves from the possibility of a shock.

On the last Thursday of my stay, there was a ball at the palace. I was not yet qualified to take a master’s degree in that department of knowledge which now, throughout all Christendom, is in ball-rooms the most profitable. In the art of waltzing I was still a learner. But, in amends, I was so proficient in the less passionate and more variegated, the gentlemanly quadrille (in my dancing days we called it cotillon), that mortification at failures in the native dance was counterbalanced by triumphs in the foreign; and as things from abroad are, for their very rarity, esteemed more than their equivalents of home-production, I gained, on the Weimar floor, by my skill in the French step, far more credit than I lost by my rawness in the German. In truth, at that day I had the French step, in all its elaborate diversity, completely at my toes’ ends. Here let me gratefully pause, to pay tribute to the two professors of this elegant art, to whom I owed my mastership, and its consequent honors. Doubtless there are still living, in the District of Columbia, some young grandfathers, and younger grandmothers, who can in memory go

down into the first decade of the present century, and draw up thence cheerful images of their embryo selves, when, with their heads not much above the level of his knee, they were ranged in line by the fiddle-bow of Mr. Generee. This gentleman was a sample of the French dancing-master of that age—courteous, patient, straight, graceful, with a calf like the Borghese gladiator. My legs were very, very short, when they did their then utmost to mimic the motions of his, in Washington, and also in Bladensburg; for (alas, the decadence of ancient respectabilities!) the village of Bladensburg (not yet historical) could then muster a dancing-class large enough to draw the professor five miles out from the capital. What, under the tillage of Mr. Generee, could, with such tender sap, shoot only into promising buds, bloomed out, a few years later, into a ripe, luxuriant crop of steps, under the culture of Mr. Guillou of Philadelphia, a gentleman who must be the object of pleasant recollections to hundreds of still breathing pupils, and who, moreover, for his intrinsic worthiness, was by a large circle beloved and esteemed. Since those modest days, the amorous waltz has, in America, too, so thrust the quadrille aside, that the present generation of dancers have no experience of the French expertness of their predecessors. Will it be believed, that for the *chassées* forward, I had four different steps, with *balancées* to match? Then, we did not walk through the figures, we danced conscientiously from beginning to end; and, under inspiring influences, displayed our whole variegated store of movements. This I did not do in the private houses, even of Weimar. But in the palace, and my last ball, and goaded by the easy superiorities of gyrating competitors, I performed my part in a style which would have rejoiced the muscles of my old teachers, who I can, if I please, now have the satisfaction of believing were (according to recent theories of trans-terrestrial existence) happy witnesses of that hour's triumphs, hovering above me, their incorporeal legs following the Grand-ducal music, in a duet of silent, invisible, saltatory delight. The cautious, sensitive, and calculating, advise that an incident which, however true, yet so outstrips the common march of events as to be difficult of belief, should not be chronicled, lest thereby the cre-

dibility of the writer be brought into question, and not only the exceptional fact itself be rejected, but discredit be thrown on all the other statements of the narrator. Such suppression I hold to be unworthy a manly mind. Of the consequences of telling the truth, conscious rectitude should be utterly thoughtless. What is true, keeps true, despite disbelievers; and on them alone falls the penalty of ignorant disbelief. Should readers doubt the fact I am about to relate, I shall be sorry—on their account, not in the least on my own. While the younger company were dancing in the ball-room of the palace, the Grand Duchess, with some of the elder nobles, spent the evening in muscular sobriety, at whist, in another room. Recollect that this sovereign Grand Duchess was she who successfully rebuked Napoleon. Now for the incident. At courts, there are always courtiers watchful to minister to the gratification of their sovereign. The Grand Duchess—informed, doubtless, by these—temporarily left her card-table, and walked into the ball-room to see the young American dance a quadrille! This I only learnt at the end of the dance, as her Royal Highness was returning to the card-table. Had I, when on the floor, been conscious of so august a spectator, I cannot now say but that the effect would have been depressing, instead of elevating. Whether the Grand Duchess left the card-table at the end of a rubber, or at the end of a game, or at the end of a deal; or whether she had just been a loser, and was therefore glad of any excuse to break off for a while, in order to change the luck—this it was impossible for me to inquire into, however valuable knowledge of such concomitants would have been, as indicating more definitely the animus of her extraordinary act. I have only the bare, enormous act itself, to report.

And now, the vacation was drawing to a close. I had but a few days more in Weimar. On Friday, the day after the grand ball at the palace, there was, in the evening, a party at the rooms of the Countess Julie von Egloffstein, then about thirty, one of the unmarried ladies of the court, distinguished, in Germany, for accomplishments, taste, culture, and a rare Juno-like beauty. Here I saw for the first and only time—and that but for the brief moments between the rising and the falling of the curtain on a *tableau vivant*, in which he was the leading

figure—the dark, large, Italian features of Goethe's son. On Saturday, I left cards. P. P. C. On Sunday, I dined for the last time at court. Of this dinner, I have, too, a pleasant memory. I had failed to get the seat I aimed at, beside the Countess Egloffstein. On one side of her was a stranger to me; on the other, a young Englishman, whom I knew but slightly. Before the company had got quite settled in their places, I made a supplicatory appeal to his generosity to exchange seats with me—he, I said, was to be months longer in Weimar, it was my last day. He rose and gave me his seat. He did it with a kind and ready courtesy which became one of his lineage. His name was Shelley, and he was related to the illustrious poet. On Monday, the eighteenth of April, I was on my way to Göttingen, one of the fifteen hundred students who, on that day, making travelers' lines from all points of the compass, turned

their faces back towards that learned centre where, in a quiet little Hanoverian town, was then the foremost university of Christendom.

And so ends the record of Weimar, in 1825; the reading of which will, I trust, afford a fraction, at least, of the gratification derived from the recording. There is a subtle pleasure, more sweet than sad, in thus minutely reviving the festal days of the far-off past, when life moved without burdens, and was too happy to think of its happiness. Like blossoming flowers, seen in a window through the fast-falling snow, are these pictures of youth, beheld through the chill of our autumn and winter years. Strange and warm they look, and so distant. In their freshness, and beauty, and unfading smile, they stand apart; and yet, they are parcel of our present life, which they temper, mingling in it like the soft tongues of childhood in the hard converse of age.

HOPE.

WITH soft, subdued, and tremulous roar,
The blue waves lap the silent shore,
Beyond whose marge, in languid calm,
Flowers drink the breath of summer balm.

The fretting sunlight softly falls
On the foam's slumbering coronals,
And syren songs, in whispered glee,
Float inland from the blue-lipped sea.

Afar the mystic cadence swells,
As evening notes from swinging bells;
And all the passing waves of air
Thrill with the murmur sweet and rare.

A distant vessel glides along;
I catch the merry sailors' song;
I see the pennons flap and play,
As still she steals along the bay.

But, as the evening faint and fair
Comes nun-like through the fields of air,
And sinks into the lap of night,
The vessel slowly fades from sight.

So when the purpling splendors pale,
Add faith and sight together fail,
Hope, like the vessel in the bay,
Oft fades in trembling gloom away.

THE CHILDREN OF THE QUEEN.

LOUD are the disputes among men, and vast are the volumes they have written, about the varied forms of the governments of states. In this confusion, the ancients turned more than once to nature, and taught the excellency of animal instincts, as a higher voice ordered the sluggard to go to the ant and consider her ways. For the states, ordained by our great mother, nature, vary in form not less than their citizens. Their charters were known long before the days of history; their annals are true in the midst of fables and legends. Where manuscripts are rare, monuments still survive from the days of hoary antiquity. The gazelle and the buffalo in the steppes of Caffraria still stand watch upon cities and palaces built by august dynasties of termites, who lived in the days of Tubal Cain. Old, shivered oaks still show us the tortuous labyrinths, through which diplomatic scarabees wound and wormed their way under the reign of the Pharaohs. Nay, the annals of animal kingdoms may be traced even far beyond the records of human existence. The socialistic phalansteries of coral polypes had monster communities in oceans furrowed by the gigantic ichthyosauri, which became extinct long before man sailed over the waters; and oysters and muscles, like helots bound to the glebe, vegetated down on the bottom of the sea in peace and prosperity, under the rule of those gigantic lizards. Man has passed away, generation after generation, and throne has fallen after throne, still the nations of the earth have not learned wisdom. To-day they bow like slaves before their self-chosen master; to-morrow they drive him into bitter exile, and proclaim equality and fraternity. Not so among animals. Here, however, also revolution has followed revolution. Again and again the earth has opened to swallow broad lands and to send forth gigantic mountains; floods and volcanic eruptions have destroyed whole continents, and covered land and sea with the pall of universal destruction. But after each of these formidable catastrophes, the oysters have returned to their socialistic community, the sea-nettles to their republic, the polypes to their Fourierism, and bees and ants to their limited monarchy.

Not all animals, it is true, live under well-regulated governments. Now and then we meet even with individuals of the same races who abandon in apparent disgust the society of their brethren, and live like hermits or lawless vagabonds.

Noble ants, defeated in their warfare against Titanic chinchas, retire in shame and sorrow to some remote branch, milk there the numerous herds of aphides, carry mildew from leaf to leaf, and, like genuine Cincinnati—so Linneus actually calls them—devote their leisure and talents henceforth to agricultural labors. But those who live in well-ordered communities, show us all the forms of government known among men, whether they are the result of the accumulated wisdom of ages, the mere phantom of active fancy, or the slowly-matured fruit of long-continued custom. We find among them republics and monarchies, castes and estates, democratic and aristocratic socialisms, slavery and hereditary nobility, a federal union and a state of unbroken warfare. What the history of our race only shows us in fragments, and as seen through the prejudices of partial historians, nature presents us in her mirror clear and unobscured, in never-failing logic, and based upon principles both simple and eternal.

Among these "animal states," probably few are as well known as that of the bees; their political constitution has been a subject of marvel from the days of the ancients. Acute observers of old, and of late, have given us well-authenticated facts, and fanciful poets have adorned them, in fable and song, with the rich flowers of imagination. Celebrated from the earliest ages for their wonderful economy, their admirable structures, and useful products, bees have not unjustly been called the princes of insects. Wise in their government, diligent and active in their employment, devoted to their young and to their queen, they read a lecture to mankind that justifies their oriental name, Deborah, or "she that speaketh."

The Greeks considered them as types of a monarchical state; and yet, sipping, as they did, almost daily, their far-famed honey, burning their snow-white wax, and living in sight of the fragrant

Hymettus, even the Athenians were not convinced that a monarchy was the best form of government. In spite of the striking example, they remained staunch republicans, preferring to attend to matters of state in God's free air, under the vault of heaven, and not, like the bees, in dark, secret chambers. Nor are the nations of Europe more willing to learn lessons of wisdom from nature. They listen not to her voice, whether she speak to them through her less gifted children, or through men, born in the image of the Most High. They hear not the sighs of an enslaved people, nor the thunder of their wrath, when rising in rebellion; they hear not the low muttering of the distant tempest that threatens to shake the foundations of Europe from east to west. Would that they might, by chance, lend a more willing ear to the gentle lessons of wisdom taught in the low, melodious humming of bees!

Wondrous enough, surely, and stranger than fiction, is the government that rules among busy bees. Theirs is a constitutional monarchy; at its head an elective queen, who murders her own offspring to preserve her throne; around her is grouped a hereditary peerage, nobles born to a life of idleness and pleasure, and exempt from all labor. They lord it, for a time, over a poor, oppressed people, whose whole care is given to the raising and feeding the children of the monarch and the nobles, and who yet, themselves, have been purposely bred in such want and misery that they remain forever unfit to be aught but slaves! They have their taxes and tariff at home, their wars and their conquests abroad. Nor are rebellions unknown; for, from time to time, the oppressed nation rises in fury, and butchers in uncontrollable madness the whole of the nobles; but soon, like many a nation on earth, sinks back exhausted, and once more serves the absolute monarch and his arrogant barons.

Little does the tiny bee show, at first sight, of her marvelous skill as an architect, and her wonderful instincts as a citizen of a most powerful kingdom. Like all insects, she has a head far apart from the body, and so seated upon a short, flexible neck, that it can easily turn on all sides. In front she has a couple of long antennæ, or feelers, formed not unlike a huntsman's whip, with a short, stout handle, and a long,

knotted cord; by them she knows—human wisdom has not yet learned how—the flowers that are filled with sweet honey, and those she should pass by; they are the rules with which she plans and measures her wondrous work, and by them she examines whether all is right. They also serve her as ear and as tongue; for with them she converses with all her companions. Nor is her sight less amply provided for: two mighty orbs stand in front, composed of a thousand microscopic eyes, looking out from a common, transparent corner. With these she sees all objects that are near her, as sharply and distinctly as we do with magnifying glasses. On the top of her head she has, moreover, two little round eyes, which guide her flight, when she goes abroad, and show her the dangerous swallow on high, the murderous bee-eater in ambush, the sweet flowers for harvest, and, at eve, the still sweeter home in the distance. Thus the tiny insect explores, at a glance, the far and the near; the smallest grain of golden pollen, to us invisible, does not escape her searching eye, nor the vast proportions of her great Father's house under the heavens.

On the under side of her perpendicular head is her mouth; a hairy upper lip covers the entrance above, whilst below there are two sharp, horny jaws, in shape like curved cavalry-swords, whose keen, cutting edges work sideways, and are endowed with surprising power. These mandibles are both weapons and working tools. She need not change the sword into the ploughshare, but the same excellent instrument serves her in building the comb, in gathering pollen, and in fencing and fighting. To complete the beautiful structure, she has below, a long, hairy underlip, shaped like a tongue, but assuming various forms as the occasion arises. With it she now collects honey from the nectaries of flowers, and now tempers and smoothes wax for her cells, or she laps up sweet honey, as the dog laps up water. Of wings she has four, made of a thin, transparent skin, beautifully veined and covered with tiny hairs, that shine in all the bright colors of the rainbow. Fashioned like a China fan, they can now be spread out to the breeze, like four separate sails, and then, by invisible hooks, be reunited in one large, powerful wing.

The essential characteristic of bees lies,

however, in their legs, which, in the working members of their community, are fashioned after a curious manner. The last of the three pairs, with which they are gifted, widens until it becomes broad and flat, and thus, surrounded by stiff, stout hairs, forms a kind of deep spoon, or basket. The first joint, moreover, just below, is square, and inside covered with long, silky hairs, thus forming a brush both powerful and pliant. Brush and basket are the essential tools of the little bee. Busily bent upon the one great purpose of her short life, she creeps deep into the honey-filled flower; with her sharp jaws she bites off the anthers and then rolls her body, bristling all over with plummy hair, within the flower, until she is covered with golden pollen. Her hind feet then move industriously, and brush the flower-dust from hair and silky down; a little honey from her mouth moistens the gathered mass, and the fore feet knead it into a small yellow ball, until the tiny pellet, as large, perhaps, as half a peppercorn, can be safely stowed away in the basket that holds all her stores. When the little trowers are both well filled, and she has gathered, besides, in her crop a good load of honey, she makes the best of her way to her home, where friends receive her with gentle humming, and quickly relieve her of often extravagant burdens. Nor is this all her industry; for wax, also, is one of her products, and is actually made by the bee. If "the spider taketh hold with her hands," the bee also has been provided with means, as yet unfathomed, to gather from every flower that blooms a pure and sweet nectar, which she fashions into a substance, fit like no other for her wondrous structure, and yet so peculiar, that all human skill and art have as yet been unable to imitate the mysterious product of the little masters. Peculiar organs change the pollen and the honey that the bees have eaten into wax, which perspires, as it were, from between the scaly rings that cover the hind part of their bodies. They consist of armor-like greaves, lying one above another, and the delicate skin that holds them together seems to be the strange organ of secretion. The wax lies, when first seen, in thin, tiny layers between the scales, and the bee draws them out with her feet, and shapes them with her mouth into cells and covers. Only the laboring classes

however, make wax and honey; the queen and her peers have no tools, and do no work: like the lilies of the field, "they toil not, neither do they spin;" but

"Some in soft air their silken pinions ply,
And some from flow'r to flow'r delighted fly;
Some rise, and circling light to perch again,
Till pleasing murmur hums along the plain."

The last characteristic of bees is their dangerous weapon—the sting; it consists of two bearded darts, not unlike sharp fish-hooks, which the owner projects from the extremity of the body, and is connected with a small bag, that secretes a powerful poison, and lets it run into the wound. Fatal as the arrow is, it has to be used with great caution, for time is required to withdraw it from the injured enemy, and often when the poor bee is frightened or impatient, the sting snaps off, and, being left behind with its sheath and parts of the body, causes the death of its owner. The wound is both painful and dangerous; Aelian tells us that the Rancians were driven from their fair city on the island of Crete by hosts of indignant bees; and Aristotle cites more than one case, in which the sting of the tiny insect had been fatal to powerful horses. But we must not forget, that in the Orient the swarms of bees are more numerous, and their poison is more venomous, than in colder regions. Even in Russia, where honey is a daily luxury, and bee-hives form no inconsiderable part of the national wealth, the bees are so fierce, that the great traveler Olearius was once driven from his halting-place near Moscow, by an "invincible army." Hence, also, the touching complaint of the royal poet: "They compassed me about like bees."

The sting is, however, not a universal gift to all bees: those that have been brought from Europe to this country not many years ago, and now form the very first signs of civilization in the far west, are still well endowed; but Brazil already has more than thirty species that are stingless, and so are all in Australia. Among the common bees, also, the nobility is not armed, but exempt here, as in many portions of Europe, from military service. Nature, when creating a privileged peerage, was so provident in securing to them this doubtful prerogative, that she refused them the power of carrying arms, and

consolated them but niggardly by a few additional teeth. The nobles thus became more voracious, but by no means better able to defend their country. The peers are here, as elsewhere, evidently intended not to be useful but ornamental, to consume their rents, to wait upon the queen, to spend their noble lives in eating and drinking, in raising children and doing nothing. The citizens proper, the hard-working classes are thus well-armed for defense and offense, to fight the robber-bees that attack their hives, the greedy, lazy insects that covet their honey and wax, and the countless enemies that are still fonder of eating them than their honey. Besides, at the annual time of revolution—for the bees are a turbulent and refractory nation—the nobles have to be murdered, and as they surpass the slaves in size and strength, the contest would be unfair, were not the latter endowed with sting and poison. The queen, long supposed to be unarmed, has a sting even larger and sharper than all others, and well she wields it in her bloody duels for throne and sceptre, in which she spares not her royal sister, nor her own tender children.

Three classes of bees, therefore, dwell in the common kingdom, distinct in form, in weapons, and in occupation. The monarch is a queen, in shape and in form like one of her laborers, and not like the nobles; for here, also, the throne rests, not upon the presumptuous peers, but upon the mass of the people. She surpasses her subjects only in size; her hinder parts are more taper, and belly and legs of a deep yellow, resembling the purest gold. But her wings are much shorter; she cannot move about as much as the laborers, and wanders not, wearily, from Osborn to Balmoral, from Windsor to Whitehall; she leaves but rarely her royal palace.

Here she is ever surrounded by her noble peers, who, all of them males, exceed much, in size and beauty, the common laborer. Their compound eyes, always bent upon sweet honey and sweeter love, are so large that they meet on the top of the head; their wings are long and large, and their feet slender and slim, without tools and marks of low labor.

The laborers form the mass of the people; still their number is limited—for the bees know full well that states of excessive size lack that unity and

strength which union alone can give, and allow, in their distant parts, too much power to the lower classes; whilst countries of narrower limits, but denser population, become overstocked, and breed poverty and famine. Hence we find, that few bee-states contain more than 600 to 1,000 drones, and from 15,000 to 20,000 laborers. These latter are not by nature, but by an infamous system of education, unfitted to enjoy life like their happier brethren. Their common mother endowed them, at their birth, with the richest gifts in mind and in body. They have marvelous tools for their work, ever ready and ever at hand, and a passionate fondness of labor. Their heart overflows with touching affection for the young, who are born as helpless as the children of men, and have to be fed and nursed by the united strength of the nation. They nurse and nourish them with incredible self-abnegation and untiring affection. Whatever rich treasures they have gathered abroad on bud or blossom, they bring faithfully home, and honey, and wax, even the food already swallowed, all is surrendered to feed the helpless worms in their dark cells, the watchful nurses who have staid at home, and the idle drones as well as the "faintant queen." They are all females, but so stunted and starved in the early days of their childhood, so badly fed, so miserably neglected, that, like thousands of unhappy factory-girls of Old England, they become fit only for labor, and unable to perform and enjoy the higher duties for which they were apparently intended by nature. Surely, a strange instance of a genuine proletariat in nature, and one of the many mysteries, unfathomed yet by human wisdom, which teach us that not we only, but all beings are "wonderfully made!"

More melancholy still, seems the pernicious effect of the principles of a constitutional monarchy, on the moral condition of the lower classes. For these very victims of studied neglect become, in spite of their faithful affection for the young of their nation, themselves again the instruments of their degradation. They feed them and nurse them, in their turn, again, so that with well-calculated cruelty they change them into sad, stupid slaves, condemned to a life of hard labor and joyless submission, and taught, from infancy, to revere and support an idle nobility and a cruel queen.

What a strange effect of long established, national customs, that among bees, as among some nations of Europe, the humbler classes cannot conceive the idea of saving their children from the ancient curse, but firmly believe that they must be helots, because their parents were helots before them!

The same system, however, apparently shows, that such inequality of classes is not found in nature, but is the result of man's own peculiar institutions. For among the bees, also, at their birth all are alike "born free and equal." Their eggs differ in no way perceptible to the most powerful microscope, on the strictest investigation. Even the little worms, that next appear from the shell, are, for the first three days, in nothing different from each other. But the eggs of the royal family are carried into vast, well-finished apartments; they are fed with the richest and choicest of food; they are nursed with indefatigable care, and their lofty, airy cells are cleaned and polished without ceasing. The eggs of the poor subjects are confined in narrow, dark cells, that press on all sides upon their poor little bodies; the worms are fed most scantily, little nursed, and never cleaned. What wonder, then, that here queens are raised, and there, humble slaves? And yet, if the lowly egg of a helot is taken from its poor cell and carried into a royal apartment, there to be fed and nursed like the monarch's own children, it produces a queen; but the change must take place in the first three days, for after that time the poison of neglect has done its fatal work, and destroyed all the nobler features.

After a while, the poor laborers recover strength and peace; they are resigned, and, in spite of early neglect, become fit for life and work. These swarm out for honey and pollen, for food and for building-material. They cannot enjoy the blessings of a home, cheered by happy children; but they can, at least, rove freely about in the warm summer air, sport with the gay flowers, and rejoice in the fragrant meadow and the thyme-covered mountain side. There they forget, for a moment, their sad slavery at home, and, with their companions,

"Every spring renew
Their flowery toil, and sip the fragrant dew."

Many a danger, it is true, is lying in

wait for the busy handmaiden of the great family at home. Broad-billed swallows chase them with the swiftness of arrows; venomous wasps fall unawares upon "the golden bee, lily-cradled;" and even voracious sparrows dare, now and then, to defy their ever ready weapon. Nevertheless they fly, without rest and repose, from flower to flower, open anther and nectary, and, when they are richly laden with their sweet treasures, raise their low little anthem of praise and thanks, and, merrily humming, return to their homes.

There they meet their less fortunate fellow-sufferers, the nurses, lean and lank females, unable to endure the hard out-door work. In ever busy haste, these admirable sisters of charity pass from cell to cell, feeding the helpless worms, watching over the young, and giving to cell and store-room their unceasing attention. Here they form a lid of transparent wax to cover a cell, filled with rich stores of honey or pollen; there they close up another, in which a mature worm is just on the point of changing into a chrysalis, to slumber sweetly until the appointed day, when he awakes as a golden, winged bee. Further on, they are seen to toil and to tug in their effort to remove an abandoned cocoon, out of which the chrysalis has just merrily slipped; and when all has been done, these faithful creatures, forever condemned to live in the dark, dismal hive, build new cells, receive new stores, and prepare room and food for future generations. Late in the evening, they must be ready again to receive the privileged nobles, the drones, who return from their pleasures abroad, to lick and to brush them, so they may be fit to appear at the throne. If it be cold, their duty calls them to the queen, around whom they press in eager crowds, warming her with their downy little bodies, and cheering her with the low, musical hum of their wings. Touching, indeed, is the fidelity of this poor, impoverished race, who heap coals of fire on the head of their cruel mistress, and live and labor in the faithful performance of their duty. Who knows but that they, also, belonging to the whole creation that "grouneth and travaileth in pain together," may once meet, in their way, with the word of reward: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

In May or June, when the summer

sun shines warmly, and bud and blossom are fragrant, a great commotion is seen all over the tiny kingdom. Its busy citizens and its idle noblemen are hurrying from cell to cell; now and then a shrill sound is heard as the trumpets clang from afar, and crowds rush to surround the excited queen. At last the feverish excitement becomes so great, that the temperature of the whole hive rises many degrees, and at the time when the queen is ready to sally forth, even the wax of the cells may be seen melting. Then the "virgin monarch" places herself at the head of her faithful followers; strong laboring bees surround and support her, and idle drones and weaker nurses come, as they can, at a distance. Now,

"The winged colonies first tempt the sky,
O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly,
Or, settling, seize the sweets that blossoms
yield,
And a low murmur runs along the field."

After some wayward wandering, the queen sits down on branch or briar, and soon her subjects, loaded down with honey, gather in heavy masses around her, until the whole nation, hanging together by their feet, forms vast, ungainly clusters. Jealously they guard their beloved sovereign in her strange position. Woe to him who would dare touch their monarch's sacred person; their fury then becomes terrible, their bravery ends only with their lives, and they seek, as Virgil says, "a glorious death in fatal wounds." In the mean time, busy spies have been all about to discover the "promised land," in the hole of a tree, a cleft in the rock, or a snug, cozy hollow. They return and report, by sounds, or by words unknown to the ear of man, and soon the whole nation is seen flying straight to the place where the new colony is to be founded. "And they come and rest, all of them, in desolate valleys, and in the holes of the rocks, and upon all thorns, and upon all bushes;" for such are their favorite places. Nor do they despise rocks, especially in the East, where shade is grateful, and their hives are thus secured. Hence, "he made him suck honey out of the rock;" and, "with honey out of the rock should I have satisfied thee;" for in Canaan, even now, the bees build by preference in rocky clefts, and the over-abundant honey flows down, so that John the

Baptist's meat could well be "locusts and wild honey." Stranger places, even, have been chosen by bees. The Romans, who tested their flights in the forum, and looked upon them as omens, no sooner saw them settle in the camp of the great Drusus, than they felt certain of triumph. As they predicted to Dionysius his kingdom, and fed Pindar, when he was driven from the house of his father, so they once made a home and honey, as Herodotus tells us, in the skull of Onesylus, the former tyrant of Cyprus, whose head the rebellious citizens of Amathun had hung up over their gates. Mostly, however, man steps between, at this critical moment, and offers them ready-made houses, as Brazil or Texas are fond of inveigling unwary Germans by liberal offers. The bees accept the generous hospitality, move into their new home, unconscious that they have fallen into the hands of mean, selfish speculators, who, for a few inches of plank and some sorry plaitings of straw, will claim the right to rule over the lives and to dispose of the products of their new vassals. For a few months, man tends them and guards them with care. The warden will "hiss for the bee that is in the land of Assyria;" he will whistle to make them come out of their hive to go to their busy work, and he will coax them back again at night-fall. Well knowing their love of music, he will learn, from the Georgics of Virgil, to teach them to do his will, as he plays "upon little bells and upon cymbals." But, later in summer, he will come and claim their golden honey, and their beautiful comb, as his own; he will smoke them out of their house, or benumb them with sulphur and venomous mushrooms; he will drown them in water, drive them from house to house, and, if he fears famine, destroy them by thousands and tens of thousands. For he loves their sweet honey, whether it be rich, like that of Mount Ida, on Crete, or of Narbonne, in France, or fragrant and freshly made from the blooming heather on the moors of Scotland. Sweetest still in the land "flowing with milk and honey," where the comb is so delicate that it melts in the mouth with the honey, and both are eaten together. It reminds us of the words of the Psalmist that the Lord's commandments "are sweeter than honey and the honeycomb;" and of Solomon's praise: "Thy lips, O my spouse, drop-

as the honeycomb." But as the sweet figs tempted the children of the north to the sunny south, so even the stern crusaders could not resist the sweetness of the honey of Palestine, and thousands of noble warriors paid for the excessive indulgence with their lives. So it is now, also, and even among the dwellers in the desert. The Arabs, the most abstemious of races, who cheerfully fast a whole month in the year, are passionately fond of sweet things. With figs and raisins, with sugar and honey, the fierce Bedouin may be led wherever you wish him to follow. And as the tastes, the virtues, and vices of nations, are ever reflected in proverbs, so the Arab also expresses the envied happiness of princes, in the words: "They sleep with their lips on a skin filled with honey!" Sometimes, it is true, the bees revenge themselves upon their robber, and, gathering pollen from Alpine rose or dogbane, cause sore disease, and often death, to the eater of honey. Many a brave soldier of Xenophon, on the retreat of the Ten Thousand, was thus poisoned near Trebizond, and modern travelers, like Aug. St. Hilaire, have learnt to be cautious by the same sad experience.

As soon as the place of their future home is selected, the bees set to work, carefully closing all cracks and crannies, except one small, narrow opening, which serves them as gate to their kingdom. Every ray of light that could possibly penetrate into the bee-hive, is jealously excluded. From shoots, and from buds of poplars, willows, and chestnuts, the little laborers gather a resinous gum, carry the fragrant mass in their baskets home, and cover with it, not only every cleft and crevice, but even the panes of glass in artificial hives. The bees will not allow any light to be thrown upon their curious, constitutional life, in their kingdom. Is secrecy really indispensable to the success of monarchies, as we republicans fancy that all among us must be public? Certain it is, that the bees keep, with jealous care, every eye from their realm. They carefully conceal from the world the moral degeneracy of their court, where palace-revolutions, intrigues, and secret murders are ever repeated, now, as in oldest times. They will not let us see their effeminate nobles leading a life of pleasure and idleness, nor the slavery of the mass of the people, who are forever kept in disgraceful subjection. Even the frequent revolutions,

the fearful massacres, the bloody duels between queen and queen—all these the prudent bees cover with night and impenetrable darkness. Without, in the free air of heaven, they appear joyous and happy; at home, they groan in oppression and slavery. With strange cunning, they freely and frankly allow a control of their imports and exports at the entrance-gate; we have precise statistics of their hours of work and the result of their labors; but we are not permitted to learn what taxes they pay to their queen and to the privileged classes, nor anything of the manner in which they dispose of the imported material, and of their products in the great household within. They happily have no legislature to fix and to trim the civil list of their queen; no newspapers to grumble and quarrel about the sums spent by their monarch. They fill up all chinks and clefts through which the absolute wind passes, of whom it is not known "whence it cometh or whither it goeth," and which "bloweth where it listeth;" they cement all openings, where insidious rain from the free heavens might enter; and build up the door, to keep out all enemies, leaving only a small, well-protected gate, that can be easily defended by inferior numbers. Darkness certainly is indispensable to their success. As soon as you open the shutters of your hive—as soon as

"The inmost house is to sight displayed,
The admitted light with sudden lustre falls
On the long galleries and the splendid halls—

an intense excitement sets the whole household in motion. The drones crowd in vast masses to the light places, and cover them up with their bodies; the laborers fly out, and return heavily laden with wax and rosin to darken the house—their common work is interrupted, the subjects express their wonder with loud and incessant humming, and the queen wanders to and fro in restless anxiety and helpless despair. If you insist upon letting light into the hive, the revolutionary agitation increases. The laborers cease to labor, to feed the young, to build cells, and even to obey their queen. With loud and anxious humming, they sit together in crowds; the drones are terrified, and more stupid than ever. The queen, forsaken and forgotten by her rebellious subjects, wanders about the empty cells, famine beginning to waste her fair form. Those who have

flown out, return empty, and bring neither honey nor wax: they have emancipated themselves, labor for their own wants, and refuse to pay any more taxes. The poor worms at home die for want of food; the queen grows weaker; the subjects become fewer and fewer. The noble drones show no power to save the monarchy—they cannot even help themselves. At last the queen dies from actual starvation, and the last of her loyal subjects, who still returned from habit or faithful affection, leave the ill-fated hive. They wander freely over field and meadow, enjoy the newly-won independence and the abundant stores offered them by their great mother, nature, and, after a brief but happy career of freedom, sink into a sweet slumber, from which there is no awaking.

As soon as the future home of the colony is sufficiently protected from the public gaze and the light of day, the establishment of the kingdom proper commences. Now the little bee, instructed by her great Father in heaven, erects for herself her many-storied palace, each story containing innumerable chambers, of a material wondrously pliant and durable, and yet unknown to all the arts of man. The tiny mathematicians, it is well known, follow now, as of old, the same simple scheme, knowing, as they did, long before the greatest of architects, under what form their cell would occupy the least space, and yet afford the greatest accommodation. With incredible rapidity they draw forth, from between the gleaves of their scaly armor, one little disk of wax after another, cut them and carve them with their small, sharp jaws, and thus form a cell all around their own active bodies. Not a moment is lost, for one returning laborer takes the place of another; the pollen they bring from abroad is eagerly seized by the nurses at home, who chew it and swallow it, and soon after reproduce it as wax. All bees are alike masters of their art; each one continues where the other has left off, and although thousands work at once on the same hive, and although one tiny cell a trifle out of order would destroy the symmetry of the whole comb, an error has never as yet been perceived. What wonderful instinct guides the humble architects, the true free-masons of nature, to commence, with an almost invisible grain of wax, at the precise place where, when completed, the beautiful structure will

fit in and join the adjacent apartments? Each cell has, moreover, its own particular place and size assigned in advance, for its future purpose. Those for laborers are smallest; the houses of the nobles are large and well polished; but the royal palace surpasses them all, and requires as much wax as 150 of laborers' cells. The poor little slaves work as no slaves do upon earth: six or eight times they return, during the day, with well-filled trowsers, and an ample supply of sweet honey. Some are so very industrious, that, worn out by incessant labor and overburdened with loads of honey and wax, they die, as Virgil says, "exhaling their soul under the burden." Or a weary bee, heavily laden, misses her footing on the little board at the entrance-gate, and falls to the ground; there sits a monstrous toad, watching with grim, greedy eye, and as soon as the insect falls, stretches out its long, limber tongue, seizes the unlucky bee, and drawing it in, closes his huge jaws upon the poor tiny victim.

The noble drones take no part in these labors. Like the great of other races, they also rise late, about eleven o'clock, long after the humbler classes have busily been at work; and when the sun shines warm, they fly out, not to work in the sweat of their brow, but to revel in bud and blossom, to fare sumptuously on the rich, ever ready table of nature, and to return towards eve, after a day of pride and pleasure. Their only duty on earth seems to be to wait on their queen, whom they all love—and some praise is due them for this—without envy or jealousy, although one only is always the royal favorite. She holds her levees like other queens, and follows the skill of Elizabeth in bestowing her favors with equal hand and wise discretion. With reverential respect they surround the monarch; the body bent low, their wings spread out broadly and their feelers lowered in humble submission. If she move, they all hasten to follow her, and each one strives, in uncontrollable zeal, to be nearest to her sacred person; the happy courtiers, who are successful, kiss her and caress her with their long, lithe lip, arrange her downy hair, and stroke her wings with unceasing affection.

When the first cells have been made, the queen begins her great royal duty, to create a nation! She is literally the

mother of her people—the royal heirs of the throne, the haughty nobles, the poor slaves, they are all, in the true sense of the word, the children of the queen. With genuine Yankee-curiosity, naturalists have not suspected the innermost secrets of the royal family-circle, and yet there are moments in the life of the queen unknown to the most curious observer. Early in the morning, when the idle drones are still asleep, the queen issues forth, a small retinue of ten or twelve stalwart ladies in waiting following her with grave, sedate tread. Full of reverence, each bee turns her head with humbly lowered feelers towards the royal face, and those who precede her move backward, like the best trained courtiers. The nurses, who are already busy in the cells, look up, lower their feelers also, and greet the sovereign with a gentle humming. Most gravely the queen proceeds, glancing right and left, until she perceives a ready, empty cell; she examines it carefully, her courtiers surround her so as to make her perfectly invisible to others, and when she reappears, a tiny white egg hangs freely suspended from the roof of the cell. Thus she lays perhaps five eggs, and then rests awhile. During the interval her noble courtiers treat her with the utmost tenderness and affection, tap her gently with their feelers on breast and head, lick her whole golden body with their long flexible tongues, and offer her, in turns, tiny drops of honey, which she, most graciously, never refuses. Bulletins, moreover, are evidently issued from time to time: "Her Majesty is rapidly recovering," or "The august patient has been pleased to take some honey," and immediately a joyous buzz is heard throughout the whole hive. With admirable activity, the queen continues her great work, and ere a couple of months have passed, she has often laid ten thousand eggs!

The first of these produce laborers only. Three days after they have been laid, a little, whitish worm leaves them, having no feet, but a hard yellow head. Naked and helpless, like man, the bee appears in the world; and like him, she also requires all of a mother's tenderest cares. The poor little creatures can hardly move—only now and then they rub their hard, horny mouth against the walls of their cells, to make their wants known. Immediately busy nurses ap-

pear; they clean them, they adorn them, they cheer their solitude by a pleasant humming of wings and feed them, almost incessantly, with a kind of pap, made of honey and pollen, and offered daintily on the tip of their underlip. The hives now are the exact models of the French "crèches"—the public nurseries for infants—careful nurses wander indefatigably from crib to crib and from cell to cell, offer here the little ones sweet, wholesome food, caress them there with their feelers, and load them with tokens of an unselfish affection.

The drones care nothing for the young; they know not the troubles, as they know not the joys, of family-life. It is strange enough, that here, also, as among us, that touching, self-denying love of children, which we admire and honor beyond all other home-virtues, is found most glowing and active among the poorest and humblest classes, where the daily honey has to be earned with hard labor, where, in bad years, the poor cannot even find work for long, long days, and where the starving laborers must literally take the food out of their own mouths, to save their beloved ones from bitter starvation. But these faithful nurses watch thus anxiously not only over the offspring that belongs to their own caste, but nurse with equal care the future noblemen and the royal children—nay, they acknowledge the superiority of the latter, from their birth, by giving them better and specially prepared food, finer and more aromatic than the common honey, and neglect their own family to attend to the wants of the privileged aristocracy and the royal race.

Thus the worms of laborers are fed for five days; those of drones for four days longer. Then the nurses carefully close the cells; ring after ring of fine wax is laid around the opening, until only a minute little hole is left, which they close, as a key stone, with a tiny grain of wax. The worm within spins himself, of silky threads, a little shroud, awkward as he is, and helpless. The task takes him three days. At last the chrysalis is ready, and when the appointed time comes, the young bee tears the web with her sharp jaws, gnaws open the cover, bursts it with her hard head, and appears on the top of her cell, as a perfect insect, at once in full size and beauty.

The whole childhood of laborers lasts twenty days, that of the nobles, twenty-four; but the queen appears as soon as the sixteenth. A strange coincidence again, that here, also, the scions of royal families should be earlier of age and sooner able to govern than the children of the people! Almost all over the earth, the peasant and the mechanic, the artisan and the artist, require twenty-four, or, at least, twenty-one years, to be trusted and treated as men, whilst the sons of monarchs have, even at eighteen, the ability not only to care for themselves, but to direct the fate of millions.

The bees, however, can well afford to have youthful monarchs; for, true to the principles of a genuine, constitutional monarchy, they obey a principle only, and not the person. They acknowledge the queen as the representative of supreme power—the embodied head of the state. But she has no will of her own—she can give no laws or commands. As long as she lives, all is peace and prosperity. Should she die without a successor, the compact that held the realm together is instantaneously broken. For the bee is free, and obeys only the law and not the queen. Hence, it is utterly indifferent to the affairs of the state, whether the sovereign be an egg, a bee, or a maggot. You can take their queen from them and substitute another; the nation takes no notice of the change, and the new monarch is as much honored and as well obeyed as the former. Even her death matters not, if she but leave a successor. The bees say with truth, "*Le roi est mort, vive le roi!*" Even if only royal eggs are there, the whole mechanism moves on without interruption. Does this not remind us of the advice the great iron-master Cocke-rill gave his Belgian fellow-citizens, who, like the Jews of old, wanted a king: "Cast a king of iron, he does the same service, costs nothing for his support, and if he please you no longer, he can be re-cast without trouble."

Still, we must not assume that the principles of monarchy are the only ones represented by the strange little citizens of a bee-hive. As France was, before the revolution, called a monarchy tempered by songs, and Russia has more recently been called a despotism tempered by assassinations, so the bee-monarchy also is an autocracy,

tempered by socialism. For the bee state is, in truth, a most complicated system, combining certain features of almost every known variety of government; and thus even Fourier, riding on his cameleopard and rewarding shoe-blackening as the highest of virtues, would have found something to approve in a bee-hive. The bee, returning from her foray, retains of her carefully gathered treasures, of the fruit of her labor, only what she needs for her first wants; all the rest she surrenders to the commonwealth and conscientiously carries to national store-houses and magazines. Here it is hoarded up, against the evil day—the season of famine—when the doors are thrown open to all but the idle drones, for, with retributive justice, those who have neither toiled nor spun are now excluded from the benefits of the common labor.

This communism among the laborers, which actually declares property to be theft, goes so far as to abolish the family as an obsolete custom. No laborer has a home of his own; he enters the first vacant cell, or, like the serfs of Russia, sleeps in the passages and on the threshold of the royal palace. The children are not raised by loving mothers—how could the one great mother, the queen, attend to such endless duties?—but in common cells and by common nurses. With unparalleled impartiality, the latter feed all the little ones, and all with equal care and attention. These socialistic features produce, of course, an extreme simplicity in budget and in taxation. All taxes are voluntarily and invariably imposed upon the income only. The nobles alone do not contribute to the burdens of the state; but they have, fortunately, also no claims upon the common property of the state, nor upon fat offices and pleasant sinecures. The greatest burden of all other monarchies, a standing army, does not exist among the industrious bees. As in our own republic, every citizen is armed, and familiar with the use of his weapons, and the safety of the state is intrusted to the protection of all. Woe to the bold wasp or the impudent hornet that dares enter a bee-hive! Hundreds of brave bees fall upon the luckless intruder, piercing him with their sharp stings, and although they know that their own lives ebb with that of the foe, the patriots defend themselves to the last man. Thus they

enjoy security without, and peace within, their happy kingdom.

But the bees are sad. Know Nothings; the hives hate each other with incredible bitterness, and the unfortunate foreigner, whom choice or misfortune leads among a strange republic, is immediately driven away with biting and stinging. They carry this so far, that not even a visit is permitted, and a poor little bee, that perhaps had lost its way and returns after an absence of a few days, is sternly refused readmittance. As soon as a new swarm settles abroad, the watchword is changed at their former home, and brothers and sisters, returning to visit the paternal roof, to greet their relations, are driven off with a fury that reminds us of the words: "The Amorites chased you as bees in Seir." There is but one curious remedy known to naturalists, by which this hate may be softened, and native and foreigner may be bound in ties of true friendship. To reconcile and to unite the citizens of two hives, they are both thrown into the water; there they become senseless and benumbed. Then they are fished out, and exposed to the warm rays of the sun; one after another they return to consciousness, shake themselves like Newfoundland dogs, and stretch their feet and feelers, as if they were awaking from deep slumber. Their next care is tenderly to rouse their neighbors from the same stupor by brushing and licking their stiff little bodies, and after this common misfortune, and these services of mutual love and affection, all former aversion is lost, the hostile camps are reconciled, they move together into a new hive, and ever after live in sweet, happy peace with each other. A quaint German author wonders, not without point, whether the thirty-nine fractions of his fatherland, who hate each other with the same sweet jealousy, may not by an all-wise Providence, in like manner, be sent across the great waters of the Atlantic, to forget, in their new home, their petty strifes, and there to become Germans not only in name, but in spirit and harmony. Nor is it altogether unlikely that the clever commanders, who dispersed riotous mobs and even an incipient rebellion by powerful fire-engines, may have learned their practical wisdom by watching bee-owners. For they also restore peace and order among too frolicsome bees, and contending

tribes, by using a syringe, and letting the water fall upon them like a shower of rain from on high.

As long as the queen is alone in her hive, she lives entirely for her royal duties and the welfare of her kingdom. She lets the sun of her favor shine upon all; she provides future generations and converses graciously with the noble drones; in fine, she shows herself the happiest, kindest, and best of sovereign ladies in the midst of a loyal, grateful people. You can take her fearlessly and place her on your hand; she will bear even your caresses with true dignity and royal composure. Hence the ancients thought that she was unarmed, as if it were unworthy of a monarch to be ever clad in armor. What would they have said of modern sovereigns, who are born generals in their cradles, and even hide the heart of a mother under the gay costume of a soldier?

This peace and happiness do not last, however, beyond a season. When the last laid eggs of royal scions are near maturity, a sudden and terrible commotion seizes the whole kingdom. Crowds gather around the palace, cover the vast cells all around with their bodies, and, with loud and incessant humming, seem to sing, to the chrysalis within, songs of her future greatness and glory. The older bees sit without at the entrance-gate, in grave council and anxious expectation. At last one of the young princesses begins to gnaw at the roof of her cell; instantaneously telegraphic messages are sent and announce the great event in the most remote regions. A new crowd gathers, ominous hummings are heard, and the queen-mother approaches the fatal cell, surrounded by servants and drones. Alas! she comes not to greet her newborn child; fierce wrath shows itself in all her movements! The young laborers rush between her and her threatened offspring; again and again they fill up the openings made by the impatient princess, whilst others stand boldly and bravely before the cell, and protect the child against her unnatural mother. Then the Megæra desists from her terrible design; restlessly, in terrible excitement, she rushes up and down, a victim of uncontrollable passion. At last calm reason prevails, like Napoleon at Fontainebleau she yields, she resigns in favor of her child. At the gate she meets with the older and

graver subjects, her faithful guards and personal friends; with them she rises high into the blue, bland summer air, and burring and bustling they go to seek a new home, there to found a new kingdom.

Whilst thus a swarm of emigrants leave their native land, the young princess has found her way out of her cell. Those who have saved her life are also the first to do homage. But the earliest thoughts that fill her mind are those of bitter jealousy. With winged haste she hurries to the cells in which her royal sisters wait for release. The frightened guards shrink back in fear and terror. The new queen, claiming the sceptre as the first right, steps with furious vigor upon the cell and pierces the lid, and, through it, the head of her unfortunate sister with her strong, venomous sting. Not one is spared. Horror seizes the young citizens; their wings droop, and with pendant feelers they stand around, as if petrified with awe and anguish. But the torpor passes away; that strong sense of duty, which marks the wonderful people among all other created beings on earth, prompts them to immediate activity. They fall upon the cells, so sadly polluted by horrible murder; they pull them to pieces; they destroy the least remnant, until not a vestige is left of the blood-stained edifice. From that moment the new queen reigns absolute; her presence restores vigor and exertion and her voice commands universal respect and obedience. The same fickle people—fickle as men—who but just now shuddered at her abominable crimes, now kiss her feet with humble submission, feed her from their own lips with sweetest honey, and love and honor her as their sacred monarch!

Sometimes it happens that two or more royal scions leave their cells at the same moment. Then the scene is still grander. All who have not followed the self-banished queen, group themselves around their favorite princess, and army marches against army. Not however to fight—bees are too sensible to shed their blood for the good of their rulers—but to witness the contest for the throne, between the pretenders. In densely crowded ranks they array themselves on either side, whilst the duellists meet with fierce fury. They seize each other with their jaws by the

neck, by the head, or the legs; they beat with their powerful wings to benumb the adversary. Head pressed against head, each sting seeks an entrance, a vulnerable place between the well-fitting armor, in which the whole body is safely encased. At last the subtle dagger enters, the sting pierces deep into the enemy; she trembles, she sinks, a few convulsive movements and all is over.

The victor approaches her fallen rival and touches her with contempt, as if to make sure of her death; at once the ever ready nobles rush up to their new monarch, and cover her with caresses and offers of humble service. At once, also, a great coronation-feast is arranged. The queen is to choose a husband, and the marriage must be celebrated as it becomes a royal bride. The sun is shining warmly, and sweet perfumes arise from far and near; the queen, in youthful beauty, heads the airy caravan, and inspects her beauteous flower-beds, her shady parks, and her still meadows near fresh, purling brooks. Noble drones only surround her; for the poor slaves are not admitted at court, and thus, followed by hundreds anxious to please her, she rises high into the blue ether, far beyond the sight of human eyes.

A few hours later they return; the queen is weary and worn, but by her side flies her newly chosen consort. Her people receive her with joy and jubilation; she is overwhelmed with offers of honey, with humble caresses and countless attentions. The cloutish laborers form long lines, their hind parts lifted on high, with the sting protruding and their outstretched wings tremble, and cause a gentle humming. Through rows of thousands of loyal subjects, the queen walks slowly and solemnly to her royal chamber.

No honor, however, falls to the share of the royal consort; with more than British jealousy, the bees ignore his existence altogether, and count, following the advice of Herodotus, their pedigree in the female line only. So, then, it is utterly indifferent, whether the consort be a Coburg or a Muñoz; he lives unknown and dies unregretted.

The death of a queen, on the contrary, is proclaimed far and near by a loud, often interrupted humming. If she should die without children, there occurs one of the most remarkable acts

of political wisdom, peculiar to bees. The keepers of hives at once perceive the calamity; the bees are listless and helpless; they fly to and fro, but they accomplish nothing. Some young ones, perhaps, leave the desolate halls and seek to conquer a distant kingdom; others remain and die of grief and sorrow in the midst of plenty. Generally, however, they recover from their stupor in time to save the kingdom, if there be but a few eggs left. It is then, above all, that they act with such evident forethought, and clear intention, as to have led the ancients to think that a slight breath of the Divine Spirit must have entered the marvelous little insects. They consider that, by such an act of providence, the crown has fallen back to the sovereign people, and show us, that their monarchy is not one "by the grace of God," or hereditary, but truly elective. They choose a new queen, and the choice of the future ruler is made by the whole people, when she is still in the cradle, in a manner and according to motives of preference which, useful as they might be to us, are as yet unknown and probably will forever elude the penetration of the most sagacious naturalists. This only we know, that they choose not from abroad, like the unfortunate Poles and the Swedes, nor from their royal race, but from their own ranks, a true child of the people.

Great activity is immediately seen to prevail; a few eggs laid, to produce common laborers, but not over a day old, are selected; all adjoining rooms are torn down, and the chosen cells quickly enlarged and improved. All are busy, some bringing wax, others royal honey. The little worms are placed upside down—how little, surely, serves to make a king!—and in a few days, the ampler room, the greater care, and the choicer food, have changed the common worms into royal scions. At the moment of their birth, the usual scenes of cold, cruel murder are repeated by the first-born, and at last the new queen is triumphant and acknowledged by her loyal nation.

But among bees, also, peace does not reign forever, and the wheels of their little mechanism are not always in motion without jarring and breaking. Here, as among men, revolutions will happen, according to the laws of nations, which no power on earth can pre-

vent. Joyful and content, the very picture of peaceful happiness, the beehive thrives during spring and early summer. Cells and store-houses are filled by the honest industry of active citizens. Rarely only, disputes happen, and then we find that justice among bees is still in the mediæval stage of ordeals. The duel is the only decision known in the hive. But the royal palace is sacred, and within it no drawing of swords is permitted. The two combatants leave the hive, and the lists are opened near the entrance gate. Like tiny rams, they butt against each other, and then, with sharp and hostile sound, they close and try to stab with their fatal dagger. They fight not to "heal wounded honor," but only for grievous causes, and then until death. No law punishes the survivor; his friends receive him with loud and joyous humming of wings.

Thus approaches the fullness of summer; flowers begin to fade on field and meadow, and the clustering ivy alone still bears small, honey-sweet blossoms. The pale, descending year has seen the fragrant heather sadly withered, and the rich buckwheat carried home, into ample barns. The poor slaves return listless and hopeless, without honey without pollen. The noble drones begin to hunger; some actually die of starvation, others, driven by despair, approach the well-filled store-houses, and attempt to steal, to rob, and to plunder. The laborers interfere, and claim the fruit of their labor as their own; a battle ensues, and the standard of order and justice is marched against the red flag of communism and—hunger. But the well-armed workmen fall in fierce fury upon the idle drones, crush them by overwhelming masses, poison them, or drive them to the furthest corners of the hive, there to be slain. Guards are set at the entrance, and the unlucky noblemen who wish to emigrate, are massacred there in cold blood. It is a day of retribution; the indolent, effeminate nobles have to pay a fearful penalty for their life of pleasure. Even the young are killed; not an egg, not a maggot is spared, until the whole race is destroyed, and then their cells are torn down, so that not a vestige remains of a once numerous and powerful aristocracy. The queen is kept a close prisoner, while the bloody scenes are enacted; now, when the carnage is

over, her voice is obeyed as of old, and her rule respected. The next spring, however, she takes her revenge, for she cannot forget her humiliation and the death of her beloved peers, from among whom she had chosen her husband. No sooner have mild, balmy airs brought messages of sunny days and fragrant meadows without, than she lays, anew, countless eggs for another generation of nobles. And the loyal laborers, hoping that the drones may remember

the fatal lesson which brought death to their fathers, feed the little scions, and nurse them and tend them as their own children. But the drones leave their dark early homes, only to be exactly like their fathers; they, also, have learnt nothing and forgotten nothing, and thus queen succeeds queen, and revolution follows revolution, until winter decks their home with its pale, cold shroud, and queen, nobles, and slaves, all fall alike into deep, deathlike slumber.

SCAMPAVIAS.*

PART VI.—PALERMO AND PIEDIGROTTO.

WE found Monreal a dirty spot, notwithstanding its rills of water, and teeming with soldiers, priests, and beggars.

The soldiers were in line in the plaza, flanked by a small park of nine bronze howitzers—those charming little pieces, which, when crammed with shrapnell or canister, can sweep away a crowded street in a hurricane of leaden hail or bits of iron, in no time. No need for heavy cannon on parapet or bastion when the war is domestic, and the work to be done in narrow streets upon a starving, infuriated populace, such as will come about one of these days in the crushed cities of Italy and Sicily. Howitzers will then blaze and crash until there is no more blood to dye the gutters.

But I am wandering from the dirty, picturesque town of Monreal. It is only remarkable, in other points of interest, for a grand monastery for nobles, and a splendid church—together the richest benefice in Sicily. Since the late revolution, however, the devout king had shaken the "imprisoned angels" out of the "bags of hoarding abbots," and taken the revenues in his own keeping, allowing a moderate stipend to the good bishop, and a trifle for repairs to his church.

We went over the monastery, up a noble staircase of veined marble, with some good paintings by Velasquez, on the walls, and so on through the lofty corridors. The cloisters were roomy apartments, well furnished and comfort-

able. There was a large and well-filled library; also, in addition to a good stocked larder, there were a dark wine-cellar, a cool garden of luscious fruits, and a fine locality. We had no reason to doubt the happiness and even enjoyment of those blessed anchorites, who doom themselves to exile from the world.

Passing from this abode of oiliness, we entered the great church. A squeeze we had to get in, to say nothing of fleas; for the lazzaroni were extremely pressing and attentive in their demeanor, and tried to crowd into the gutes with us. Kicks, however, were freely and liberally bestowed by the excellent sacristan, and dissatisfied howls were mournfully extorted in exchange. At last we stood in the great nave, and had just light sufficient in the last rays of the sun, reflected from the hills or the slopes of the valley, to gaze upon the glorious marbles, and to ponder upon the ages and ages of time that hands of men must have been occupied in their work.

Watching a favorable chance to elude the beggars, we leaped into our barouche and whirled rapidly down the road. On we dashed by friars, soldiers, fish-venders, nuns, priests, squalling children, Sicilian bullocks, with their wide, elegantly shaped horns; on we flew, by carts with high, fancifully carved and painted saddle-peaks; on we sped, with ear and eye taking in the low musical trill of the vesper bells, or glancing over the lovely vista of the Shell of

* This word takes its origin from the clipper dispatch seluccas used by the Knights of Malta; and the English of it is, "Fly-aways."

Gold, until our foaming stallions once more stood still in Palermo.

The following day, we visited the Forcella palace, by invitation of the noble marquis. The palace faces the Marina, within a biscuit toss of the sea; but so far as externals go, it appears like an ancient, unfinished, and dilapidated structure. Appearances, however, are sometimes deceitful. We were received at the entrance, amidst a mass of building-rubbish, by the owner himself, who, conducting us up a long flight of steps, presented to us a scene of magnificence rarely beheld. There was a suite of rooms rather small in themselves, but an exact restoration of Pompeii. I have long entertained the belief, that the ancients had very crude and imperfect notions of cleanliness or comfort, in the manner of washing their persons, or absorbing their drink, or partaking their food, in the absence of water-pipes, the want of ventilation, and cane-bottom chairs; but on regarding these elegant apartments, resplendent with polished marbles, frescoed walls, luxurious seats, and graceful lounges, I began to change my opinion.

Passing from Pompeii, we came to the wonder of the palace—the halls of the Alhambra. The ceilings were arched, and presented the most exquisite carvings, gilding, and inlaid work imaginable; while the walls were a mass of great slabs of porphyry, agate, jasper, petrifactions, and, in fact, every variety of the richest and most precious marbles that art and taste could combine and harmonize together. The floors, too, were one mass of elegant mosaic, in rare combination of coloring and taste, while a sparkling fountain threw out its cooling spray over a noble vase in the centre. All this splendor joined to a little rapid rivulet which flowed through the palace, and fed leaping fountains on the terrace, makes the Forcella a miracle of beauty and perfection. In all the interior decoration, the marquis had been his own designer and architect, most of the mosaic work being done under his own eye, by children he had picked up in the street. The noble marquis also told us that, within the past fifteen years, he had expended upon the palace five hundred ounces of Sicily—more than a million of Spanish dollars—and all to be bequeathed to his good friend the king, whose dear chamberlain he was. From the Forcella we

drove to the royal Chinese villa of La Favorita—once a favorite residence of the king; but for the past four years that potentate has not even visited Sicily, much less his charming estates near Palermo. The grounds, which comprise about six hundred English acres, are situated just behind the precipitous heights of Mount Pellegrino, toward the west and south. They are well planted with olives, limes, oranges, and sumac, all of which valuable productions are sold to fill the already plethoric private purse of the king. There are fine, broad allies, and drives through the plantations, with, here and there, old towers, where, in the olden time, look-outs were posted to mark down the royal game which here abounded. There are spouting fountains, too, and one is known by a statue of Hercules, surrounded by four majestic obelisks of living green.

The villa is *à la Chinoise*, and perhaps contains more elements of pleasure, comfort, and coolness, than a Chinaman ever dreamed of. There is a large pleasant hall below the surface of the ground for family reunions during the heats of summer; spacious rooms above, with a dining-saloon and dumb-betty contrivance, where a select circle could be fed, and chat state secrets, without the hands or ears of servants to assist; then higher up, are delightful sleeping chambers, prettily tiled terraces, commanding lovely views around, and all capped by a Chinese bell-tower.

We returned to Palermo, spread ourselves out on the terrace of the Albergo Trinacria, took coffee, listened to the delicious music from the Marina, watched the red gleaming torches of the fishermen out upon the bay, and, while the full moon dashed her soft light upon the surface of the water, we soon ceased to envy the king or kaiser.

The following day, we dined in state with the viceroy. His cook was an unexceptionable artiste. He had evidently taken his degree in the three courts. The sun never shone on more delicate tipples than that which moistened our lips. The dinner was served rapidly with ices between the courses. Buckling on our harness, we made our salaams to the prince, and when left to ourselves as we descended the palace stairs, my companions decided that it had been a particularly *brown* little repast; in which I concurred, in all save a slight

qualm I felt for having experimented upon a dish of queer shaped snails, which I ate out of pure curiosity, and which nearly were the death of me. However, I bore up with resignation, went on board the frigate, took the usual prescription, and passed the night peacefully.

The next morning, just as the bell had been struck eight, I was seated at the gun-room breakfast-table. My man Angelo was raising a barricade of oranges, eggs, chops, cherries, and a bottle of claret, before me. I was in a reflective mood, and, leaning on both elbows, watched my mess-mates as they severally emerged from their dens and proceeded to lay in ballast for the day. I was somewhat depressed in spirit, and my thoughts would turn back to the viceroy's snails, when, at the moment I had called up resolution to peck away at an egg, the gun-room windsail came tumbling through the hatchway, and nearly capsized me.

"I say, Gringo, why will you always sit under that hatch?" quoth Doctor Bristles, as he seemed to enjoy my discomfort with as keen a relish as the orange he was sucking.

"Look here, you lubber, what are you about?" I shouted, at any imaginary mizen topman or quarter-deck loafer who might have committed the offense, in hopes that the guilty one would show himself and confess judgment at once. But the only response I got was from the orderly on the gun deck, who, exhibiting his white cross-belts and bright buttons over the combing of the hatch, observed, "Av ye please, sir, the awnings is jist spread, and the First Liftinint gave orders to let down the windsail." "O! the windsail be blowed."

At this moment the gun-room door opened, and in stepped my friend Jack Toker. I must remark that Gracieux was his right name, and the one he bore on the purser's books in the first ship we sailed in; but he changed it in expectation of a fortune—which, by the way, he didn't get—to Toker.

Jack took his place at the head of the table, and, reaching over with a long arm, gave me a friendly slap on the back.

"Hillo, my boy, you seem riled; hope the noise of the holy stones didn't disturb your repose in the morning watch!"

"Bah! the holy stones be—"

"Hush, not a word against my small property if you please, or by Saint Peter I'll try you by court-martial on the spot."

This threat kept me quiet, and I went into the egg and chop business for some minutes without a word in reply. Presently, however, I leaned over towards my companion, and whispered—

"What do you say to a quiet little run on shore to-day?"

Jack elevated his eyebrows, and gave three distinct and emphatic nods—bolting a mouthful of cherries at each inflection—thereby intimating that he was on hand.

"Let's be rural," quoth Jack, after he had cracked several cherry-stones and extracted the kernels, "and let's go in mufti, like Haroun the Retchid, and wear loose white rigging and som-breros."

Angelo smiled, and we felt assured that those articles of raiment would be in waiting for us when we left the ship.

An hour later, the bell tolled for divine service, and our dear old chaplain preached to us. Little did we think then, that that good, kind, and gentle mess-mate would be the first to leave us; but no man knoweth his billet for even a day, and he fell a martyr to his duty, ministering to the sick and desolate, during the terrible scourge which swept over Norfolk last summer. Peace be with thee, brave Eskridge, we drop a tear to thy memory!

After service, Toker and I quietly stowed ourselves in a shore-boat, while Angelo ensconced himself in the bow, with a bundle under each arm. As we were indifferent with respect to any settled plan of campaign, and were rather surfeited with palaces and churches, we engaged a comfortable barouche at the Albergo Trinacria, changed all our toggery that was adorned with lace or navy buttons; took a moderate sip of iced pale ale, and a bite of cheese, and then bade our coachee to take us wherever he pleased. One or two of our fellows craned out at us from the balconies and volunteered to hold our hats, and in fact several jocosse persons volunteered to accompany us. We assured them our mission was a profound secret, that we were in the pay of the police—and then, planting our heels on the front cushions, we lit

cheroots and gave a signal to our Jehu to start. With many a ringing crack of the whip we rattled out of the city, but where we went to I had no distinct idea; all we absolutely knew was, that we were sometimes rolling along between walled gardens of fruits and flowers, trellised vines and waving fields of grain, groves of olives, dotted at intervals by quaint little clusters of houses with a moss-covered chapel in the midst; again we came upon the brink of the Mediterranean, with the cool sea-breeze rustling over the waves which lapped the shore beneath our wheels, while the red-capped disciples of the nets were urging their boats silently over the water, or hauling in their seines.

At last we drew up before the gates of the noble villa of Belmonto, only a few miles distant from Palermo. This charming residence was leased by the Earl of Shrewsbury, until his death, which occurred a few months subsequent to our visit. The earl was the well-known Catholic zealot, who for many years devoted his time and fortune to the advancement of his religion. The search after modern miracles was also one of his steadfast pursuits. The labors he gave to investigate the miracles of the winking Virgin at Rimini, and the Holy Coat at Treves, to say nothing of those wonders of the Adolorati and Staccati women, must of themselves have been very severe.

We were politely shown over the villa by the servants, in the absence of the noble occupants. Like all Sicilian palaces, this is on a grand and spacious scale. The ceilings were handsomely frescoed, and the walls were hung with portraits of the earl and countess, and also their grandchildren, the sons of Prince Valmon. But what pleased me most was a gem of a painting, a present from the king, of Santa Rosalia. The sweet little saint is wrapped in a mantle of brown serge; the lovely hands are crossed upon the bosom and clasp the beads and cross: the rich auburn hair ripples in golden tresses upon the neck, and the head is crowned by a wreath of roses. The expression of the face is of soft devotion, and the whole effect of the figure is modest and charming.

Leaving the palace, we strolled through the grounds, rested awhile in the little temple of *Novum Sidus*, and then pausing to glance at the autograph

of "Nicolas, primo" of all the Russians, which that Czar had scratched with his sabre on a marble corner of the villa during a visit he made in 1845, we once more took to coach and gave ourselves up to the driver, who, three hours past meridian, again carried us to the Albergo.

O! my pleasure-seeking travelers, when wearied with the dust, din, heat, beggars, and extortion of southern Italy, jump on board the steamer and paddle over to the glorious bay of Palermo. Go to the Trinacria, where you will, perchance, find a portly Boniface, who was for a score of years a courier of distinction and good repute, and who will, out of pure love for your society and dollars, treat you well and kindly.

Toker and I chose a pleasant apartment on the sea side of the Albergo, and casting pillows and mats upon the tiled floor, we threw ourselves down and took a siesta.

We slumbered tranquilly, as sailors do on shore, and might have emulated M. Van Winkle, had I not been startled by the sullen boom of heavy guns out upon the bay. I had not the energy, however, to rouse myself up, so I gave my companion a vigorous kick near the region of the knee joints. Jack was lying quite loose about the floor, with his legs folded up like a two-foot rule. He was, by long odds, the handsomest fellow you ever saw, and withal the most graceful figure, though he admitted himself, in his serious moments, that having been fed considerably upon ham down in "old Virginny" in his boyhood, he had run away a good deal into legs and arms.

"Jack," said I, as he straightened himself out a bit, and rolled over on his back, "don't you think somebody is firing guns somewhere?"

"The very best imitation of them I ever heard," quoth my friend, as he once more twisted round on his side and pushed the hair out of his glims. "Let's take a look."

Accordingly we kicked open the blinds, and there, half hidden in a dense mass of smoke, lay the French fleet, roaring and blazing away a royal salute in honor of the viceroy.

We were wide awake by this time, and ordered dinner served upon the terrace. It was a charming little spread, light, pleasant, and convivial. The Julien was perfect, and the M^ocet frappé

to the atmosphere of a snow bank. All this, however, was as nothing to the lovely terrace, embowered as we were in a little thicket of lime and orange trees, inhaling the sweet fragrance of the early dew upon the fruit, and gazing, over our green almonds and walnuts, upon the rippling sea beyond, while the brass music from the ships of war in the distance came melodiously over the water.

"Do you know, shipmate," said Jack Toker to me, with a satisfied sigh, as he allowed his fingers to dabble in the finger bowl, "that we engaged a carriage for the day?"

I expressed myself thoroughly alive to that contract, and added something contemptuously with regard to the expense.

"Bene, where shall we go?"

I suggested a quiet drive to the Floria gardens, an ice and a pipe in the Strada Toledo.

Jack thought we might accomplish all that, and perhaps get up an intrigue with a princess, a countess, or other distinguished dame, which might give an air of romance to our day's recreation.

The fact was, that several of our dandy mess-mates, in their jaunty caps, accurate coats, and spotless white trowsers, were continually making conquests of this description all over Italy—never going to the opera without leveling their glasses at some remarkably beautiful woman in the boxes; or letting fly a volley of *bravas* at the prima donna, or the pets of the ballet. Now, Jack Toker and I, who rarely indulged in these recreations, became, at times, exceedingly exasperated, and entertained, without the belief that most of these conquests were mere myths; for neither of us had encountered so much as a wink, or a wave of a fan since we had been in the Mediterranean. Accordingly, Jack being my superior officer, I acquiesced in his proposition.

In the court-yard we found our carriage—the driver coiled up on his perch fast asleep, with the whip held firmly by his teeth. We recalled him to a sense of his duties by a summary method, when exclaiming "*andiam, signiori*," he cracked his thong and put his cattle in motion.

The moon was round as a wheel and bright as a mirror. The broad marble-paved stradas were crowded with ve-

hicles, rolling slowly toward the Marina; the cafés were brilliant with light, and the ices and lemonades were melting away like mist, between the lips of the pretty women who reclined and sipped them in their carriages. A close column of troops, or a squadron of cavalry with glancing arms or clattering sabres, would occasionally block the way; but we, unmindful of all, pushed on resolutely in search of our princess.

We traversed the Toledo, drove to the new gardens back by the Marina, and so, round and round the city, until we made ourselves somewhat remarkable for our ubiquity, and after all our fatigue there never a countess or even contadina smiled upon us. Hereupon we held a council of war, and resolved to call the first man out who dared to plume himself upon having won the affections of any lady of whatever rank or fortune, for the future.

Unluckily we did not come to this determination a few minutes sooner; for just at this epoch, we suddenly found ourselves shut up in a dense procession, in honor of Saint Ursula. The old lady was escorted by a battalion of Swiss guards and a crashing band of music. She was lying flat of her back, on a satin couch, and borne on a gilded trestle. She had a crown of jewels on her waxy and venerable head—bogus trinkets, we presumed—and in other respects of raiment and finery, she was got up entirely regardless of expense. At every few paces, the car and the saint were let down to be admired by the populace, while showers of sky-rockets went streaming up into the air, and chants arose from pious throats, and church chimes were banging deafening peals, balconies illuminated, damask canopies were suspended across the streets, and still, all the while, poor Saint Ursula was turned, and twisted, and frisked about in all directions, until they finally bore her away, and it is to be hoped—

"Put her to bed,

With a pain in her heels and a pain in her head,
To dream in her delicious fever
Of a high trotting horse and a black deceiver."

We were forced, however, to follow or be driven in her wake until we reached the Floria gardens, when we made our way to the music of the Marina.

It was past midnight when we found ourselves reclining in the stern sheets

of a bowl of a boat, and moving slowly over the gentle swell of the bay. Our oarsmen chanted a low Sicilian refrain as their oar-blades dipped in the tranquil water, and the music still wandered sweetly in our wake from the Marina.

My companion was lying on his back, with his heels well drawn up, and his sombrero hanging on his knees. His head rested on his hands, and a cigar burned dimly between his teeth. He was the first to break silence.

"Harry, my lad," said he, in a cheerful way, "this would be pure, real enjoyment if we only had those dear ones at home to enjoy all these pleasant scenes with us. This has been the only drawback to the downright fancy I have for the navy. These long separations from those we love," he went on, "often sadden me in my gayest moments, and I sometimes mentally swear that if it please heaven to waft me once more to my little anchorage at home, no man, with the badge of Neptune, shall ever tear me away. Then again" continued Jack, "the service has its charms, it is a gallant and honorable profession; promotion, though Tontine in its system, may come one of these days. If there ever come a war we have a chance for a gold chain or a wooden leg"—"And more than all," I interrupted, seizing Toker by the fist, "we yearn kindly toward our dear and true companions from boyhood to manhood; fellows with warm, generous hearts, and unselfish souls, with whom we have buffeted the ocean in all parts of the globe, and whom we feel and know to be as staunch and steadfast as the needle to the pole."

I should have, perhaps, gone on in this strain for an hour, had not the sharp hail of "Qui vive!" from a sentinel on board the French admiral's ship, the "Ville de Paris," as we crossed the shade of his counter, warned us that we were approaching our own frigate.

An hour later, we quietly weighed anchor, and, with the early breath of the land-wind, the ship moved majestically through the French fleet, and stood out to sea.

We had a rapid run over to Naples, and in twenty-four hours we were again riding at our anchors within rifle shot of Santa Lucia.

The eighth of September was the anniversary of the grand *Festa di Piedigrotta*. The origin of this festival is not very remote. On the night of the tenth of

August, 1741, king Charles of Bourbon beat the Austrians at Belletri, under the following circumstances: Count Lobkowitz, who commanded them, had previously surprised the king's troops, and nearly made the king himself prisoner. But the latter collecting in haste a few troops, not far distant, fell unawares upon the victorious enemy, and completely routed them. This victory secured the crown of the two Sicilies to Charles, who founded the present dynasty, and instituted the *Festa di Piedigrotta* to celebrate the event.

For some days previous, government steamers had been arriving with troops from all points of the coast, and on the morning of the celebration, the city was absolutely swarming like a bee-hive with soldiers.

I attended the commodore on shore, and pushing our way through the dense crowds which thronged the streets, to the Villa Reale, we gained our position on a broad balcony, about mid-way of the Chiaja. The batteries and large masses of artillery and cavalry were planted at both outlets of the garden, while a triple rank of infantry lined both sides of the wide strada through which the procession was to pass.

It was a glorious sight to look down upon the bright and glittering hosts beneath us. Heavy dragoons, hussars and cuirassiers, with jet black horses, and shining helmets; lancers with fluttering plumes and pennons; brilliant uniforms and splendid trappings of numerous generals and staff-officers; battalions of Swiss guards in gorgeous scarlet-facings; then regiment after regiment in heavy marching order, and squadron after squadron passed down the line to take position beyond, until the eye fairly became bewildered with the red, and white, and lace, and glitter of the large holiday army moving before us. There were fifty-eight battalions of infantry; forty squadrons of horse, and nine full batteries; in all, not less than 65,000 troops under review, though, at the same time, there did not seem to have been any diminution of regular sentinels, and reliefs at the numerous barracks, and other military posts throughout the city.

As far as the eye could reach, and even beyond, from the gates of the royal palace, by San Carlos, to the church of *Piedigrotta*—a distance of about two and a half miles—there was little else

but troops. I was very much impressed with their fine soldierly appearance. The infantry were full sized, and went through their evolutions in a creditable manner. The artillery did not move from their position, but their guns, horses, and equipments, were modern and serviceable. Whether this fine array will ever cross bayonets, with guns unlimbered in battle, with the proper degree of pluck, remains for future historians to narrate.

At four o'clock the cannon of castle d'Oro announced the departure of the royal cortège from the palace, and then came the heavy booming roar from the foreign ships-of-war in port, while as the procession approached the Chiaja, the Neapolitan squadron moored abreast the villa, with yards manned, and the ships decked in gay bunting, pealed forth their salutes, also.

Soon, there wheeled into the broad strada a squadron of hussars preceding a royal coach of brass, bearing the crown, drawn by eight horses, with uncovered grooms at the bridles; then came another body of horse and four pursuivants, richly dressed in gold lace and blue satin, who walked before a splendid glass and gilded carriage surmounted by white plumes, and surrounded by a brilliant staff of generals, which held the king and queen.

This was followed by two more state coaches and eight horses—all magnificently caparisoned—containing the heir apparent—a fine looking youth—and his sister. Again the cortège swept slowly on, followed by thirteen more coaches—and six, like the others, attended by bare-headed grooms, and the whole closed by solid squadrons of lancers and dragoons.

As the royal carriage passed down the line, the bands of the different regiments burst forth in martial strains, the troops presented arms, and the colors were dipped to the ground. The king—a fat, coarse looking person—raised his

eye-glass on passing each regiment; but it seemed more from curiosity than pleasure in beholding his fine army.

But from all the dense multitude which thronged the garden in rear of the infantry, there never a cheer nor viva went up; no, not a cry or shout broke forth from the listless and silent masses, to greet their sovereign. Ah! magnificent and pious Ferdinand, you may, perhaps, slay and stab with those hosts of bayonets and sabres, but they cannot be made to shout pœans of thanksgiving to your glory. Perhaps, too, among those groups of haggard, wretched spectators, there arose many a stifled curse upon the cruel king, while their hearts yearned toward the eight thousand prisoners of state, who were mouldering in their chains, deep down in the gloomy dungeons of those rock-bound castles which started up out there upon the lovely bosom of the bay. Have a care, most princely Bourbon, "*la gallina covava*," and when an outraged people, rising in their might, thunders at your palace gates, neither sword, rosary, nor saint, can save you.

The procession were nearly an hour on their journey to the little church of Piedigrotta, where the annual vow was made, when they returned in the same order to the palace. Then the troops, from the other extremity of the line, broke up into marching order, sometimes three regiments abreast—the Swiss guards swinging by in advance, and nothing was seen save the close serried forests of steel, until the whole ended by the artillery and cavalry.

That night our republican frigate made sail, and before the lurid glare from the summit of Vesuvius was put to shame by the rising sun, we were running with a snorting sea-breeze along the island of Ischia, with our head for northern Italy. In a few days we once more furled sails in the glorious gulf of La Spezia.

THE POETRY OF WAR.

"Come trovasti, o scelerata e brutta
 Invenzion, mai loco in uman core?
 Per te la militar gloria e distrutta;
 Per te il mestier dell' arme e senza onore;
 Per te è il valore e la vertu ridutta,
 Che spesso par del buono il rio migliore,
 Non più la gagliardia, non più l'ardire
 Per te puo in campo al paragon venire."—ARISTO.

THERE are some discoveries of science which we do not respect. We can praise the finding of the planet Neptune, and of the Northwest Passage—but consider the invention of gunpowder to have done the world more harm than good, and to be worthy of no honor at all. Some philosophers have been of this opinion, and all their betters, the poets—two of whom, of the first Italian rank, have recorded their detestation of it. In one of his Dialogues, Petrarch denounces it, saying it was lately a rarity, but now (1344) quite common; and Ariosto, in several stanzas of his Orlando, execrates the same fierce compound and its appliances, as the destruction of the old spirit of manhood and chivalry. He calls the invention an infernal one, perfected by enchantment, and then wafted over sea into Germany, where the Teutons brought the "devilish enginery" into play. The poet bitterly advises the soldier to take back all his arms to the forge—even his sword—and shoulder a matchlock if he wants to have any pay. Those poets are in the right. The use of gunpowder, in the modern systems, and among the predominating races of the world, while it has changed, has also degraded the character of war; and in the latter we shall find little of that freedom and dignity, or those animal spirits—courage and gallantry—which belonged to the styles of fighting in the former ages.

In those ages, men had more of an individual interest in the business and pomp of war than they can have in the armies of the present day; the soldier then was less of a machine and more of a man; and to this is mainly owing the difference which we would here point out discursively, in the strong persuasion that, in this, as well as in many other things, our age has no cause to vaunt itself over its forerunners.

Looking to those ancient nations of which we have the clearest idea, we find the spirit of their camps of a high,

earnest order, and the discipline of the soldiery eminently calculated to maintain that spirit. The sons of the later Greek emperors were called "born in the purple;" the children of Greece, in her bright days, were born in the buckler. In Sparta, the stern old heads of tribes held an inquest on every new-born boy, putting the healthy and perfect on a shield beside a spear, and ordering the feeble or deformed to be thrown into a gulf—a terrible ordeal to begin with. At the age of seven years, the education of the soldier began, and continued with a variety of exercises—wrestling, running, swimming, boxing, hurling the disc and javelin, and bearing with docile fortitude the blows of the pedagogues. At the age of twenty, therefore, the Greek soldier, in the uniform of the cataphracts or hoplites, stood, the model of human strength and courage, ready to move into battle, at the stately embatation pace of Sparta, or in a shouting charge of the Athenian line—such as settled the business of the day at Marathon. At the same time, the deities of the people were supposed to interest themselves in its armies; and the polemarchs and others, at the head of these, were accustomed to carry a regular staff of augurs, haruspices, and soothsayers, and have sacrifices offered regularly at head-quarters. Here the haruspex, with his knife, and the augur, with his wand, pronounced what seemed the will of the supernals; but which (between ourselves) was only the arrangement agreed on by them and the leader. They constituted, in fact, his council of war; while their solemnities, in face of the army, tended to increase the soldier's feelings of confidence and resolution. He saw the movement from the centre, and felt it where he stood. In all the states of Greece, his condition was one of dignity—the free citizens constituting the armies at first, and in subsequent times the great body of them.

Under all circumstances of education

and training, it is not to be wondered at that the Greek warrior was more than a match for any two barbarians, and that the solid array of the famous phalanx, composed of such units, moving shoulder to shoulder, with pikes advanced, encountered such vast military odds as we find recorded in history, with such splendid success, under Miltiades, Themistocles, Agis, and other glorious leaders. The smallness of the Greek systems of war fostered a spirit of individual heroism in the soldiers, and the popular organization of their armies, as well as their states, even under the government of kings, tended to sustain and perpetuate the martial glory of Greece. The men in the ranks regarded their commanders with a proud familiarity; and we can see that even in the armament of Alexander the Great—first of soldiers and conquerors—the men of the phalanx, as well as the cataphracts of the companion horse, could feel a willful sort of pride in the comradeship which their youthful chief was willing to concede to every Hellenic in his army. And proud, certainly, and encouraging were the terms on which both leader and followers were united for the conquest of the East. After the great battles of the Granicus and Issus, Alexander, with a noble prodigality, gave the winnings of those victories to his peers and the troops, reserving nothing for himself; and when his friends expostulated with him, answering cheerfully, that his share of the enterprise was hope—a high-minded reply, illustrated in those admiring lines of the Bard of Hope:

"Imperial Hope! when Greece in arms repaid
The debt she owed each Marathonian shade,
Each haughty ghost, that in the Locrian
pass,
Still kept grim ward with lost Leonidas,
Thine was the charm, that, with a martial
joy,
Thrilled the bold spirit of th' Emathian
boy:
And thine the watch-word of that glorious
war,
Which from the west pursued his wander-
ing star,
And, as it met the wonted currents old,
Of earth and time, from Asia's fountains
rolled,
Seemed to bear back, before his conquering
van,
The march of sworded progress and of
man.
When, in a storm of onset, fierce and high,
The Granic flood had seen the chief rush by,
And when from Taurian gorge and Caspian
gate,
To the crushed wall of Tyre his sword was
fate,

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Grandly he scattered round, with lavish
hand,
Throughout his host, the gifts of all the
land—
Themes, satrapies and cities, gold and
slaves,
The spoils of kings—their temples and their
graves,
All to his peers and joyous warriors fall;
But what keeps he, the generous lord of all?
His sword and glance flashed high to yonder
cope,
As, with a smile, he nobly answered, Hope!
His kingly guerdon was with her; her
spells
Whispered in all his vanquished oracles—
Dodonia's, Lybin's, and the scroll of might,
Read in God's Temple, by the Urim's light;
Hers was the pillar-cloud which led his
ranks
To Bactria's wastes, and Tigris' peopled
banks;
To Indus and the Orient, brightly borne
Above the glittering mountains of the
morn!"

The spirit of religion was, we repeat, one of the grand inspirations of Greek war. The gods, propitiated by the augurs, would engage in the fighting ranks, and the lost heroes and demigods aid their own people in the day of battle. The Locrians, going into action, always left an opening in their line for the ghost of the Oilean Ajax, their former chief, to occupy. The Romans marched and fought with similar beliefs; and they grew invincible by a discipline like that of the Greeks. Gibbon well observes, that the former gave their armaments the name of *Exercises*. In the early times, the armies were composed of citizens; and then, and during the best ages of their military dominion, those exercises were engaged in by the youth under training, and the soldiers of the unemployed legions. An old author, speaking of the warlike rehearsals and sham-battles, says they had everything resembling a real conflict except the bloodshed. From the beginning, the augurs and haruspices accompanied the camps; they drew their auspices from everything about them—especially from the flight of birds, *ex avibus presagium celi*; and, when it thundered on the left, they always had the best news from Jupiter Stator—he who had once rallied a broken battle of the Romans, as the army well knew. They also knew that Castor and Pollux loved the beautiful quincunx on the field, and would often strike in, at a pinch, for the brave people of Romulus.

Everything in those pagan days tend-

ed to raise the spirit of the soldier, and inspire him with pride in his calling; and when the empire at last became Christian, the supernaturalism of the camp, with very little change of character, still had power to excite his enthusiasm with priestly legends of the cross in the heavens, and apparitions of the saints coming in the hour of conflict to the assistance of the cohorts.

As regards the Barbarians, we do not find that, though they had few of the accomplishments of classic warfare, they marched or fought with less courage than the Greeks or Italians. Urged by necessity, or the desire of plunder and enjoyment, the Goths, Germans, Gauls, Huns, and Scythians, seized their arms with joy and made themselves at home in their nomadic camps and coroutais. Under their vast volunteer systems, the courage and pride of the warrior were exhibited in the highest degree, and their feelings of poetry belonged almost exclusively to the business of the sword and spear. Every combatant in the army of Alaric felt the exultation of his leader, when the Salarian gate of Rome was opened in the dead of night, and truly mourned the fall of a brother soldier, when the Gothic chieftain was left to his last undiscovered repose, under the rippling waters of Busenta. The same free, heroic spirit is visible in the warfare of all barbaric peoples.

At a later period, the military spirit and valor of the Northmen were such as to excite admiration. The world had already trembled at their great land irruptions and marches, when, in the ninth century, their expeditions began to swarm in the European seas, astonishing the coasts of their southern neighbors. In a short time, the dragon-barks of the Baltic had gone, eastward, to the Hellespont, and, westward, to Greenland, and the shore of American Markland. The expedition of the Jomsburg sea-rovers, which took place in the tenth century—a traditional theme of Norse romance, gives a good idea of the enterprise and boldness of those kempions and pilots. Swend, king of Denmark, invites Sigwald of Jomsburg, Thorkell, Bui, and other chiefs to a royal feast, not so much for kingdoms won, as to be won. They all sit round a table with their skalds and reimkennars, and drink strong ale out of the "curved trees of

the head," (deer's horns, not skulls, as some wrongly infer from the words of Lodbrok's saga). They drink to the memory of their ancestors, and their own warlike vows. Swend takes his horn to the memory of Harold, and vows to go and take the throne from English Ethelred. Sigwald vows to go and conquer Hacon of Norway, and Thorkell and Bui, having taken their horns, vow to go with him. Then horns were drunk to Christ and his apostles. Those Scandinavians, having been first won to Christianity by the gift of a stout shirt apiece, held the new creed in reverence; and St. Anascharius tells us how some Danish pirates, wishing to know, by oracle, where lay their best chance of booty, proposed Jesus Christ as *fortissimus deorum*, and, as such, the most likely to direct them right—reminding us of the Spanish gipsy, spoken of by Mr. Borrow, who always carried a bible about her, for good luck in her little "journeys of piccory." The terms, "joy of battle" come to us very appropriately from those old Norse latitudes.

It is needless to say, that the fighting spirit was high in the days of chivalry—a system which, bearing its flowers in war, had its roots interlaced with all the conditions of social existence. Its name implied the sword; it was a civilization on horseback; contrasting with the old patriarchal and allodial systems. The king owned the ground he conquered; holding under him, his nobles and gentlemen stood ready to follow his banner; and their tenants and retainers, at the same time, were bound to follow them. Thus did the whole population underlie the bond of battle—*adscripti gladii*—all except the priests; and some of these, too, laying aside the rochet for the breast-plate, would adopt the secular fashion, and, humoring the pleasant fiction of mother church—*ecclesia non novit sanguinem*—carry a club with lead in the end of it, to fustigate sinners, according to the canon.

In those days when a man's personal rank and dignity were in proportion to the number of his followers in battle, where they approached him, and called to him, in bold comrade fashion, a chief was bound by every motive of pride and self-interest to cherish his people. Thus the feudal soldiery or militia of

the middle ages occupied a recognized place in the national systems to which they belonged, and even the distance between the nobles and their servitors could never reduce to a very base condition those who could use the lance, the sword, and the bow. The latter, therefore, felt their own importance, and it was with a cheerful courage that they obeyed the military orders of their lords, and followed them on their expeditions.

That loose war-system of the middle ages would make a martinet smile; but we can recognize the high moral sentiment and poetry of it, in spite of the proverbial disparagement which has darkened it, on account of a great many intellectual shortcomings. There was then, as in the present day, much gross violation of right and justice. Might, in fact, was right—as we see it, just now, among the governments of the world. Instead of appealing to the slow jugglery of the lawyers, men took to their weapons and the mode of main-prize, and, either directly or indirectly, stood forth for their own ideas of social rectitude—the same plan being followed out in the higher political questions. It was a kind of hurly-burly, more or less, but a manly one. Human nature did the best it could; and if it would only do the same now, the world would pardon the anachronism, and be all the better for it. The feudal sword was the complement of the statute, and fighting was the great vocation of the time, often carried to a wonderful pitch of enthusiasm.

When the Latins first made their way to Constantinople, and their rude war-tread startled the courts of Alexius, the princess Anna Comnena, the great blue-stocking of that day, wished to know, from one of the Frank warriors, something about the west—and about himself—to put in her book. But the grim Count Robert of Paris could give no clearer account of himself than that, when at home, he used to spend much of his time at a cross-road near a chapel, looking about in all directions for somebody to fight with, and praying to God for his help; but no one ever came! How the imperial *precieuse* must have stared at the Frankish paladin! That feeble civilization, with its pedantry and slavish politeness, could not understand the manful extravagance of the western baron. During the crusades—

those great facts, disparaged in the milder and more subdued ages, when ridicule became the test of things instead of enthusiasm—the system of chivalry was at its highest pitch of dignity and splendor. As in the old Greek times, the movements of battle were in a great degree of a personal kind, the leaders riding prominently with their banners, and filling the engagement with their war-cries. The greatest paladins loved to show their crests in the van of the army, and perform some gallant feat between the opposing lines. Cased in strong armor and relying upon their strength and skill, they would naturally present themselves with the greatest confidence and courage; and the three hundred men at arms round the pennon of Richard Plantagenet at Jaffa must have felt something of the heroism of their commander when they saw him, with a couched lance, ride furiously along the Ottoman line, and dare the boldest of thirty thousand scimitars to come out and try conclusions with him; an act which could fire the imagination of Gibbon as well as that of Sir Walter Scott, who, as the reader is aware, reproduced it in *Ivanhoe*. Robert Bruce kills De Boone between the two armies—a gallant prologue of Bannockburn. The records of those times are full of such spirited performances.

Bardism gave a zest and grace to chivalry. Skalds, sayers, finders, and makers, went along with the pennons, and their chants, in halls and camps, kept the military spirit in a glow—some of them being sung in the advance to battle. At Hastings, the Normans came singing the song of Rollo; and we are told how Taillefer, with a noble vociferation, led the stave before them all, and then, bending the knee to Duke William, asked permission to strike the first blow of the engagement. It was granted; Ironsides killed his Anglo-Saxon, and left his name to the keeping of the lyric muse. A great number of the troubadours and *trouveres*, like Taillefer, could fight as well as sing, and Richard of England would have been famous for his lays, if he had not done so much with the battle-ax. Bertrand de Born, whose grim renown has been embalmed in one of the great poems of the world, was one of king Richard's bards and boon companions, and, also, one of the most terrible

sworders of his day. A song written by Bertrand, in the Norman French, has come down to us, and strongly expresses the military passion of that age. It runs as follows:

"WAR-SONG OF DE BORN.

"O, I love the spring, with its leaves and buds,
And to hear birds sing in the good green woods;

I love on the meadows to mark the crowd
Of tents and pavilions, so gaily proud;
But dear to my heart is the sight of sights—
The barded steeds and the press of knights!

"I love, when the prickers, pricking ahead,
Make the flocks and shepherds fly with dread,
And to see how the men-at-arms come after
With a mighty tread and a sound of laughter;
I love the besieging of castles tall,
Battlement rent and crumbling wall,
And to mark the army ranged around,
With stakes, palisades, and moat, and mound!

"It cheers me—the good lord, going at speed,
First in assault, on his barded steed,
Showing him fearless and nothing cold;
His men from his prowess grow stout and bold,

And when he leaves home they are ever eager
To follow his pennon to camp and leaguer;
For none is esteemed 'till, quitting repose,
He takes and delivers a great many blows!

"O, we shall see shattered the spears and swords;
And the burgonets bright and shields of lords
Losing their hues and devices gay
So fast in the shock of the meeting fray;
And the vassals all striking well together
And the steeds of the prostrate loose on the heather—

And so, when the fight is full, let none,
Noble or knight, have a thought but one—
To lop heads, arms, and all he can,
For 'tis better be dead than a beaten man!

"I tell you, my sleep and my drink and meat
For me have no savor half so sweet
As to hear, on both sides, Set on! and Charge!
And the steeds in the forest neighing at large,
And the loud *À l'aide!* and, A rescue, ho!
And to see them tumbling, high and low,
On fields and in ditches—men and horses,
And broken spears in the lifeless corpses!

"Basons! put castles and towns in gage;
Be ready for war that your foes may wage.
And now run fast, my minstrel page,
And tell the good lord of Oc and Oi
That his peace has been kept too long—fly boy!

This fiery troubadour was the man whom Dante saw in the Gothic Hades, eating his own head, to expiate the sin of setting the sons of Henry II. of England against their father, and other misbehaviors of his life. By "lord of Oc and Oi," he meant Richard—a prince equally skilled in the Provençal and Walloon styles of poetry.

The records of the middle ages show with what heartiness and fervor war was generally waged; and its movements are full of a picturesque and stirring interest. It was conducted on the plainest principles, and science very seldom troubled the free inspirations that managed it. As yet generals were not. There was no regular army, as a profession, seeing it was every man's business to "wink and hold out his iron," on occasion. The chieftains never read any books of strategy, and preferred a wide margin in battle to any order or discipline which would make their movements less free. Much time was never lost in manœuvring for advantages of ground, and the several battles of an army were arranged according to circumstances or accidents—the chief reliance being upon the force and courage of the knights, and the spirited support of their followers. The fights of that period have, therefore, a confused, gallant look—truncheons are flung up for the signal, horns and warcries are sounded—then a waving of pennons, guidons, gonfalons, a rushing of horses, and each chieftain striking with his people about him, hoping for the best, and leaving a great many openings in the line for the mercy of heaven to fill up and fight in, doubtless, on the plan of the old Locrians, and, at the same time, battling as ardently as if there was no such thing in the world. In the conflicts of the crusaders, we see nothing distinctly but the great single figures in the mellay; and noble figures they are—Godfrey and Richard make way with their battle-axes; Saladin holds up his scimitar, with his gongs and kettle-drums rattling about him, and overhead, on both sides, fly the terrible truisms of west and east—"God wills! and God is God!"

Religious enthusiasm gave great *celat* to the war-history of the feudal times; but they were also dignified by the principle of republican liberty which began early to renew itself in the fields of Italy. The imagination is taken by the League of Lombardy, fighting against the Emperor Barbarossa, and finally obliging him to recognize their freedom. When the barbaric centralization-system of Rome had perished in Italy, modern civilization began to grow up on its ruins in the shapes of little townships and confederacies, in which the principle of individual liberty

was the germ of social progress. Men came together in towns and cities, built walls round them, and practiced arms to defend their fields and homes. The people of Lombardy resisted the claim of Barbarossa to appoint German *podes-tar* in Milan and the other cities, and nothing in the history of Greece exceeds in patriot glory the strife of those confederates. In a war of thirty years, they exhibited all the heroisms of Marathon and Thermopylæ; and, if they had but the fitting poets and historians, would have enjoyed the highest degree of renown among men. Seven times, from 1154 to 1176, did the emperor cross the Alps, and manœuvre his vast armies in the Italian plains. Milan, so renowned in our own day, endured a siege of three years, and was razed to the ground. In five years, it was again a walled place, with rebels and banners on its battlements. The Milanese, hurrying from exile, had once more rallied round the armed Wagon of the republic—the Carroccio—bearing the Lombard gonfalon, and dressed all round with the emblems and blazonments of independence. This military ark, drawn by oxen, in the old Gothic fashion, had its guard of chosen youths, who were to die round it, but never surrender it. At the fight of Lignano—the Yorktown of the war—the German ritters had beaten back the Milanese troops, and bowed their way close to the standard, when the nine hundred young men, who had it in charge, renewing their vow to God and St. Ambrose, precipitated themselves against the knights of Barbarossa, followed by the whole Lombard line. History tells the rest. It is the story of the emperor's total defeat and his flight, in the darkness, with scarce an attendant, to the city of Pavia. He did not "wait for the wagon," but he left the Lombards to themselves, and made no more forays into Italy.

And not less picturesque and spirited was the struggle of the Swiss against the Austrian absorbers. The names of Melchthal, Stauffacher and Furst, though Voltaire could think them strangely uncouth, make music in the ears of liberty; and the war those three organized has not wanted the consecration of modern poetry. Tschudi, a cobler of Lucerne, who fought at Sempach, has described that battle in a ballad, which Sir Walter Scott has translated. The terms, "poetry of

war," were applied to the struggle of the French and Suwarrow's Russians, among the Swiss mountains, in 1799; but they more justly belong to the earlier hill-warfare, and that field of Sempach, where, in 1386, Arnold of Winkelreid, gathering into his bosom an armful of the Austrian spears, broke the hostile ranks to let in the pikes and alpen-stocks of the Forest Cantons, and the horns of Uri sung the dirge of Leopold and the best of his peerage.

Then came the agency of gunpowder into the war-systems, and the spirit of arms became overawed and lessened, as was the genius of Antony before that of Cæsar. The first cannon-shot sounded the knell of chivalry, though the imperfection of the new "enginery" made the change a slow one, and left the old war-fashion to linger on for some time longer. In those days of mild matchlocks and muckle-mou'd Megs, the Black Prince, Captal de Buche, La Hire, and Bertrand du Guesclin flash over the scene in complete armor; the English in the Auvergnat fortress come out and lay down their arms before the lifeless body of the latter; and Charles VI. of France, sending his nephews with an army to recover Naples for the house of Anjou, disinters the dead paladin in the Abbey of St. Denis, and knights the princes in presence of the corse—a ghastly piece of chivalry. Then we see the gallant war-burst in which Charles VII. and his chiefs carry on the war of liberation against the islanders—their tutelary angels being two young women. Agnes Sorel—the Myrrha of that French Sardanapalus—sends Charles out to fight, and the peasant girl of Domremi rouses the battle-spirit of the people—both putting to the blush that very ungallant old Frankish law of the crown. It was a noble enthusiasm, and the English lion, "foiled by a woman's hand," recoiled grumbling to the sea-shore. Then there is another uproar in arms, of the Swiss, rushing against Charles the Bold, who wishes to absorb the Cantons. But the forest *landwehr* comes down, "like *lawine* loosened from the mountain's belt," to the old horn music, and at Granson, Morat, and Nancy, the armies of Burgundy are overthrown, and that haughty fief and its chieftain perish together. And it is curious to read at this day how a contemporary of the battle of Granson—

Sir John Paston, an Englishman—speaks (in 1475) of that defeat. "Men told him," he says, "that they were forward carles; but he would not believe it"—meaning the Duke of Burgundy. Those Swiss, indeed, were very forward carles at all times, and their military pluck afterwards at Marignano, near Milan, was the wonder of the age. Francis I., lying before Milan in 1515, twenty thousand Switzers came out and stormed his camp, rushing directly on his guarded batteries, and overturning them with clubs and pikes. There they fought all day, and fought on through the night, the renowned horns of Uri and Unterwalden roaring on one side, in the dark, and the trumpets of the king sounding on the other, to tell his astonished people the place of his bivouac. Next morning they were still at it, till at last the Swiss, leaving the ground, where near 20,000 men lay dead, retired like lions, the French not daring to follow them. Marshal Trivulzio swore all the battles of his life were child's play to that terrible work, and Francis, in a transport of soldierly gratitude, demanded his knighthood of Bayard's sword in the camp. The Swiss, who had expected another Morat, and lost near 10,000 men, looked on the action as a defeat; and a song with the burden of "All's Forlorn"—something like the "Flowers of the Forest," which lamented Flodden—was long sung in the mountain valleys. It was a melancholy and celebrated air, giving rise to several parodies, as we perceive in Rabelais' book, and Brantome tells us how Mademoiselle de Limueil had it sung for her in her dying moments.

With respect to that fierce war against Charles the Bold, it must be observed that the Swiss were aided and encouraged by Louis XI. of France—one of those revolutionists who broke the feudal system of the middle ages in putting down the great baronial houses of Europe. Louis absorbed the powerful fiefs of Burgundy, Normandy, Bretagne, and others, and thus prepared the way for the despotism of the French monarchy—a policy pursued by Henry VII. and his successors in England. The fighting aristocracy began to fade; and the change was greatly for the worse. Up to that time, the independence of the great lords, while it curbed the power of the kings, naturally insured protection and encouragement to

the people of their own fiefs—each of which was, in a great measure, a state in itself, existing somewhat on a federal principle, in a wild style, to be sure, but not unwholesomely. When those lords were put out of the way, a vast system of centralization settled on the land, and history shows us how its evil influence has been growing stronger from that day to this. By little and little, those European monarchies have gathered their strength of despotism; and we now see how colossally they stand, and what haughty shadows they cast along the ground. The civilization of our time looks with scorn on the warlike tumult, social rudeness, and serfdom of the middle ages; but these, with far greater justice, could vaunt their contemptuous superiority—so to speak—over the pale beaverisms and cowardly slavery of this later age, with its miserable and plaintive millions. That old *vilain* was an armed man, and he stood cheek by jowl with his lord in the presence-chamber of battle—an equal and a comrade before the leveler of all. He had a place, and was worth something. But what kind of man is his descendant, in the fields and factories of the great kingdoms? The serfs of Clisson and Talbot, of La Hire and Percy, had warm blood in their veins, enough to eat, and a dignity of manhood which has long withered in the veins of their posterity—styled for the most part "surplus," by the political economists, and having consequently little right to be in the world at all.

Centralization, as well as science, has been doing away with the manifold spirit and poetry of war—both have been blotting the glowing footsteps of old glory, and it is natural that the eye should rest with pleasure on the lights that, in spite of them, flash through the increasing gloom of the historic picture. The war of the Dutch "Beggars," partly waged with gunpowder, was not without its own heroic poetry. The Dutch burghers and lords assumed the style of *Gueux*—in gallant scorn of the Duchess of Parma's courtiers, who, when the remonstrants came before her ladyship (Philip's vicegerent in the Netherlands), told her she need not be alarmed by a parcel of beggars. They took a sack for their familiar cognizance, raised troops, bound their seven provinces into

a federation, and, taking for their blazon seven arrows in a sheaf (not seven cannons, observe), went sturdily into the fifty-years' war which liberated Holland.

Meantime, there was a great deal of spirited fighting in France; and the wars of the League, though waged on a dreary principle, were not without the graces and gallantries of poetry, as we see by the Menippean satire and other lyric effusions of that time—to say nothing of Voltaire's sing-song epic, while the soldierly *mot* of Henry IV. at Ivry—

"Ne perdez point de vue au fort de la tempête,
Ce panache éclatant qui flotte sur ma tête,"

could animate the accomplished hexameters of Mr. Macaulay.

Still later, the muses of Boileau and others strove to glorify the pompous wars of Louis XIV., the Picrocholle of his time, who fell upon his neighbors of Flanders, chiefly because they lay so provokingly convenient to him. But the old inspirations of war were buried with La Hire and Joan of Orleans; and it is with justice that Dryden turns M. Despreaux's lyrics into ridicule, and spells him backward. Addison's campaign was worthy of its hero—the unprincipled man and successful soldier whose portrait Mr. Macaulay has drawn with no loving hand. And the poetry of that day may be estimated by the admiration of Addison's simile, in which he compares a general in a fight to an angel in a storm! Wolfgang Menzel, says a clever *maestro*, could set a handbill to music. The poets of those English and French campaigns had subjects just as unpromising, and seem to have turned the public dispatches into poetry—

"And when they should a hero's deeds rehearse,

Give us a commissary's list in verse,"

as Prior has it. But they had little else for it. Not having any resource in the principles of things, they emphasized facts and names—and these last they often found very untractable in the harness of rhyme. Boileau says:

Comment on vers heureux assieger Dues-
bourg,
Zutphen, Wagheningen, Harderwic, Knots-
embourg?

The war poetry of England at that period is very contemptible—fairly in-

dicating the kind of literary inspiration which whiggery and constitutionality have been able to furnish, generally, in that country, and also indicating the influence of that new style and system of warfare, which turned the free, bold soldier of former days—full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard—into a machine, more or less, chastening his personal consciousness and cooling his character.

We have now come to the standing armies and the generals; and the old war-spirit is seen no more. In England, William of Orange made a national debt and a standing army; and the old courage of the land, which could interpellate kings, and punish them, was smothered under the organized hypocrisy which has existed there ever since. War became a study; the bayonet was used at Marsaglia, by Catinat's soldiers, in 1690, and the discipline of Martinet—a name equivocally renowned—was practiced in the French armies. Campaigns were conducted with strict method, and Mars was periwigged in the great monarchies, as Apollo the singer had been periwigged before. The regular modes of the Turennes, Condes, Marlboroughs, Montecuculis, and so forth, were done away with, in a great measure, by Frederick II. of Prussia—one of those who have justified the saying of Philip de Comines, that princes bred in poverty and hardship generally become distinguished rulers. Disregarding the pedantries of campaigning, he made celerity of movement one of the great features of war. His arms were legs, so to speak, like those of old Sicily (the saying is applied to a modern island), and, in the number of his rules and the strictness of his discipline, he lessened whatever poetry yet lingered in the dignified, slow modes of the Condes, Dauns, and Browns. He paid no respect to the conventions of winter time, and offered the Aulic generals some lessons, which they had not learned when the young Corsican came to repeat them, in 1796.

Since then, we have seen flashes of a nobler warfare; but all the rest only strengthens the conviction that the present war-systems have lost the high feeling, courage, and poetry of the old martial movements. The glory of war seems extinguished in that fatal chemistry. With respect to this, let us consider the ancient and the feudal soldiers, contrasted with the modern. The

former fought against fellow-men, while the latter confront a power more terrible than lightning. The former entered battle cheerfully, confiding in their armor and personal strength; while the latter feel, on entering an engagement, that no prowess or skill of theirs will enable them to keep their lives in the discharges of fire-arms. In the feudal times, the warriors—gentlemen, and men-at-arms, especially—trusted in their good harness; and when a spirited man advanced before the lines and challenged any champion from the other side, his feelings of pride and heroism, excited by the general gaze, were kept at a comfortable, warm-blooded pitch, by the thought that he was well made up by the armorer that morning, in his iron helmet, breast-plate and continuations, and that it would take a great deal of thrusting and whacking, indeed, to get at any tender part of him—or of his horse, either—the animal being “barded from counter to tail.” The same glorious feeling attended him in the general mella, where he and his personal friends shouted his war-cry, and made as much noise as possible, to strike terror, and keep up the fighting inspiration. Some moderns have sneered at the paladins, for casing themselves in complete mail, and leaving their followers imperfectly protected. But those chiefs, who, unlike modern generals, were ever in the thick of the fight, and exposed to the first shock in the front of it, were called upon to keep their blood warm and confident, seeing that the fate of battle and their forces hung heavily upon their personal prowess; and it was but just and soldierly that they should be more perfectly harnessed than the great body of their retainers. With respect to the cavalry officer and the troopers of our day, they must always feel that they are not completely proof against a lance-thrust or sabre-stroke, even with the helmet and cuirass; while, in the face of artillery, they confront death almost naked. The ancient horseman, as well as the footman, necessarily carried into action a stouter heart than his modern representative. On the eve of battle, the latter makes his will; the former looked to the condition of his burgonet and his horse—“Saddle White Surrey for the field to-morrow!” It was one thing to charge horsemen or archers, or, as in the classic times, a group of elephants, which were always as ready to turn tail

as to advance—and another thing to ride against musketry, or the tremendous muzzles of artillery. The ancient combatants were always more clear-headed and collected in moments of peril. When anything desperate was to be performed, the generals, tribunes, centurions, and liege lords, would rouse their daring by soldierly words and speeches. In our time, when the military hope is forlorn, the machines are primed with brandy, and driven, in the fiend's name, drunk and blind, against the enemy. These headlong movements are very common in modern warfare; and the English troops, especially the cavalry, are famous for their mad charges—frenzied passages of arms, that lead to nothing. One of these occurred at Talavera, in Spain, where a regiment of horse raced down a ravine, under a murderous fire, and raced back again, shorn of half its strength. An old German general coming to the edge of the steep, drew in his horse, and shouted, very sensibly—“No, no! I will not kill my young men!” The miserable charge at Balaklava was another proof of that horror-stricken sense which bewilders men in the sulphury atmosphere of modern warfare. The inexperienced officers who commanded the British did not know what to do. The poor general thought they should do something, and so did the gallant Nolan. Then followed the sad rush forward, and the desperate rush backward—a blundering ecstasy “which was not war.” Compared with such proceedings, the wildest mella of the crusades was well-conducted, and full of intelligent heroism.

Drilled, brigaded, and kept in order by a strict discipline, modern soldiers move mechanically, and a sense of duty serves them in place of every other generous impulse of soldiership. No education has trained either their minds or muscles to the profession of arms. No haruspex juggles solemnly for them, and no bare-headed and loud-voiced chief, on the rough edge of battle ere it joins, points out the contemptible weakness of the enemy, and promises victory and plunder. They are bound to their officers by the cold regimental bond merely, knowing nothing of that animation and interest felt by those who formerly marched round the pennon of their chief, and heard his cheery encouragements familiarly addressed. The festive ceremony of battle, formerly so

inspiring, is known no longer; and soldiers, with nothing preliminary differing from the order of march, often find themselves in action, moving against an indistinct position, and firing through the smoke, while the bloody gaps in their line tell them they are in presence of hostile batteries, and they feel the stern, still resignation of those who wait for the wheels of Juggernaut; or, if they have sufficient ease and independence of mind, wish they were ten miles away just then, and prepare to run, in fact, on the first opportunity. The man-at-arms always stood up to his fight; the modern soldier dodges the deadly bullets, if he can, behind hedges or stones—he falls flat to avoid them—and small blame to him; the other would do the same in his place. The spirit of war, we repeat, had formerly more pride and manliness than can belong to it at present; and we believe that more martial enthusiasm and true fighting pluck could once be found, in a Roman maniple, say, or a baron's clump of kindred and household spears, than ever existed in all the allied armies at the Crimea—save in some hand to hand scuffles, when the people on both sides went to work in earnest, and became personal with sticks and stones; as on that hurly-burly occasion when the Slavons came to astonish the British camp, through the gray morning mist of the Chersonese.

The English are an unwarlike people. The debt, and the standing army, have quelled the national heart. It was not so in the Plantagenet and Stuart periods. The last time the English displayed any warlike spirit, was in a war of principles which could rouse their passions in an intelligible and interesting manner—a war gallantly waged on one side by those who stood for Charles Stuart and kingly right, and on the other, by those who contended for the representative system. After that, they never understood the grammar of their wars. The ungenial Puritan spirit first impaired the traditional genius of the country, and the whiggery that grew out of it completed the moral change of the people. The long-haired champions who took up arms for the king were a high-hearted class of men, and they raised their pennons in the true spirit of chivalry, while the artillery practice of the kingdom was not of sufficient deadliness to spoil their martial enthusiasms. Engagements were

oftenest decided by charges of horse and the push of pike; and if there were any sign or smell of gunpowder, it was mainly from the gallant petronels, which just furnished smoke enough to give the field of battle its striking effects of light and shade.

We may see, in the war-poetry of Addison, Budgell, and other writers of their day, how cold and mean the military ideas had grown. The war-poetry of those Stuart times, on the contrary, shows itself full of haughtiness, running, apparently, to the music of the clarions; and Montrose, famous by the pen, as well as glorious by the sword, years to sing the obsequies of Charles with trumpets' sounds, and write his epitaph in blood and wounds—an expression, by-the-by, which has passed, somewhat, from the side of the sublime over to the other. The Puritans exhaled their patriot courage mostly in psalms; but the poets of the court rang many a right English war-lyric through the land. One of these contains the following stanzas:

"Tell me no more of peace,
'Tis cowardice disguised—
A child of fear and heartless ease—
A thing to be despised.

"I love the eagle's lightning eye
That stares in Phœbus' face.

"I marked that noble thing,
Bound on his upward flight,
Scatter the clouds with mighty wing,
And breast the tide of light.

"The tramp-blast—let it come
In shrieks on the fitful gale,
The charger's hoof beat time to the
drum,
And the clank of the rider's mail.

"I ask no heaps untold
That swell the miser's board;
I claim the birth-right of the bold,
The dowry of the sword.

"Nor yet the gilded gem
That coronets the slave;
I clutch the spectre diadem
That marshals on the brave!"

These lines are in the true soldier vein. The lyric is anonymous—one of the voices of the time—and, like the following (found written in a copy of Lovelace's "Lucasta"), was probably from the pen of that gallant genius:

"A steede, a steede of matchless speede,
A sword of metal keen;
All else to noble hearts is dross—
All else on earth is mean.

The neighing of the war-horse proud,
 The rolling of the drum,
 The clangor of the trumpet loud
 Be sounds from heaven that come;
 And oh, the thundering paces of knights,
 When as the war-cries swell,
 May toll from heaven an angel bright,
 Or rouse a fiend from hell!"

The verses of Körner read tame to this music, in which the reader will not fail to perceive the love of blows and battle—the *certaminis gaudia* gleaming through the rougher war-song of Bertrand de Born. Nothing in English poetry can be compared, for military boldness, to the above, except a song written by Thomas Osborne Davis, one of the finest spirits of the age, who died in Dublin in 1845. The tone of his lyric, it will be observed, resembles that of the cavalier, and it opens as follows:

"Oh, for a steed, a rushing steed
 And a blazing scimitar,
 To hunt from beauteous Italy,
 The Austrian's red hussar!"

Compared with the war-verse of Lovelace, that of the Georgian laureates, and other bards, exhibits a very "heavy de-scension." The improved constitution seems to have the effect of chilling and killing the spirit of the country and its poetical pulses—at least till the French revolution had made its great noise in the world. "Poets are like birds," says Chateaubriand, "every noise makes them sing;" and after that event they did sing more boldly in England. Scott and Campbell wrote war-songs, but not with the gallantry of the Plantagenet and Stuart age. Sir Walter, as we all know, fails in his poetry of modern war—"Waterloo," "Don Roderick," etc.; and only shows the right martial spirit when he goes back to the cattle-reiving times, when war was popularly waged with bucklers, blood-hounds, beacons, and the Warden raids. Campbell, to be sure, says something for the cannonades; but he requires the picturesque of ocean combat, and the thrilling effects of midnight and a forest for his fine war-ode on Hohenlinden—the modern Marignano. The want of a genuine inspiration would appear from the fact that the theme of that lyric is not British; it is foreign—like that of "Loudon's Attack." England's great poets of the last age rank with the best of her Parnassus; but none of them (save the laureates) sing the military glory of the nation. Byron sneered at

war, Shelley loathed it, Wordsworth turned from it, and Moore went for his battles to king Malachi and the Khorassan; showing that very little martial enthusiasm warmed the general mind of their nation.

It is the same with respect to the recent war against Russia. There was a certain show of warlike ardor; but it was all editorial and belonged to the journalists and their correspondents—at least the greater part of it. The noise made some young bards sing—Smith, Dobell, Massey, Brown, Jones, and Robinson. But their poetry is merely fanciful; an opium dream of too much youth and reading. Tennyson also sung. Yes, but observe that, among all the causes, effects, and tendencies of the war, he could only choose, for a theme, the dreary blind scurry of Balaklava. He immortalizes a brainless British blunder—no more. Neither his verses nor the sonnets of the young men could touch any cord of popular sympathy; for the people have no military spirit, and if it is ever to come to them, it must be by a different kind of war from that juggled by the oligarchy of England and the journals.

The French had as little sympathy with that war as the English, yet, their military tendencies and tastes were always far stronger than those of the islanders. It will be sufficient here to observe, that while the bards of the victorious Britons neglected the themes of the great imperial war, the poet of the defeated nation—Beranger—makes frequent reference to it; the best of his lyrics being those in which we find allusions to the army of France, and the renown and fate of the emperor. The following verses of M. Favart, written long before the first French revolution, have a curious explanatory bearing on that fact.

"Le coq Français est le coq de la gloire,
 Par les revers il n'est point abattu;
 Il chante forte s'il gagne la victoire,
 Encore plus fort quand il est bien battu.
 Le coq Français est le coq de la gloire;
 Toujours chanter est sa grand vertue.
 Est-il imprudent ? est-il sage ?
 C'est ce qu'on ne peut définir;
 Mais qui ne perd jamais courage
 Se rend maître de l'avenir!"

"Oh, the cock of France is the cock of fame;
 Reverses they never abash him;
 He crows if he conquers, and crows the same,
 Or louder, in fact, if they thrash him!"

"Oh, the cock of France, he is glory's bird;
His virtue's, at all times, to crow, sir;
And whether this is wise, or simply absurd,
I shan't attempt to say; but I know, sir,
That he who ne'er loses his courage, will
Be master and lord of the future still."

The omen of the last couplet is significant. When the assaulters of the Malakoff found themselves beaten back by the Russians, again and again, they paused, wiped their bloody brows, and swore there was nothing for it but some chorus—some rousing storm-song to carry everything before it—the *Marseillaise*! They demand the *Marseillaise*. Pelissier wants the Malakoff; so bids them, in God's name, sing. The gusty old march of the republic thunders along the lines, cheering the soldiers' hearts, and timing the *pas de chargé*—and the world knows the rest. Fancy the poor, brave fellows of John Bull's army asking for a war-lyric, in similar circumstances. You cannot.

The Stuart Lovelace was a soldier, and he sung his soldierly psalm. But we find no Guelphic soldier, however brave, writing enthusiastic things of his profession: quite the contrary. Those who do speak or write of campaigning, do so as of some severe necessity—involving hard service, and lamentable carnage. General Sir Harry Smith said last year at a London banquet, that war was a "damnable trade," and he spoke truly from his experience. The Duke of Wellington used to say he commanded the worst scamps and blackguards of the United Kingdom—and no doubt he knew his army pretty well. But no one can ever fancy the polemarchs, imperators, and crested paladins talking in that manner of the men under their command. They had different ideas of war; they did not guide machines, nor play their lofty rôles under the ghastly chemistry and fate of gunpowder. The spirit of British soldiers in the mass conforms to the sentiment of their leaders concerning them and their trade. The rank and file stand lower than those of any other European army. The Russian peasant rises in dignity when he becomes a soldier; the Englishman sinks or remains the same. The social fate of his class chills his military ideas; he sees between himself and any place of honorable command a gulf which he need not hope to overpass, and under his red jacket has the soul of a serf. In the French armies, the roads

of renown are open to all, and the soldiers of France have the true war-spirit, such as cannot exist in the ranks of the islanders. In the Crimea these last kept the stern, despondent hearts of their brothers in the factories and fields at home. The military enthusiasms of the British camp there came chiefly from the Celts, Russell and Wood, who had nothing to do with gunpowder or army rules.

Turning to the ocean style of war, we find it generally considered more poetical than the land-battles—no doubt because every ship has the distinct individuality of a little army, under its independent chieftain, and we can feel a stronger interest in it, tossing amid the winds and waves, than in the tactics and regulated movements of a land armament, because, in short, a ship is a finer and a more picturesque object than a regiment. We think, however, the sea-contests were always less natural and congenial than land-fights, and therefore less heartily waged. But still, as men became better sailors, they grew more confident in those contests, manœuvred with the wind, and understood the weather-gage; so that, at the present time, there is more free energy, and certain courage and poetry of war to be found in the navies than in the armies. Sailors are less governed by precise rules than soldiers; they have less the character of machines, and are more guided by personal spirit, both in the engagement and the storm. And if we must argue, as in the case of the land-battles, that the use of artillery has overawed the impulses of the sea-fights, yet the unfavorable effect is certainly less exhibited in these last; and the ancient galantry of men on the waves does not exceed the modern in any degree. The wild and perilous fields of ocean, nullifying the stricter discipline of the land, can exhibit some of the older features of battle; for which reason it is, no doubt, that Dibdin has made a larger addition to the poetry of war in England than the rest of her poets, and that our national fancy is more taken by our ship-engagements than our land-contests.

While endeavoring to show the debasing effect of gunpowder on the modern war-spirit, we have glanced at the other cognate agency working to the same result—the growth of the monarchies. Historians will point to the

extinction of the old fiefs as something favorable to civilization. But, as yet, little but evil has come of it. That change, in the European countries, transformed the nobles, from peers and rebels, to court sycophants, and turned their poor people from armed retainers into *canaille*. Then came the standing armies, and while the taxes to support these impoverished the masses, the disuse of arms rendered the condition of the latter still more degraded and helpless. For many generations, the systems of centralization have been growing in Europe, and with the dreariest results for human liberty. Since the beginning of this century, the three republics of Holland, Genoa, and Venice, have been extinguished by the will and consent of the Holy Alliance, and the hopes of Poland have shared the same fate. England absorbed Ireland. Norway sunk in Sweden, the republican longings of Greece were smothered, and Hungary is swallowed by Austria. A few colossal powers will soon stand, supported by the terrible agency of gunpowder, sole governors where, in a brighter and better day, the world saw such a crowd of republics, kingdoms, principalities, free cities, leagues, duchies, and bold baronies, all proud and plentiful, and often, for their health's sake, using the free-breathing exercise of arms against one another.

Under such circumstances, the spirit of the nations is quelled, and the use of arms confined to certain bodies of men set apart to sustain the rulers. But the old military impulses are lost in these armies, and they rank, for the most part, below the corrupt legionaries of Rome. These last had a savage will of their own, and would often trample on the tyrants. Such a show of independence is not to be hoped in our day. As for the peoples, they are mostly disarmed, and unaccustomed to weapons—artificers, producers, inventors, readers of books, and believing, perhaps, in the good which is to come of the school-master and the science of chemistry. Noble and true thoughts, no doubt, have been uttered by them, and impetuous blows struck in most of the European nations; but these things lie too much out of the regular course of their thoughts and habits. It is a stern truth, and one that seems about as old as the world, that while men in general speak and feel according to their judgments,

they act according to the custom of their lives; in spite of the better impulses, there is a terrible tendency to recur to the beaten tracks. Napoleon, at St. Helena, could not take his soup from the new china bowl; he turned away. Next day, when he saw his old silver basin—which had not been broken up, after all—holding his lunch in the old way, he rejoiced like a child—or a man, if you wish—pinched Montholon's ear, and swallowed his refreshment comfortably. Whatever is, possesses great power; men call it right, with Pope. "If tyranny," says Madame de Stael, "had only its direct power on its side, it could never maintain itself. The astonishing thing is—proving human misery more than all—that the greater number of people enlist themselves in the service of events, not having strength to think deeper than a fact; and when an oppressor has triumphed, they hasten to justify, not the tyrant, but the destiny that has made him an instrument." And Pascal, an admirable thinker and writer, says, "the power of sovereigns is mainly founded on the weakness of the people; the people will always be weak; therefore," he says, "the sovereigns will have a long lease of their power." Dreary syllogism! And after all, looking round the world, we do not see how we can begin to put down Pascal in argument. Everything in the old nations seems to show that their former military spirit has died away, and that the dignity and poetry of war have departed along with it.

But men prophecy a change—one which shall remove those evils of modern civilization, and restore something of the manlier condition of by-gone times. Let us believe it. Meantime, we know that the only true gallantry and heroism which gleam from the sulphury clouds of modern warfare, belong to the efforts of those who have stood against the civilizing absorptions of the monarchies. We have spoken of the Rhine folk—the "beggars" at one end, and the peasants at the other end of that illustrious river, dear at all times to freedom. In later times, the genuine old spirit of war flashed from the forests and streams of the New World, when, with a perfect consent and harmony unknown to any former confederacies of men, the American forefathers moved shoulder to shoulder through the stern vicissitudes of war, and left a splendid

example which their descendants will be worthiest to exalt and eulogize when they have in turn performed something in the spirit of that rebellious audacity which liberated a continent. Then came the revolution of France, which, in its *sans-culottes* of 1789, reproducing, curiously enough, the *bons hommes* Jacques of 1356, and the terrible *Ba-gaudx* of the third century, made its rulers tremble in their seats with one more outburst, while the armies of the republic, marching without shoes, and winning battles without bread or gunpowder, rushed to meet liberty, that sacred old rebel, on the Rhine. The invaders are dashed back on all sides from the warlike stream, and the tricolor goes, in the midst of battles, from the Apennines and the Alps, round to the Zuyder Zee, where ships are actually stormed and taken, in mid-winter, by a wild charge of Pichegru's cavalry on the ice—a Homeric battle of the ships in modern war. The noble *de la Tour D'Auvergne*, first grenadier of France, is a fine feature of that martial poetry; and so was Bonaparte, before the heavy cannonades of Napoleon had marred his early renown. No pulse of true poetry ever beat in the marches of that emperor—all is loud, hard, overpowering, and ghastly with carnage. We except the march from San Juan to Paris, when it was Bonaparte again, exhibiting the finest inspiration of military genius. Napoleon could have made Europe republican, and raised himself beyond all the heroes and demigods of ancient and modern days. But he preferred to build his little dynasty—and now sinks down far below the level of Alexander and Cæsar, and that calm comrade of our own land, looking immortality beside them.

The struggles of Hofer and his Tyrolese, the Spanish rising, the war in which Marco Bozzaris and Byron bore arms, the latest efforts of the Poles, the Circassians, the Germans, the Italians, the Hungarians, and the French, to overthrow their despotisms, were all full of the dignity and enthusiasm which still can make the profession of arms beautiful and inspiring. And if the Old World is destined to see restored the finer and manlier genius of war, it must be by a renewal of the spirit which presided in the by-gone republics—the

spirit of independence. The story and traditions of this country, and its republican principle, justify the belief that such a spirit will yet be the glory of our armaments. But these must take their virtue from the democracy by which we exist. Our landwehr is truly based and nobly animated. In the management of the navy—which will necessarily be to us what their armies are to the other great nations—we must guard against imitating the effete aristocracy of the mother island—the most adverse of existing models—and take care that the people shall have free access to the quarter-decks of their own sea-squadrons; so may the fame of the Blakes, Van Tromps, Duguay-Trouins, Nelsons, Decatur be yet surpassed by the ardent spirits that wait but the country's call, to dare the "battle and the breeze," and carry its flag victorious over every ocean.

Meanwhile—regarding the slow, slavish world as it is—we shall end as we began, with a condemnation of gunpowder—unmoved by anything that can be urged in favor of it. People argue that it puts the weak on a level with the strong. This might not be found so very bad in itself—though it is contrary to nature—the weak having no business to be on a level with the strong. But it does worse, and, by a wicked necromancy, gives the weak a power over the strong—enabling the numerically feeble array of the governors to keep down the vast masses of the governed. We end as we began, with our poets, and against the evil agency of gunpowder, which, deplorable alike in its means and its ends, crows the natural spirit of the soldier, and enables the few conspirators against humanity to put down, and keep down, the great mass of their fellow-beings. We wind up with the chivalrous Ariosto, repeating in our own language the motto of this paper:—

"Fiendish and foul invention, how couldst thou
In human bosom ever find a place?
By thee war's glory fades, and honor now
Withholds from soldiership its ancient
 grace;
By thee desert and valor sink so low,
The good seems oft less worthy than the
 base;
By thee are quenched the glow and gallant
 cheer
That warmed in camps the noble chevalier."

THE BATTLE OF WILO-WILO.

A CONFLICT WITH CHINESE PIRATES.

Hamlet.—Or like a whale?*Polonius.*—Very like a whale.

FOR four long, tedious, sultry months had I been running to seed in the uninteresting colony of Hong Kong. I had heard an adage in relation to the place—probably a substitution for the one, "I wish he was in Jericho"—and I became convinced that few who uttered it were aware what a cruel fate they were imploring for the subject of their displeasure. In fact, the analogy is complete with the more profane imprecation used by teamsters, sailors, and other irreligious people.

It would be vain to attempt a description of Hong Kong—or rather of Victoria, for that is the official name of the town—at least such a description as it deserves. A person who should pass it on a railway would have a confused impression of a great deal of rocky mountain, a great deal of plaster and dust, masses of Chinese, and some few pale English soldiers, walking with canes, to and from their garrison and the taverns at the other end of the town. The houses are large, square, and plastered, carefully and solidly-built, and with quite an imposing appearance. They are scattered along on the "Queen's road," at the base of the mountain, and at the west end there are quantities of low, wooden, Chinese houses, crowded and cramped together, and teeming with the native population. The harbor is spacious, and generally well filled; and we imagined at first, from the populous and commercial appearance of the place, that we might spend a few months quite pleasantly there; but alas, we were very much disappointed.

Society we could not enjoy, for nearly all of the inhabitants kept within their own circles, and extended no hospitality. The only people who were at all polite to us were the American consul, U. S. naval storekeeper, and one American merchant. The officials of the colony, civil and military, are English—reserved, snobbish, and stupid. Most of the merchants who have resided any time in this debilitating climate, have their livers out of order, are engrossed in

their money-making business, and perfectly torpid with sensuality. Their diet is curry and chutney, their drink ale, and they never move, except in sedan-chairs. They have a very fine club-house; but we never saw the interior of it, so that I speak from hearsay. There is also a reading-room, and to that, indeed, we were introduced; but we heard that many of the members grumbled at our visits, and, of course, we discontinued them. One may ask, Were there no public places of resort? Oh, yes; besides the sailors' grog-shops, in the west end, there are two hotels (a classification well known not to include only comfortable houses), the "Commercial," and "Shaw's." The landlords are deadly rivals, and there is a fierce struggle between them to keep the poorer house. Both establishments have ten-pin alleys and billiard tables attached. The former are serrated and splintered, with pins that totter, and invite the slightest provocation to tumble down. The billiard-tables are, however, very good, and servants being abundant, cheap, and meek, there are plenty of markers who never can count, and whom you can beat with great satisfaction. But one gets tired of constantly resorting to the same stupid place, especially when the disbursements collateral thereto are imposing.

There was one amusement left—to walk. That there was every opportunity for. The main street, or road, is about three miles long, and winding roads are cut in the sides of the hills. There is a parade-ground, too, not far from the garrison, where ugly, ungainly, old Chinese nurses assemble every evening, to air and exercise the pale babies they have charge of. Some young men—English, of course—have a cricket-club, and they sometimes assemble on the green, in very tight clothes, and race around after a hard ball. But twice a week there was music; one evening the regimental band played, and on the other an amateur band, led by a fat lieutenant of artillery.

Almost any music is exhilarating at the antipodes, where one is wasting away with heat and ennui; but one must be very indulgent, and in Hong Kong, to enjoy that amateur band. It had some interest at first, from the novelty of the thing, and from the *on dits* that rumor had attached to the leader. It was said that this monomaniac was worth some fifteen thousand pounds a year! He was very fond of music, and had formed this brass band from his artillerymen, and it was said that he had taught them all! What patriotism and devotion must exist in one who, wealthy and married, could consent to remain in the army, be stationed at Hong Kong, and undertake to teach artillerymen music!

Of course, we rushed to see this prodigy. The musicians, to the number of six or seven, had assembled, and set up their music-stand. Presently a red-faced officer, with a cornet in one hand and a white handkerchief in the other, came tripping along the green, escorted by a brother officer. He always came on in this way. After considerable turning over of books, and whispering between the leader and the artillerymen, the music burst out with a tremendous crash, and we could not but admire the way in which he had trained his soldiers—for he did everything, and their accompaniment was faint, and of little moment. At a distance, one could only hear his instrument, and now and then the deep, monotonous pumping of the trombone. Poor man; he died before we left the station, of excessive cornet-à-piston, and ale.

The 24th of May, the Queen's birthday, came and roused us up from our despondency. There was a review of the troops, on the parade-ground, and our senses of sight and hearing were fairly exercised. There was a great deal of red and glitter, and an immense amount of howling and of cannon. We would soon have relapsed again into melancholy, however, but for the ball given that night at the governor's. To that we were invited.

It was on this occasion that I took my first ride in a sedan-chair. I went a distance of two miles, I suppose, and on emerging from the chair, I tottered into the house, a sadder and "a wiser man." Those who hold that we are descended from the ape tribe, might here find a plausible theory for the gradual disappearance of the caudal

appendage. If I had had a tail, I am sure it would have been worn off on this transit from my rooms to the gubernatorial mansion.

This edifice appears rather ordinary, especially by comparison—for the house right alongside, inhabited by our naval storekeeper, is much superior. A very handsome dwelling is in the process of construction, however, for the governor, on the summit of a hill, which makes one think of the confusion of tongues, and causes one's legs to quake in anticipation.

We were met, on entering, by Sir John Bowring, a very pleasant and amiable elderly gentleman, with cordial manners, and rather quaint style. His wife and daughters were seated with the ladies, in a circle, in the receiving-room, looking very stiff and savage, and seeming to think they had no share whatever in entertaining. One or two bold men were roaming around in the circle, but the mass were outside, in an adjoining room, and presented a goodly array of uniforms. Having been presented to Lady Bowring and her daughters, I was pushed aside for successors, and left to my fate, unprotected in the formidable circle. There being none but elderly and not particularly attractive persons in the ring, and they looking very severe, I handled my handkerchief as gracefully as I could, and withdrew. Dancing commenced, in which three ladies and twenty officers took part; and although the regimental band played some lively airs, I was not induced to join in the struggle for the hand of one of the three. Four or five officers looked as if they wanted to be sociable, and pay us attention, but they were too sober and awkward. Refreshments were very plentiful, and the night closed with an elegant supper. The next day we awoke to the consciousness that this little episode was over, and we were as cheerless as before. We became more doleful than ever, and sauntered up and down the "Queen's road," to preserve a circulation.

But this could not last. We felt that it could not. Something must be done to rouse our failing energies, or we would "sink into the silent tomb." Something at last did come. Whispers, then loud outcries, reached our ears. The theme was passed from mouth to mouth. The theme was—Pirates! That name associated in our

minds with blood, plate, jewelry, and gibbets! The sullen merchants were actually excited, and commenced to cultivate the acquaintance of military men. The *coolies* tore around with their masters, who leaned out of their chairs, and conversed with each other,

"Whispering, with white lips—the foe! they come! they come!"

It came about in this wise. The war with Russia had been declared. A small Russian squadron, that had visited the port some months before, on their way to the north, was magnified into a fleet by the nervous inhabitants of the colony. Reports came in every day, that suspicious frigates were hovering in the offing. One morning several intelligent men were ready to swear that during the previous night a steamer—there was a very small one in the Russian squadron—had glided mysteriously through the harbor, reconnoitering its state of preparation.

Then, too, the great Chinese rebellion had reached the neighborhood of Canton. The insurgents laid siege to the city, and the work of devastation and barbarity commenced. Immense quantities of bad gunpowder were expended, terrific explosions shook the air, and hordes of men rushed about with banners, and fired their matchlocks—without ball—in the most ferocious manner. The foreign residents became greatly alarmed for the safety of their property. Every harmless explosion would make them start in their seats, and imagine that a hundred fire-brands were being applied to their dwellings. "Will you ascend to the terrace and see the smoke of burning villages?" said old Peter Piper one day, in very agitated tones, to a friend of mine.

In the midst of all this, attention was suddenly drawn towards the pirates of the coast. They were represented as having commenced their depredations more vigorously than ever. At least ten small fishing-boats, each with a crew of two men, a woman, and three babies, were captured in one week! A large Dutch merchant-ship arrived, and reported that they had been chased by several suspicious-looking junks.

One can scarcely conceive the excitement into which the people of Hong Kong were thrown by all these events. The men unanimously agreed

to form a volunteer company. They were carried in chairs to the parade-ground, followed by *coolies* carrying their muskets and accoutrements. There they were drilled by sergeants of the 59th, and suffered every species of agony for the common cause. Our host of the "Commercial," who was very fat, stood it for a few days, and at last came to us privately, to learn if he could not be naturalized as an American by our consul.

It was confidently asserted, that the Russians had formed an alliance with the Chinese pirates, and were preparing for a simultaneous attack upon the colony. Even the government was roused into activity. Defects were found in the defenses of the place, guns were dragged to commanding points, and hulks, transformed into floating batteries, were hauled out into the stream.

Amid this contagion we could not well escape. Indeed, we were glad to find means to stimulate our sinking energies. Our merchants clamored loudly for protection, and we were glad to afford it. But in the mean time the panic with regard to pirates reached its climax. An American ship arrived that had been chased by them. The captain told his story, and magnifying as it went from mouth to mouth, it soon became the history of a wonderful and thrilling escape. The junks were said to have been of immense size, heavily armed, and the decks crowded with men, bristling with horrid weapons.

A Portuguese officer, who commanded a small cruiser at Macao, addressed us a note, about this time, which contained a polite invitation to go out with him and fight the audacious corsairs, who were impeding and destroying commerce.

He knew, he said, the lurking-place of a fleet of sixty. With the help of our brig he could exterminate them, and rid, for a while, the neighborhood of this increasing danger. There was no resisting the popular clamor, and however painful the prospect of shedding so much blood may have been to some, we were ordered to go. Lengthy dispatches came from the commander of our squadron, who was protecting the American interests at Canton. The documents were sealed, and not to be opened until we had reached latitude 22° 10' 30" N., and longitude 114° 03'

40° E.—just three miles from the anchorage. The greatest secrecy was preserved in regard to our movements, so that no one, excepting the *comprador* and his men, ten pilots, fifteen washer-women, and Messrs. De Pewter & Co., ship-chandlers, knew where we were going. As the *compradors* and pilots were well known to be stockholders in the "Celestial Consolidated Piratical Association," of course there was no objection to their knowing the object of our expedition.

So one morning the sailors hove up the anchor cheerily, our topsails filled, and we glided softly out. But as we had to go the whole length of the harbor, and pass in review before the town, all those who did *not* know that we intended going away, and consisting of tailors, shoemakers, and other tradesmen, were seized with the terrible idea that we were off for home! They jumped into their "pull-aways" and "sampsans," and came frantically after us. The water was smooth, the sun bright, the sky clear, and a nice breeze was blowing off the land. Everything favored the regatta. We had to pass many ships, and their crews ceased from their various labors to cheer us on. Suddenly a boat started out, and appeared to be likely to head us off. Every glass was turned upon it. Four stout coolies were springing to their oars, and a short and very fat man was standing up in the stern, with his hat off, and urging on his crew. It was Winniberg, the proprietor of the "Commercial." The danger was imminent, but—as I once read in a nautical romance—"by a skillful manoeuvre of the helm, the brig was shot three lengths to windward," and in another moment

"The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared,
Merrily did we drop."

But before proceeding to the scene of action, it would be well to have a slight idea of the class of marauders whom we were about to meet in mortal combat.

Many people have seen the lower order of Chinese. The treasures of California gave an impulse to emigration from their empire, and from various causes, several of the race have drifted into our Atlantic cities. These are a fair type of the mass of the Chinese population. Thousands upon

thousands of them seek their livelihood upon the waters that lave their shores, or flow from the interior into the sea. The numbers of junks and fishing-boats which meet the eye everywhere near the Chinese coast, is a peculiarity noticed by every traveler. Now amid such a vast mass of people, living on the water, and belonging to a race not remarkable for their honesty, it would be strange if there were not thieves afloat as well as on the land. And there are great numbers. They have organized themselves into bands, and with such a field for plunder, make a very good business of it. So much so, indeed, that many mandarins have gone into the speculation and own numbers of armed junks, that are either pirates, rebels, or parts of the imperial navy, according to circumstances. The vessels employed are of the same class and build as the coast fishing-boats. Those who picture to themselves a Chinese junk, such as are generally seen in prints, would have no idea of the appearance of the craft in question. Instead of ugly and unwieldy structures, they are rather pleasing in appearance, and easily managed. They are very lightly built, with low, sharp bows, and the stern high and broad above water. Seen at a distance, this singular form creates the impression that they are about leaving the surface of the waters and simultaneously diving to the depths below. They carry two large mat sails, of the lug character, hoisted on heavy masts, the fore raking forward, and the main upright, and generally tapering into a light stick, with a queer-looking pennant fluttering in the breeze. Besides these, a little *jigger* mast is stepped on one of the quarters, upon which traverses a light sail for the purposes of manoeuvring. There are no bulwarks, and only a low rail, or wash-board. On the deck, and rudely attached somewhere and anywhere, are mounted the guns, mostly six and twelve pounders, generally of native make, though sometimes purchased at Hong Kong and Shanghai, of foreign merchants. Each gun has a piece of red rag tied around the muzzle, for what reason we did not discover. Their gunnery is very simple, aim being entirely dispensed with. The load consists of powder—wretched stuff—tied up in something, and then any heavy, round thing that will go in after

it. Should nothing be found to answer, the powder only is inserted.

But what makes these villains particularly formidable, is the missiles which they throw, rejoicing in the unclassical, though appropriate, name of stink-pots. The moment they are about attacking their helpless prey, a reluctant individual is hoisted to the head of the mainmast, and remains there during the action, with a lighted slow match. He has a basket, or receptacle for his missiles, which is replenished from below as occasion requires. The projectile itself consists of an earthen jar filled with all kinds of combustibles, difficult to extinguish, which send forth an effluvia that stifles every one within reach. The moment the vessel can be brought sufficiently near, this "little cherub that sits up aloft" ignites his jar, and throws it upon the deck of his antagonist. This confuses the combatants, and sets fire to the vessel, and more junks grappling on other sides, the victim is soon overwhelmed.

All this is traditional, being the usual and cheering account that one hears in China, especially if about to sail in a small and unarmed vessel.

We had got well posted in all these particulars prior to sailing, and Bliggs, in a conversation with some one who had been in several engagements with the pirates, learned many valuable "wrinkles;" amongst others, that dressing in a complete under-suit of the thickest woolen was a capital precaution against the flames of the stink-pots.

I have not mentioned, that we took a passenger on board to assist us in this crusade. This was a Captain Yarnier, an Englishman, who had disseminated a beautiful and exciting account of his experience. His story was, that the vessel under his command had been wrecked on the coast of Cochin China. There he had hired one or two small junks, placed part of the cargo on board of them, and proceeded, with his long boat in company, towards Hong Kong. Just before reaching their journey's end, they were attacked by a numerous and ferocious band of corsairs, who stripped them of everything, carried some of the crew into captivity, but graciously allowed the captain, empty-handed, to proceed to Hong Kong. Here he made a great row, and the story im-

proved by repetition. Our commander heard of it, and invited him to accompany us, to identify the villains. Yarnier, after some hesitation, concluded to accept the offer, and came on board at the last moment with his baggage, consisting of a case of gin, one of brandy, and two of ale.

We were only a few hours running over to Macao. A fair wind carried us merrily through the picturesque archipelago that separates the two ports. But of course we were busy making preparations all this time, and, ever on the alert, scanning closely all the fishing-boats that we passed. Once we were thrown into convulsions, by the sudden apparition of a suspicious sail, gliding out of a remote and hidden harbor. Every one rushed simultaneously to his arms. There was a terrible confusion for a few moments. The sailors hurried to and fro, casting loose the guns, collecting the implements and arms; hatches were battened down, Pills flew around with a saw, Bliggs struggled to get into a woolen shirt; there was a great jargon of orders, and somehow or other the brig tacked, wore, chapeled, backed and filled, shook in the wind, fell off, box-hauled, but finally hove-to. Then every one was desperately calm. Nothing could be heard, and all eyes were fixed upon our noble captain. He stood in majestic dignity, with one hand holding the speaking-trumpet to his lips, and the other grasping firmly a gleaming sword. I can easily imagine the state of feeling of the crew of the Constitution, while approaching the Guerriere, during those awful moments when they anxiously awaited Hull's order to fire.

Finally the captain hailed. His accents were slightly tremulous, and he said:

"Man-man, masquee, wilo, chow-chow, chop-chop, chin-chin, fifty-fifty. Are you a pilot?"

Most of us thought he said pirate, and we awaited the denouement with throbbing hearts. At last we heard floating on the air the faint sounds of the reply:

"High-oh! my first chop pilot!"

In another moment, there was a thump, and then a grating noise, and the boat was alongside. Many thought we were boarded, and by some accident several pistols went off. But all was soon happily explained. The boat was

a native pilot boat, with the usual crew, an old man, woman with baby lashed on her back, and small boy. A large chunk of salt beef was given to them, and they were dismissed, all much relieved at the happy termination of the adventure.

We anchored off Macao in the afternoon, and the captain went at once on shore to communicate with his Excellency the Governor, in obedience to his orders. At the mansion, he met Captain Burrero, the Portuguese naval officer who had sent the invitation. Our skipper reported his arrival, and readiness to undertake an expedition against the pirates of the China seas. The Governor and Burrero were much gratified, complimented Shoat, our captain, and all consulted on the best method of proceeding. The French admiral, whose frigate was in port, was present, and joined in the conversation. Burrero entertained them with thrilling accounts of "Whang Chang Aluk," "the Celestial Avenger," or, "the Pirate of Koolan Bay," with whom he had had frequent encounters. Burrero had received information of the collection of an immense force in the pirates' stronghold, and knew exactly where to go. The French admiral was seized with enthusiasm, and declared that if they had no objection, he would add 120 of his men to the expedition. The offer was gladly accepted, and they all agreed that Shoat should command the fleet. Then they rushed around Macao, to find small vessels that might be chartered to convey the French force, and finally they found three private-armed "lorchas." These are a mongrel class of vessel, built by the Portuguese, and resembling Chinese craft in their rig.

At last, after some trouble and confusion, the expedition was formed, and got under way early in the morning in "order of sailing" No. 178, that being the most convenient under the circumstances, and consisting in obeying the motto, "do as you darned please."

The squadron now consisted of the following formidable and gallant force:

U. S. brig "Tortoise" (flag-ship)—Armament: two medium 32's, one 24-pound howitzer, three 12-pound do.; crew, 70 men.

Royal Portuguese lorchas, "Noquie-ro"—Armament: two long 32's, six 24's; crew, 30 men.

Two launches of H. I. M. frigate, "Victime"—Two 12-pounders; 120 men.

Three chartered lorchas—Nine 12-pounders; 30 men.

Total—25 guns; 250 men.

We had to go about forty miles, and the wind was not favorable, though, towards the afternoon, it hauled a little, and enabled us to head our course. We beat about at first, in all directions, strictly obeying the motto already mentioned, and which may be said to have been our "England expects," etc.

But the time occupied in reaching the pirates' lair was not wasted, at any rate, by us in the ward-room. Revolvers and Sharp's rifles were thoroughly overhauled, cleaned, and loaded. Swords were sharpened, and one or two who had bowie-knives, got them in order. Rifles and double-barreled guns were taken out of their cases. Pills examined and wiped his surgical instruments, collected tourniquets, and examined with a critical eye the size of the ward-room table, to see if a man could be conveniently laid out on it. Bliggs collected his woolen clothing, and Yarnier got accustomed to the noise of sudden explosions, by taking a great deal of brandy and soda.

Finally, towards the afternoon, the fleet somehow or other got together, and were gradually approaching the redoubtable bay. Look-outs were aloft, and we were all beginning to feel anxious, when the well-known cry of "Sail-ho!" made us all start, as if we had been lifted by the explosion of a boiler. There was a great rush for the poop, and every spy-glass was turned towards the locality in which the vessel was reported. The atmosphere was a little misty, and for some time we could distinguish nothing. At last we succeeded in discerning something that looked like vessels at anchor, under the lee of a high island. The greatest enthusiasm ensued. One would have supposed we were about entering the harbor of New York, after a long cruise, so great was the joy depicted on every countenance. Every one told his neighbor what to do with his effects, in case he should fall in battle, and we talked cheerfully of amputated legs, blood, stink-pots, and explosions of magazines.

Yarnier was beside himself with delight, at the prospect of revenging his wrongs upon his atrocious despoilers,

and became so red in the face with excitement, that we became alarmed, and were obliged to put him to bed, and bathe his head with cold water.

Shoat, as soon as he was satisfied that the enemy's vessels were in sight, signalized to that effect to the fleet, all the vessels being now within a few lengths of each other. The signal not being understood, we were obliged to interpret it by hailing, and shortly after Burrero and Dégouté—the officers commanding the French division—came on board the flag-ship, to hold a conference. This resulted in the usual and important consequence, that all disagreed on the subject of the attack. One advocated using boats only, another the practicability of taking in the vessels themselves. The native pilots were consulted, and as they did not seem to know where they were, and much less what was asked of them, their opinions were judiciously left out. There was a good deal of gallant talk on the part of the commanders, and Shoat sustained the honor of our noble flag, by touching allusions to its folds, and expressing his willingness to be wrapped up in them, accompanied by the detonation of horse-pistols, etc., etc.

In the mean time we were gradually approaching; but the wind became very light, and we scarcely moved over the tranquil waters. The sun poured down his scorching rays, and we all commenced to feel less like facing the awful and dreaded stink-pots. But we were roused up by several consecutive explosions of soda bottles, and the conference having ended in irreconcilable division of opinion, came on deck to look around. In one thing they did agree, nevertheless, and that was that it would be advisable to reconnoitre the position and strength of the enemy.

Our captain called Squibb, and gave him directions to take one of the hired lorchas and go as near as was prudent and ascertain the number of the pirates, the depth of water near by, and other useful information.

Five or six armed men accompanied him, and by the aid of sweeps and occasional favorable puffs of wind, lorchas No. 3 succeeded in getting within a couple of miles of the enemy. We could watch the proceedings of Squibb with our glasses, and he evidently was preparing for battle.

"Surely he can't mean to attack them

alone!" said Pills. But lorchas No. 3 was suddenly put about, and used as great exertions to return as she had used to go. When about half-way a signal was made, but it was read differently from what Squibb had intended. There was a great fault in our impromptu code, I must say, and, indeed, I candidly think we would have done better without it. From the scarcity of flags, we were obliged to adopt the plan of making one figure of the whole number at a time, and then show the end of the signal by a particular flag. Thus, if we wanted to make No. 146, which in the book might mean "attack the enemy," it was necessary to make No. 1, then 4, then 6, and indicate the end by a particular flag. But sometimes an accident might prevent the last number from being seen, and then the signal would be No. 14, which might mean "Come to anchor." In the present case the signal was read, "Return to the port from whence you came. This occasioned a little astonishment at first, but most thought it prudent to obey, and consequently went about. Fortunately, there was but little wind, and Squibb came up in lorchas No. 3, and explained. He brought intelligence that there were twenty-five junks at anchor, all full of men, and that they were evidently preparing for battle, for large red flags were displayed on all the vessels, and there was a great bustle evident in the fleet. Yarnier, who had entirely recovered, now told us, with a shudder, that the red flags meant, "war to the death!" All hands were now wrought up to the consciousness of an approaching desperate struggle, and every one prepared for the worst. The prows of the fleet were once more turned towards the Pirates' Bay and we slowly but steadily advanced.

In the mean time, the sun was fast declining, and already was but a few diameters above the western horizon. Of course, all idea of an attack that day was given up; but we determined to get close by, and rush into battle early in the morning. Just at sundown, Shoat, who had been plunged in deep thought for some time, gave the order to man his gig. We all supposed he was going on board the Noquero to see her captain, but when he ordered the men to arm, and announced that "he was going in to take a look at the villains," we were thunderstruck with

amazement. Squibb, undoubtedly filled with envy, and thinking his reconnoitering expedition had done all that was necessary, said: "The man's mad! What's the use?" But we soon frowned him down, and, crest-fallen, he retired to his room.

Shoat invited Brodwurst to accompany him, and the latter, in a moment of enthusiasm, accepted. They shoved off, and we bid them adieu with tears in our eyes, thinking that there was but little chance of ever beholding them again.

They pulled first to each vessel of the fleet, and Shoat, standing up, made some appropriate remarks. To the Frenchmen he spoke of Lafayette and the Marseillaise, and worked upon their feelings until they fairly screamed with enthusiasm. He then pulled away, amid the cheers of the fleet, and was soon lost to view by the approach of night.

We came to anchor shortly after, and took the precaution to have everything ready for surprise. A spring was put upon the cable, the boarding nettings were triced up, and every one lay down to rest, with a cutlass, two pistols, and a carbine by his side. Few could sleep after the excitement of the day, and from the consciousness of our proximity to the notoriously treacherous pirates, who were aware of our locality, and the purposes of our expedition. Then, too, the continued absence of our beloved captain preyed on all minds, and last, though not least, the heat was intense. Many of us paced up and down with cutlasses in hand, almost snorting with excitement and anxiety to be led to combat.

Two or three times we were startled by the blazing up of a fire on the shore near by. That detractor, Squibb, said that fishermen were there, pursuing their avocations, but all heard him with scorn, and pitied him for his ignorance. We well knew that the piratical villains were communicating horrid schemes by these night signals. At last, towards morning, worn out with fatigue and watching, most of us were beginning to slumber, when we were all aroused by the call to quarters.

A boat was heard pulling towards our vessel. We prepared for the worst, but it turned out to be, as some expected, the captain "home returning."

We rushed to the gangway to receive

him, and congratulate him on his safe return. He staggered into his cabin, overcome with fatigue, and barely muttered out: "seize and bind them! and carry them to the deepest dungeon 'neath the top-gallant forecastle!" We gazed in mute astonishment; and then came Brodwurst, whose hair, as the light of a lantern fell on his head, we saw had turned visibly gray. Next, to our admiration and delight, came two very old and decrepit Chinamen, one with a severe cut on his forehead. They were bound hand and foot, according to directions, and securely confined, and then we crowded around Brodwurst to hear the news. He gave us a thrilling account of the expedition, stopping every now and then to wipe the perspiration from his brow. He told us how they came across a sampan with three men, who were audaciously fishing at the entrance of the bay. How they boarded and captured them without the loss of a man. How the oldest one was intimidated, by threats and occasional judicious blows, into divulging the number of pirates within the bay. How the old man ran up from two to one hundred, until they thought it advisable to stop. How they left the boat at anchor in charge of the other Chinaman, as prize master, with strict injunctions to remain there till morning. How they proceeded a little further in, and were finally chased by five large junks. How they pulled for their lives; and finally, how deuced glad he was to be back on board the old Tortoise.

Our feelings were worked up to the highest pitch by this adventure, and we waited impatiently for the break of day, to raise our anchor and proceed to the attack. At last the time came. Very little breakfast was eaten; and about nine o'clock—only a little after break of day—we hurried to our stations to get under way. The small vessels proceeded in first, and came to anchor just inside of the entrance of the harbor. We soon followed, and a light breeze and fair tide carried us in towards the enemy's anchorage. We, too, came to anchor, just abreast of our consorts, and in the middle of the passage. The pirates' fleet was in full view, and anchored in the same place where we had seen them the day before. We must have been about a mile and a half from them, and,

with our spy-glasses, could see their crews quite distinctly. The vessels were all decorated with red and black triangular flags, and there were quantities of men on board each one, and many passing to and fro in small boats. There were twenty-one junks, and they were evidently busy preparing for our reception.

The bay in which we now found ourselves was formed by the juxtaposition of three islands on the southern coast of China, and distant about forty miles from Macao. The three islands can be imagined as forming the extremities of a right-angled triangle, the base forming the entrance, and the space comprised within the perpendicular occupied by the pirate fleet.

We came to anchor, as I said, in the entrance, and if it had been a closed bay, the enemy would have been completely at our mercy, as they could never have passed us against the wind and tide. But as it was, there was a passage to the northwest, leading out to sea, and up into more intricate bays. Through this the pirates could, at any time, go, with a fair wind and tide, and elude pursuit, as the depth of water was uncertain, and supposed to be too little for our vessel.

Under the circumstances, therefore, it was extremely kind and thoughtful of us to give the enemy every opportunity to save themselves. They knew what to expect if they remained; and if they were determined not to go away, their blood must be on their own heads. They had seen us cruising in the neighborhood all the previous day; knew that we were at anchor four or more miles off during the night, and now we had anchored a little closer, so that they could carefully examine our force, and not be able to say they had rushed blindly into combat. They still had a chance of escape; for before we could lift our anchor and be after them, the wind and tide and their numerous sweeps, or long oars, would carry them among the intricacies of shoals and bays known only to themselves, and where it would have been very imprudent for us to follow.

But the savage wretches did not budge. Some of us became very angry at their pigheadedness, and finally Shoat went on board the Noquero to hold a consultation.

He returned in an hour or two, and, as he came over the side, he gave the

order to the first lieutenant, in a deeply impressive tone, to get under way.

"We will attack them at once," he said, and we rushed to our stations with alacrity. It did not take long to heave up the anchor, and, as our bows fell off towards the enemy, we commenced to glide towards them under topsails. Top-gallant sails and royals were soon set, and we neared the pirates very fast. Still they did not move.

We cleared for action. The guns were cast loose, and ammunition passed up and placed near them. Every one strapped on cutlass and pistols. Boarding-pikes were ranged in convenient places. The hatches were battened down, with the exception of small apertures for passing ammunition. Two or three went into the wardroom to fill shell. The carpenter and his gang rigged the pumps, and got their plugs, sheet-lead, etc., ready for stopping holes made by the cannon-balls of the enemy. Pills, the surgeon, came out and distributed tourniquets, and gave short and practical directions for applying them above the severed limb.

Bliggs marched with a firm step to his station (on the forecastle, in charge of No. 1 gun), dressed in a complete suit of woolen. He had on the usual weapons, and behind him marched the powder-boy of his division, carrying one double-barreled gun, one ducking gun, one Sharp's rifle, one long ditto, two spare revolvers, and a pair of dueling pistols.

The captain, very wisely, had all the sick brought up and placed on the poop. This is unusual; but when we consider how much more satisfactory it must have been for them to be able to see everything, and, in case we were sunk by the enemy, that they could have had a chance for their lives, instead of being cooped up below, we must allow that it was very thoughtful.

We were about half ready, when it was thought we were within range of the long guns. We looked astern, and saw the Noquero following gallantly in our wake, and behind her the lorchas with the French boats. Ahead were the pirates, still at anchor; but at each mast-head there was now a dark lump which had not been there before, and indicating that the "stink-pot throwers" were in position. This unmistakable evidence of their relentless and bloody purpose banished all feelings of pity

from our hearts, and the order was given to fire. The Tortoise yawed a little, and at ten minutes past eleven, A. M., the action commenced by the deafening report of our brass howitzer as it hurled forth its burning shell towards the vessel of Whang-Chang-Aluk, the Celestial Avenger. The missile burst beautifully in the air, half-way to its intended lodging-place, and shortly after the action became general, and events followed each other in quick succession. The wind became lighter, and we drifted rapidly to leeward. The pirates got under way as if by magic, and thirteen war-junks formed in line of battle to windward of us, and opened a lively fire. They formed on the starboard tack, and headed towards the entrance of the harbor through which we had come in. Three of the vessels remained at anchor—they turned out to be captured traders—and five ran before the wind and escaped through the northwest passage. The remainder of our fleet commenced a furious cannonade, and we kept up our own with vigor. The hills reverberated the explosions, and the noise became so great as to completely deafen one of us, and oblige him to receive communications during the action in writing. When the smoke allowed us to see, we were struck with the beauty of the spectacle. About a mile and a half to windward was the pirate fleet in line of battle, belching forth their flames, and slowly creeping out of the harbor. On our side, our little squadron was huddled together, firing as fast as possible, and using every endeavor to get nearer to the enemy. Half-way between the contending fleets the water was lashed into foam by a hail-storm of balls of various calibres, and every now and then the shell would burst in mid-air, and dissolve in beautiful wreaths of white smoke.

The two French launches pulled towards the pirates, with the intention of engaging closely; but they came so near being sunk by the shot and shell of our brig, that they were obliged to retire.

On board of the Tortoise, all were doing their utmost. Every one was firing his gun as fast as he could, and to the best of his ability. Some were intensely occupied in trying to tack the brig. Yarnier rushed around in every direction, falling down over the ropes, letting some go, and pulling on others.

Some idea can be formed of the many things necessary to do, by the following sounds which might have been heard issuing from the lips of different persons about the same time, in the exercise of their various duties.

"Stand by!" "Fire!" "Let go the topsail braces!" "Load!" "I can't hear you!" "A two second fuze!" "Call away the two quarter boats!" "Let go, and haul!" "Sponge!" "Two thirty-two's!" "Where the devil's the cartridge?" "Let go the anchor!" "Set the royals!" "Where's the pilot?" "And a half four!"

In the mean time we were not getting any nearer to the enemy. At last the wind freshened, and we commenced to go ahead a little. We made the signal, "Follow my motions," which luckily none obeyed, as by doing so they would have been drawn further from the pirates, and into a dreadful snarl. At last we advanced perceptibly, and the men could not resist a shout of exultation when we fancied that we gained on the enemy. The pirates had now nearly reached the opposite side of the bay, and were ready to tack, and would have "fetched out" clear of the western point of the entrance. They stood over so close to the shore that we thought they were about to run aground, and blow up their vessels, and then escape into the hills.

We were overflowing with excitement and anxiety, and groaned for more wind. But suddenly, and at forty minutes past one, P. M., just two hours from the commencement of the action, the pirates performed a skillful manœuvre, by which they puzzled our fleet, and finally escaped. Six of their vessels tacked in succession and stood out to sea, while the remainder of the fleet bore up together, and ran to the northeast in another outlet of the harbor. None of our squadron seemed inclined to follow the latter, and we all went about to chase the division to seaward. Shoat then made the signal, "Chase the enemy to leeward;" but by an accident, the nature of which has been already explained, only the first number was read, which signified, "Surgical assistance wanted."

Upon this, the doctor of the French division shoved off in a small boat, and came to us at the imminent hazard of his life, as, when nearly alongside, one of our shells exploded too soon, and came very near sinking the whole party.

society of Jesus ranks among the most important organizations of earthly origin which have ever existed.

Moved by this consideration alone, and with no partisan purpose, we propose a rapid sketch of the history of this society. We say with no partisan purpose; for we write neither to denounce nor to defend the institution; still, in doing justice to history, we cannot overlook those facts which supply materials for the highest praise and the highest blame, both of which, we may add, have been freely pronounced within and without the pale of the Catholic church. Father Bartoli, himself one of the order, and the most enthusiastic biographer of its founder, writing one hundred years after Loyola's death, has said, "There exists not only among sectarians, but even among Catholics, a vast number of persons who have endeavored to draw down the hatred and contempt of the world upon this order, representing it at one time as a disturber of the peace; at another as designing and dangerous; and again as utterly degenerate."

The necessities of the times in which this order arose were pressing. The zeal of the church had for centuries expended itself in efforts to recover the holy sepulchre from the hands of infidels. The remnant of the crusaders had returned to the west with a new impulse and direction given to their spirit of inquiry by contact with Greek and Saracen minds. Schools had been multiplied. Greek and Hebrew learning had begun to be cultivated, and numbered such men as Petrarch and Dante among its successful followers. It was fostered by the papal see. This impulse given in Italy, spread to the west and north. The study of the languages introduced with its early freshness the inspired announcement of which both of these tongues had been original mediums, and the philosophy, eloquence, and spirit of freedom, in the fascinating and soul-stirring expression of which, one of them remains to this day without a rival. The result was, that as soon as great nations could be aroused from the deep sleep of ages, they were in motion.

This movement in literature had its applications to philosophy, religion, and government. Hence revolution in the schools, the church, and the state. The impulse given to scientific study had one of its most important applications in

navigation. This art and the enterprise to keep it up, had never become extinct in Italy since the days of the old Romans. Portugal, Spain, Holland, and England had risen as rivals of the Italian states. Italy had given birth and Spain patronage to the genius who had placed a new world before the intensely awakened mind of Europe. Other arts, and especially that of printing, concurred in origin with the general movements. As emigrants got ready the implements to be used in their new home and new work, so all things were prepared and preparing for the great migration.

Of human interests, religion is the one of largest extent, and so most deeply rooted in the universal heart. Hence it supplied the element of profoundest excitement in the general conflict. It happened, however, strangely enough, that the reigning pontiff at the opening of this struggle, though a great patron of letters, had little concern about religion. Father Sforzi, the learned historian of the Council of Trent, says of Leo X.: "He would have been a perfect pontiff if to his many excellences he had united some knowledge in matters of religion and a little more inclination to piety — two things about which he seemed to care but little." Leo stimulated the rising spirit of inquiry in literature, and left religion, as we now think that governments as such ought to leave it, to take care of itself. He even laughed when some of his prelates warned him of the peril to the church from the rapid spread of the new doctrines. From the intense vigor of the movement, and the apathy of the Romish see, the power of the latter had been broken in some of the countries of Europe, and crippled in others. Unless this work could be arrested soon defeat was sure. No engine existed which could work vigorously enough to withstand the momentum of the moving masses, embracing princes and populace, aroused to action in the sixteenth century. The existing religious orders were mainly adapted to a state of society which was rapidly passing away. As copyists of the classics and the scriptures and in other quiet ways, they had served all future ages, and all ages will remember their services. Some of these orders were engaged somewhat in missions. Some had rendered more doubtful service, and especially the Domini-

cans, in the crusade against the Albigenes and in the establishment of the inquisition which had its origin in that crusade. But formed mainly for their own personal benefit in seclusion from the world, they spent that time in prayers and vigils and penance which the stern necessities of the times claimed for the defense of the church. But at this juncture the needed order arose. Father Bartoli speaks of their founder as follows: "A man, indeed, whom the Lord had chosen as the leader of those who should bear his most holy name to the gentiles and nations, and bring infidels to the knowledge of the true faith, and call back the rebellious heretics to its unity, and defend the authority of his vicar on earth."

Ignatius de Loyola was born at the castle of Loyola, in Guipuscoa, on the bay of Biscay, in 1491. He was the youngest of eleven children. His father placed him at the court of his sovereign, Ferdinand the Catholic. In person, Ignatius was adapted to be a courtier. He was handsome. He had deep-set and piercing eyes, and a noble countenance. Early baldness added to all, gave him an aspect of dignity. He, however, saw no glory in the post of a page, and so sought to quench the ardent thirst of his ambition in the soldier's life. At the siege of Pampeluna by the French, in 1521, where none fought so bravely as himself, and where but for his heroism the garrison would have surrendered without fighting, he had both his legs broken. His misfortune decided the battle against the Spanish. His limbs were badly set, and an inflammatory fever followed, bringing him near his grave. Some of his later biographers make this sickness the occasion of several miracles. They say that on the eve of the festival of Saints Peter and Paul, the former appeared to him and touched and healed him. However this may have been, the apostle showed no great skill in surgery; for Loyola was left deformed and crippled for life. The apprehension of such a result troubled him so much that he submitted to the torture of having one of his limbs broken again that it might be better set, and as it was shorter than the other, he had it drawn out on a rack to remedy this defect. A bone which protruded through the skin below the knee he had sawn off. To these pangs were added those of a

love which could not be gratified on account of difference of rank. These checks to his ambition for the soldier's life, and a deeply wounded pride, are admitted to have controlled his decision to enter upon a religious life. Even Bartoli says that "in all this he was but a martyr to self-love and vanity." Had he been restored to soundness, his choice would, doubtless, have remained fixed upon the career of a soldier.

But the special influences which guided Loyola's mind, during his long convalescence, were his reading. He had read romances until his stock was exhausted. The lives of the saints were then placed before him. He was in a condition for strong impressions. The toils and sufferings of these martyrs, so much beyond his own, had a strange power over his excitable and sensitive imagination. The man who had sought a camp in preference to a court—who had grasped the sword at Pampeluna which all others would have surrendered—was the very one not to be foiled by any opposition when enlisted in a religious life.

His course was taken. He was to be the knight of the Holy Virgin. He took leave of his friends at Loyola without intimating his purpose, and, mounted on a mule, departed. He came near having an early chance of defending the honor of his patroness with the sword; for, falling in company with a Moor, a sharp discussion ensued on the perpetual virginity of Mary, which the latter denied. The Moor gave spurs to his mule and left Loyola meditating whether he ought not to require him to settle the insult with his life. The question of duty in this matter, Loyola left to the judgment of Providence; or, as some would say, of his mule; for, dropping the reins upon the neck of the animal, he determined that if she took the road which the Moor had taken, he would demand at the next village a settlement by the sword; otherwise, the matter should be dropped. The prudent animal took another road—the one leading to Montserrat. Arrived at this place, Loyola began the services of his dedication to religion. He made his general confession "with so much exactness and care," says Bartoli, "and so often interrupted by tears and sobs, that three whole days were employed in making it." Having passed the night of the 24th of March, 1522, in certain ceremo-

nies like those known in knight-errantry as the "vigil of the armor," watching and praying, standing or kneeling at the altar of our Lady of Montserrat, he, at the dawn of day, hung his sword on a pillar of the altar, gave away his effects, even exchanging clothes with a beggar, and left the place a *knight of the Virgin*.

He then went to Mayfresa—a little village above Barcelona, on the banks of the Cardenero—where he first entered the hospital, and afterwards a neighboring cave, and practiced an austerity in food and clothing almost beyond human endurance. He lodged upon the ground, as some say, in midwinter. He ate black bread mingled with earth and ashes. He tried to do everything so that nothing might be pleasing to nature. The boys in the streets derided him. Fever set in and brought him again near the grave. He recovered, and report of his extraordinary sanctity went abroad, and drew many to his cave. Here he composed his "Spiritual Exercises,"* the admiration of the order to this day. In allusion to this period, says one of his biographers, "nature revolted at so fearful a sacrifice as he was about to make."

Numerous miracles and miraculous visions are thickly sprinkled through Loyola's life by Bartoli, and the later biographers. These we shall pass over. There is, however, no reason to doubt that his fervid mind, in the intense excitement of preparation for his new and strange course of life, was raised to such pitch of enthusiasm as to project its own conceptions into external space, and deem them objective realities—a thing which we all do in dreams, and many an enthusiast of our day does even in the waking state.

Loyola's next step was a visit to Palestine for the conversion of its infidel population. There, on the very spot of the crucifixion, he claimed to have received a revelation directing him to form a society, and fixing the name—*Societas Jesu*—the Company of Jesus. Expelled from Palestine, he returned to Spain.

Loyola was illiterate. He felt that he must study. Sitting, at the age of thirty-four years, by the side of boys,

he began the paradigms of the Latin grammar. From 1524, for two years, he was at Barcelona. He next spent some time at Alcalá, mingling attempts at study and at making disciples. Here he was persecuted, and finally apprehended and imprisoned by the inquisition, for his strange habits in regard to dress and other matters, and his fanatical doctrine and efforts at proselyting; but he was dismissed with an injunction to reform. At Salamanca and Paris, whither he went successively for study, he fared no better; and at the latter place narrowly, and, as some say, miraculously, escaped a public whipping. He was at Paris from 1528 to 1534. His studies were mainly confined to ascetic works and books of devotion. Although his attainments in study were small, he formed here, during this period, his connection with those men who fixed the character of the society. These were men greatly superior to Loyola in learning, and in talents, too, except the talent of a will which could be held by no check, and to which nothing was unattainable.

The form of his project was not yet definite in his own mind; but the time of execution approached. On ascension day, in 1534, there met at the church of Montmartre, a little distance from Paris, Ignatius Loyola, Peter Faber, Francis Xavier, James Lainez, Alphonsus Salmeron, Nicholas Bobadilla, and Simon Rodriguez, and solemnly bound themselves together under the three vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience to whomsoever should be chosen superior, and agreed to meet to complete their plan of operations in Venice in 1537. Loyola departed immediately for Spain, and the others remained at Paris to complete their studies.

Loyola was in Venice before the others. He had there made the acquaintance of Pierre Caraffa (afterwards Pope Paul IV.), who had renounced a bishopric to found the order of the Theatines. Loyola proposed a plan for reforming this order, which Caraffa rejected, foreseeing, perhaps, that another than himself would thus become its ruling spirit; but he still offered to receive Loyola and his com-

* Some doubt, and perhaps not without reason, that Loyola is the real author of this book. It is not to our purpose to examine this question.

panions as members. This, however, would not answer their purpose.

When Lainez and Faber arrived at Venice, he sent them to Rome to seek the pope's blessing upon their enterprise of converting Palestine. This work, however, was given up on account of the war between the emperor and the Turks. He himself accompanied them back to Rome with a more distinct purpose; but while the pontiff (Paul Farnese) viewed them with favor, he took no notice of their proposed religious order. How should he be induced, was now the question, to sanction an institution which was to be almost independent of himself? Nothing could daunt Loyola. He called to Rome all his companions, several of whom, having made a triumphal procession from Paris through Germany, were scattered through Lombardy and other parts of Italy preaching with wondrous effect. He laid before them his plans more distinctly than ever before. To the other vows was added one to go without pay to any part of the world as missionaries, in obedience to the call of the Roman see. The rules and vows were drawn up in the form of a petition to the sovereign pontiff, and even yet met with some opposition, especially on the part of one of the cardinals to whom the pope looked for advice.

Let it here be remembered, that after the meeting in Venice three years and a half elapsed before the object was gained—that these were years of unremitting toil on the part of Loyola and his companions—that they were spent in preaching throughout Italy and in Rome itself, with an enthusiasm unknown in the Catholic church, except, perhaps, in the case of Peter the Hermit—and, finally, that Loyola, during this time, was brought to a public trial before the governor of the city of Rome, in circumstances which called up a kind of review of his previous trials at Alcalá, Paris, and Venice, and made prominent those zealous labors by which religious observances and charities had been greatly multiplied in Rome and the other cities where he or his companions had been. During this time, the pope had observed what kind of soldiers this company was likely to make, and on the 27th of September, 1540—nineteen years after Loyola was wounded, and resolved upon a religious life, the whole of which time had been spent

in the preliminaries and preparatory discipline, making him about fifty years of age—was published the bull, *Regimini Militantis Ecclesie*, constituting Ignatius Loyola, Peter Faber, James Lainez, Claudius Le Jay, Paschasius Brouet, Francis Xavier, Alphonso Salmeron, Simon Rodriguez, John Coduri, and Nicholas Bobadilla, a religious order by the name of "the Company of Jesus." The man who, in his spiritual exercises, and in most of his course, for nearly twenty years, had appeared to many almost a maniac, appears in the constitution of this society a genius of the first order. With little learning of his own, he had turned to account the learning of his associates, and wrought their suggestions into a system which, under himself and his successors, was to achieve such wonders for three centuries to come. We hesitate not to say that the results, wrought out solely in consequence of the organization effected by Loyola, transcend those which can be directly attributed to any uninspired man that ever lived. The movement which took its name from Luther would have occurred in some form if Luther had never lived. Our own revolution, headed by Washington, was not indebted to him for its origin, probably not for its issue. The immense power of the great Napoleon in the end only slightly changed the aspect of things in Europe from what it would have been without him, and, perhaps, more in relation to the power of the pope than anything else. Loyola, on the contrary, organized a company which we have no reason to suppose would have existed without him, and they have accomplished that, not a tithe of which would ever have been effected by the same individuals without the organization. The consequences of the movement in the sixteenth century have been estimated by what was actually effected in breaking the power of existing despots; but few have thought of estimating what would have been effected, if this new order had not thrown itself in the way of the stone that was rolling, and was likely soon to fill the whole earth, and arrest its progress. We have no doubt that the company of Loyola, by the wisdom of its system of education, and the skill and industry with which it was executed throughout Europe—by its diplomacy at the courts of sovereigns—by its foreign missionary system

—by the unity of its councils, and the intense vigor with which they were everywhere carried out—and, finally, by the new life which it infused into all the other religious orders, has stayed, for at least two centuries, the execution of the sentence, which at the time of the origin of the order, had already gone forth against the papal power.

The two things which fixed the character of the order, were the character of the first members, and the provisions of the constitution. Other religious orders had been supplied mainly from the poor. Ignatius was a nobleman and a courtier, with an ambition, a will, and an executive power, which entitle him to rank with Napoleon. His associates were men of courtly manners as well as of learning. Xavier was almost without peers in the fascinating power of his address. Lainez was one of the most accomplished theologians of his time, and in this character was the chief support of the pope at the council of Trent. Each of the ten had qualities of equal value. An equal number of men of their power could not have been found elsewhere. There was a charm about the origin of the order which brought royalty and nobility to lay their honors at its feet, and accept toils and privations in their stead. Nor were the numbers of this class small. The third general—Francis Borgia, Duke of Candia—was of this class, and he must renounce his honors and his wealth, before he could enter the novitiate. For three years he was refused admittance by Loyola himself, simply because he neglected to settle the affairs of his dukedom, and renounce all intercourse with his family. The very fact of the society's being formed of this class of men, had a tendency to keep up a succession of such for a long time.

The constitution, too, contained provisions wisely adapted to perpetuate the character of the body. It provided for several grades of membership. The novices performed a novitiate of two years, which was spent, the first month, in spiritual exercises, self-examination, confession of sins, and meditation; the second month, in serving the sick in hospitals, in proof of humility, and of having given up the vanities of the world; the third, in begging from door to door, subject to all sorts of inconvenience in eating and sleeping. The novices were to submit to be employed

in the most servile works of the house, and must always be indifferent as to the station or work assigned them. The *scholars*, or second grade, are of two kinds, the *received* and the *approved*. The former are those passing through a test of scholarship, previous to entering the novitiate; the latter are those who have passed through the novitiate, and taken the first three vows. The next class are the *coadjutors*, which are divided into *spiritual* and *temporal*. These have to submit to an additional year of trial, in order to give proof of their aptitudes. From the temporal coadjutors are taken porters, cooks, and business agents, and from the spiritual coadjutors are chosen college-rectors and superiors of religious houses. These must be priests. The highest class, and the only proper members of the society who are called to the general congregations, are the *professed*. From these are taken the *provincials*, who have the government of all the Jesuits in the provinces assigned to them.

Each was bound to an unquestioning obedience to every command of a superior; they were pledged to special care in the education of boys—the work of converting infidels and heretics was to be the great work of life, and each was to hold himself ready, at the call of the pope, to go on a mission for this purpose to any part of the world. This service, and those of confession, masses, etc., were to be performed without reward, all depending upon gratuities for support, even in case of their schools; they were instructed to use special care in confessing persons of distinction, so that by leniency they might secure their favor and patronage; no Jesuit could accept of any ecclesiastical dignity or benefice without the special consent of the general; they were released from the canonical hours of worship, fasts, and all other observances to which other orders are bound, at least whenever the temporary interpretation of their motto, "*Omnia ad maiorem Dei gloriam*" (all for the greater glory of God), seemed to require it: in short, they were released from everything which could impede, and bound to everything which could forward, the attainment of the one object to which their lives were dedicated.

If any should wonder how immunities were obtained, which rendered the society almost independent of the

church in whose service it was enlisted, let them call to mind that it was a time of peril to the Roman see, such as had never been. The pope saw and felt this, and was ready to grant any privileges to an order which promised to meet the emergency. The church, too, was beginning to call for such men. The excitement connected with Loyola and his companions had been kept up long enough to fix the attention of Europe. His renunciation of honors and wealth, and acceptance of poverty, privations and toil—his studies—labors for the conversion of others—enthusiasm—strange habit—and successive apprehensions and trials by the inquisition and other courts at Barcelona, Alcalá, Salamanca, Paris, Venice, and Rome—his utter disregard of everything which stood in the way of his cherished purpose, and the enthusiastic concurrence of all his companions in his will and work, had become known, and had raised extraordinary expectations. John III. of Portugal had sent for six, to be dispatched to his Asiatic colonies. Only two could be sent, but what six men could have equaled Xavier and Rodriguez? Xavier went to India; Rodriguez remained in Portugal. The rest dispersed to every part of Europe. Lainez and Le Jcy went to Germany; Le Fevre to Spain; Bobadilla to Naples; Brouet and Salmeron to Ireland. No place, however, held any one of them long. The command of the pope could fix every man's field, that of the general, his labors. When a demand was made, life and peace, or persecution and death, were alike in each one's eyes, unless the latter would seem to have been preferred. The spirit of the body was expressed by the calm and scornful answer of Le Jcy, when the populace at Vienna threatened to throw him into the Danube: "*What do I care, whether I enter heaven by water or land?*" They did fall by water and by land—singly and in pairs—nay, sometimes by platoons—just as would naturally result from implicit obedience to orders, which sent them on missions far or near—in European or Asiatic courts, Indian jungles or American wilds.

In 1542, Xavier landed at Goa, the capital of the Portuguese colony, on the western coast of Hindostan. He took lodgings at the hospital, and mingled with the poor. He associated also with the rich, and even played with

them at cards, acting piously upon the motto of the order, "*Ad majorem Dei gloriam.*" Having thus won good-will to himself, he went into the streets, with his hand-bell and crucifix, and, having rung the one, he held up the other, exhorting the multitudes to accept that religion of which it was the emblem. His great facility in acquiring foreign languages helped him much. He visited several times the pearl-fisheries on the Malabar coast, remaining at one time thirteen months, and planting forty-five churches. Cape Comorin, Travancore, Meliapore, the Moluccas, Malacca, and other ports of India, and, finally, the distant island of Japan—where Christianity was received, and soon was near becoming the religion of the empire—received his successive visits. Leaving two Jesuits on the island, he returned to settle some matters at Goa, which done, he sailed for China, but died at the island of Sancian, a few leagues from the city of Canton, in 1552—ten years only after his arrival in India. He had in this time established an inquisition and a college at Goa. Numbers of the society, whom he had wisely distributed, had been sent to his aid; and the Christians in India were numbered by hundreds of thousands before the death of this "*Apostle of the Indes.*" It has even been said, that he was the means of converting more persons in Asia than the church had lost by the Reformation in Europe.

The empire of China, which Xavier was not allowed to enter, was visited, half a century later, by the Jesuit Matthew Ricci, who introduced his religion by means of his great skill in science and art, especially mathematics and drawing. He assumed the garb of a mandarin—associated with the higher classes—dined with the Emperor—allowed those who received Christianity to retain any rites of their own religion to which they were attached—and died in 1610, bequeathing and recommending his policy to others. This plan of accommodation was far more elaborately carried out by Robert Nobili, who went to Madura, in southern Hindostan, as a missionary of the order in 1606. He had observed the obstacle which caste threw in the way of missionary labor, and resolved to remove it. He presented himself as a foreign Brahmin, and attached himself to that class. They had a tradition, that there once had

been four roads to truth in India, one of which they had lost. This he professed to restore. He did no violence to their existing ideas or institutions, but simply gave them other interpretations, and in three years he had seventy converted Brahmins about him. From this time he went on gathering crowds of converts, soon numbering 150,000.

This facile policy, however, attracted the notice of the other religious orders, was loudly complained of at Rome, and, after almost an entire century of agitation, was condemned in 1704 by a special legation, appointed by Clement XI. to inquire into the matter of complaint. Hundreds of thousands of these Christians were, and are still, scattered throughout Asia. When the decision of the Roman see was given against this policy, the Jesuits gave assurance that they had ceased to pursue it. It was afterwards found out, however, that it had never been discontinued.

The attention of the society was early directed to our own continent, and its missions everywhere anticipated the settlements. The most remarkable missions were in South America. Missionaries had been scattered over the whole continent, everywhere making converts, but doing nothing for the progress of the order. Aquaviva was general. This shrewd man saw the disadvantage of the policy, and at once applied the remedy. He directed, that, leaving only so many missionaries scattered over the continent as should be absolutely necessary, the main force should be concentrated upon a point. Paraguay was chosen. The missionaries formed what were called *reductions*—that is, villages into which the Indians were collected from their roving life, taught the ruder arts of civilization, and some of the rites and duties of the Christian religion. These villages were regularly laid out with streets, running each way from a public square, having a church, work-shops, and dwellings. Each family had a small piece of land assigned for cultivation, and all were reduced to the most systematic habits of industry and good order. Hours for rising and retiring—for labor, recreation, and devotion—and even for returning within the walls of their own houses at evening, were fixed. None were allowed to leave the reductions without permission, and no European could visit them unattended. The women received on Monday

morning their flax, which they must return spun on Saturday evening. The men were trained to arms, and all the elements of an independent empire were fast coming into being. In 1632, thirty years after the starting of this system, Paraguay had twenty reductions, averaging 1,000 families each, which, at a moderate estimate, would give a population of 100,000, and they still went on prospering until three times this number are, by some, said to have been reached. The Jesuits started, in California, in 1642, the same system, which they fully entered upon in 1679. This, next to Paraguay, became their most successful mission.

In 1528, fourteen years before the order received the pope's sanction, a company of Spanish adventurers landed at what is now Pensacola, Florida, having with them Franciscan missionaries. But the party, all but four, perished by famine and the hands of the Indians, in an effort to reach the Spanish settlements in Mexico. As early as 1544 and subsequently other missionary efforts were made, mostly in the vicinity of St. Augustin, Florida, connected with which there were as many as twenty-six Jesuits from 1561 to 1570; but the missions entirely failed of success, and many of the missionaries perished by savage hands, a just revenge, as the Indians, doubtless, felt, for Spanish cruelty to them. In 1570 the Florida mission being given up, Father Lagura, vice-provincial of the order of the Jesuits, with seven others, and a converted chief, who had just returned from Spain, and some Indian boys, who had been educated at the academy at Havana, set out to found a mission in the tribe to which the chief belonged, on the Chesapeake bay, on the borders of Maryland and Virginia. This was thirty-eight years before the settlement of Jamestown, Va.—the first English settlement on the American continent. "The missionaries landed," says Shea, the historian of American Catholic missions, "with Don Louis, as the chief was now called, and without a sigh beheld the vessel stand out to sea, leaving them the only Europeans for a thousand miles around." This whole company of missionaries perished by the treachery of the chief, as was afterwards reported by one of the Indian boys. Such incidents as this show the determined zeal of the order.

In 1611, nine years before the landing of the pilgrims at Plymouth, two French Jesuits began a mission to the Abnaki Indians, at the mouth of the St. Croix river, in what is now the state of Maine. Argall of Virginia attacked the station two years afterward, and broke it up, having killed one of the missionaries in the attack. The other he took away a prisoner. The order, however, early established themselves at Quebec. There they soon had a college, and subsequently a seminary. From this centre they went forth to every part of the north. In 1653, Father Le Moine, missionary to the Onondaga Indians, discovered the salt-springs at what is now the city of Syracuse, and made salt from the water, almost 150 years before the manufacture, now the source of so much wealth, was commenced. There were Jesuit missionaries, too, among the Mohawks, Oneidas, Cayugas, and Senecas, from the Hudson to the Niagara, in what is now the Empire State. We have before us the names of about thirty of these Jesuit missionaries, who labored among the Iroquois in northern New York from 1632 to 1769. Of these, at least five or six were killed by the Indians, and one frozen to death. In Lower Canada, they formed their reductions after the plan of those in Paraguay and California. They had two of these, at which several hundreds of the Hurons and the Five Nations inhabiting the province of New York were collected. One was at Lorette near Quebec, the other at La Prairie near Montreal. Almost two hundred years before the recent discovery and commencement of the present vigorous working of the copper-mines in the upper peninsula of Michigan, Father Alouez, a missionary of the order, had made that discovery while coasting the southern shore of the lake. Marquette, another missionary of the order, having heard by the Indians of the great western river, was the means of raising a party to cross from Green Bay to the Mississippi. They passed down the Wisconsin, and were the first Europeans to float upon the "Father of Waters," which they explored as far as Arkansas. This prepared the way for La Salle—himself educated a Jesuit, and sharing their enterprise and endurance—who

first passed down the river to its mouth, and, in a later exploration of the head waters of its far western branches, lost most of his party, and finally his own life while attempting to return to Canada. Almost two centuries have now passed away, and the tide of western settlement has but just overtaken, in Iowa and Minnesota, these pioneer explorations of the Jesuit fathers. From Quebec to the Mississippi, on both sides of the great line of lakes, and penetrating far into the interior, were missions to the Indians, of which the society of Loyola had almost a monopoly from the year 1632, anticipating, by an average of a century, the advance of European settlement. Where our people now enjoy or pursue the gifts of freedom and of untold wealth, long before the Anglo-American's axe disturbed the forests, or his keel displaced the waters of lakes and rivers, the Jesuit missionaries threaded those forests and rowed their light canoes upon those waters, or carried them over the portages which lay in their routes. As says a recent historian,* speaking of Brebeuf and Daniel, missionaries to the Hurons on lake Huron, and who, we may add, were both killed by some Indians of the five confederate nations, "now and then one of these fathers would make a voyage to Quebec in a canoe, with two or three savages, paddle in hand, exhausted with rowing, his feet naked, his breviary hanging about his neck, his shirt unwashed, his cassock half torn from his lean body, but with a face full of content, charmed with the life he led, and inspiring, by his air and his words, a strong desire to join him in the mission." We can find the names of more than twenty of the Jesuits alone who met a violent death in their missionary work in the United States and Canada.

But, while their missions to pagan lands have shown their zeal, enterprise, and endurance, Europe has been the great theatre of their labors and achievements. In courts, palaces, and schools of learning, the great power of the Jesuit has appeared. The rules of the society urge special care upon the members to become confessors to the families of kings and nobles, by being a little more indulgent to their inclinations and vices than other orders were, and

* Hildreth.

by making no charge for services, depending upon charity for support. As the result of this policy, they soon had the keeping of the consciences of most of the royal and noble families. Gratitude for easy absolution, led to the endowment of colleges all over Europe. In these, masses were to be said once a week forever for the founder, whether dead or alive. Education thus became, to a great extent, in the hands of the order. They not only confessed, but educated the higher classes. Nor did they neglect the poor, but established schools for them, and arranged plans of instruction adapted to children. Many of the greatest minds of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were educated by the Jesuits. All these things did much toward securing the perpetuity of the favor they enjoyed. By means of their schools, all classes were placed within their reach as a mass from which to select their candidates for membership; for information from all quarters, and in regard to every individual, was forwarded quarterly to the general at Rome, and used with the utmost promptness and care for the benefit of the order.

Their first college was at Coimbra in Portugal. Rodriguez was at its head, and all Portugal was soon under Jesuit control. Spain was not far behind; though the order met with strong opposition there at first. About forty years after the establishment of the society, Pope Gregory XIII. at one time richly endowed for it thirteen colleges in Spain. Venice and Padua in Italy, and Ingolstadt, Cologne, and Vienna in Germany, had their Jesuit colleges soon after the founding of the order, from which, as central points, the continent was soon overspread with similar institutions. But their most important institutions were the Roman and German colleges at Rome. The latter was established to educate Germans in theology, to act as missionaries in their own country, and was founded by Loyola himself, in consequence of Salmeron's reporting his want of success in that land where the Reformation had its origin, and had acquired its greatest power. This college eventually gave rise to the immense institution at Rome for the propagation of the faith among all nations. Within sixteen years from its origin the society had one hundred religious houses or monasteries in twelve provinces, with

colleges and schools of every grade scattered all over them, and one thousand members of the class of professors; and they went on increasing until, in 1580, they had twenty-one provinces, one hundred and ten monasteries, and five thousand seven hundred and fifty members. These, with their scholars and coadjutors, would swell them to very great numbers. In some countries they had to exist in partial or entire concealment, as they sometimes did in Venice, as they did for a long time in France, and as they generally did in England, Cardinal Pole himself, in Queen Mary's time, having refused them admission. In this last-named country, they had only a concealed existence at the time when they were accused of plotting to overthrow the government. They had to change their clothes, scarcely appearing two successive days in the same dress, and to pass from house to house of the Catholics, confessing the inmates, and spending generally but a night in a place.

The character of the Jesuit schools was to furnish a trained and practical education to those who were not candidates for membership; to inspire respect and affection for themselves as teachers; and to make their schools everywhere a necessity in the apparatus of education. In addition to this, in case of those who proposed to enter their ranks, a long established habit of the most unquestioning obedience must be secured, so that the general could sit at Rome, and have every order obeyed in the most distant province of the world, even though it cost life, or, what was dearer than life, personal freedom, or even right.

The necessity which the Catholic powers of Europe, and especially the Romish see, felt for such an auxiliary, procured an immense patronage from those powers. The manner in which the Jesuits fulfilled their mission greatly augmented the zeal of these patrons, and inspired the same in the hearts of the people, nay, to some extent, even in those of Protestants; for the society's determination and skill in the work of education gave their schools an advantage of most others. Then romance added its part in getting up the feeling which was cherished towards the company; for what are the real lives of Loyola, Xavier, and Burgia, but romances of the most thrilling kind? or:

what body of men ever took such pains to set forth the exploits of their heroes before the world? Orlandinus, a man of distinction and talents, was employed by the general, from 1598 to his death in 1606, upon the history of the society, and he only carried it to the death of Loyola. After him Saccinus was employed, to his death in 1625, in carrying on the work. His history occupied him eighteen years, fills four folio volumes, and only covers a period of forty years. Others followed under the patronage of the generals; and hundreds, from their own impulses, have written their volumes to set forth the local or individual labors of the Jesuits. The reports of Xavier's labors in Asia, resulting in the conversion of hundreds of thousands, were magnified in reaching Europe by the enchanting influence of novelty and distance—those of the labors of Nobili in Hindostan, and Ricci in China, exciting attention from the intense opposition which their peculiar policy raised in the other orders—then the accounts of the martyrdom in Japan of thousands of the missionaries and their converts, and the avidity which the order everywhere manifested to step into the vacant places of their falling brethren—then the reports of thousands of the wild savages of America gathered into the reductions of Paraguay, California, and Canada—and, finally, statements of the labors and martyrdoms among savages, upon the very soil, from Maine to Minnesota, on which we now tread in ignorance of them, all combined to inspire, by the time they reached Europe, a feeling of the most intense interest. In view of these things, do we wonder that all Europe felt impulses such as appeared in 1622, when it was announced that the head of the Roman church had enrolled the names of Loyola and Xavier in the catalogue of saints, and all Europe rung with acclamations and illuminations, and the roar of cannon expressed and propagated, from city to city, the boundless enthusiasm of the people?

The movement of which we now write, and that of the Protestant Reformation, differed in this. The latter was a contagion which spread from heart to heart, just where it would naturally run. It moved and gained strength only in conjunction with poli-

tical freedom. At first it was not organized, and when it became so, it was only for preservation and not for propagation, which resulted rather in extinguishing than in imparting life. Not so with this counter-movement. It was not spontaneous, but organized against a spontaneous one. It was not a contagion, but a vaccination to prevent the spread of a contagion. It was not water moving whither its gravity would carry it, but sent by a mighty force-pump in just the direction desired. And what a force that must be at the centre, which should keep the fluid in circulation, not only through Europe, but with a momentum undiminished by distance, through the jungles of Asia, the kraals of Africa, and the wilds of America?

But we must notice a different class of facts. We have hinted that the order encountered opposition. We must briefly trace this—or, rather, indicate its sources and features—until we see the society crushed at once under its accumulating pressure. Using language like that of the great Roman historian,* we may say to the reader that, as he has given his attention to the life and manners by which, at home and abroad, the society gained and augmented its power, so let him observe with equal interest how a gradually relaxed discipline sapped their morals, how they more and more rapidly declined, and then rushed with precipitation until they reached a period in which they could bear neither the evils of their condition nor their remedy, and so fell under a quick succession of heavy blows.

The society had opposition of all kinds, and almost without limit. This, for a long time, strengthened it, just as the winds and storms stiffen the branches and trunk of the oak, and cause its roots to fix their hold more firmly in the soil. But as the tree which has been most stiffened by the storms of heaven is most likely to grow brittle and break with the storm's increased violence, so this society fell before the very opposition which had developed its vigor.

Loyola had been persecuted, apprehended, and imprisoned several times, before he succeeded in founding the society. The cardinals and pope doubt-

ed and hesitated long before they granted the wishes of the company, and afterwards they often threatened and censured, until they finally suppressed the order. The dignitaries of the church were jealous of a body of men scattered everywhere, with an immunity from their control. The other religious orders, though indebted to the Jesuits for the new life and expansive force suddenly infused into themselves, opposed the new society, as freed from all wholesome laws and rules to which they were subject. Governments opposed it, fluctuating, however, between a fear of the order and a sense of its necessity to themselves, or, still worse, between a fear of letting it alone and of suppressing it within their dominions. Protestants, too, opposed it, though only in common with the whole church of which it was the most active part. There were some internal troubles, which had left in the society seeds promising a sad harvest. The founder and the first generals had been Spaniards, and the nation could not well brook a departure from this precedent. They endured the generalship of Mercurianus, who was the first not of Spanish origin, because he was old and inefficient; but when, in 1591, Aquaviva, a Neapolitan nobleman, a little over thirty years of age, was appointed to succeed him, there was an open rupture. His French proclivities widened the breach which his Italian birth had made. But he was a consummate general. Too prudent to expose himself by the breach of any important rule; saying nothing in anger, or by way of threat; giving no orders, and yet suffering no suggestions to be disregarded; he was secure in case of an investigation. Under the authority of Philip II. of Spain, the inquisition had apprehended the provincial of the order, and several others of Aquaviva's party, on the charge of absolving members of their order from sins, from which none but the inquisition could rightfully absolve. The pope was made to feel that this was a blow aimed at his authority, and he at once ordered the grand inquisitor of Spain, on pain of losing his office, to release the prisoners, and let the case be tried at Rome. The Jesuits had been expelled from France; but Aquaviva secured the favor of Henry IV., and through him the opening of France to the order, and in this and other ways, the losses in Spain were

more than made up. When, therefore, the pope, in obedience to the Spanish demand, ordered a general congregation of the society, the general was ready. He quietly called for an investigation of his conduct, and was acquitted, and so was more firmly than ever established in his seat of power. The extreme vigor of his administration left an impression, however, which was never forgotten; and the scarcity of men for his work in Spain led him to depart from the rules, and give the management of property and temporal matters to professed members, while he gave the duties of the professed, in some instances, to coadjutors. Here were the seeds of rapidly-growing internal evils.

From the days of Aquaviva, though there was an immense apparent growth, the elements of weakness multiplied. Strictness in the selection and discipline of members was gradually relaxed. At first, none could be received until their property had been placed beyond their own control. Afterward it might be designated to an object, and left subject to the control of its original owner. At first, temporal affairs were left to the coadjutors; now the professed might manage them; and, as a result, the numbers of the professed, in relation to the other classes, became greatly increased. The vow of poverty became a nullity. Unqualified persons applied for membership, and there was not firmness to reject them. There was a growing tendency to license.

The generals saw these things, but could only deplore that which they could not arrest. Vitelleschi (1646) and his successor, Caraffa, put forth letters of sad complaint at these accumulating evils; but they had not the decision, perhaps not the power, to stop them. In 1652 a general was appointed, Nickel by name, who had the decision to attempt, but not the genius to effect, a reform. His attempts were answered by calling a general congregation, which, by order of the pope, set him aside and elected Oliva, of a noble Genoese family. This general let the tendency to laxness go on, but directed it to the aggrandizement of the order. He corresponded with all the Catholic sovereigns of Europe, and kept them in the interest of the society. Jesuits confessed all these sovereigns, and so their court-secrets were accessible to the general.

We have mentioned the vow of poverty, and the rule to perform their duties without pay. These were turned to their wealth. This largely increased the public patronage and favor, and so led the rich to give immense sums, especially for founding colleges. They used their office of confessors to the dying to great effect in enriching the society. They even received large sums for passports against the infernal powers. There is a manuscript in the British Museum of a passport for which 200,000 florins (\$50,000) were paid. This traffic was largely carried on in India. In these various ways, having become immensely wealthy, the company had establishments which stood among the first mercantile houses in Europe, Asia, and America.

There was a rule which forbade any member to accept a church dignity without the special consent of the general; and the policy of the first generals was against giving this consent. Loyola refused to allow Lainez and Borgia to become cardinals. This rule became a nullity. In the society's last days, before the suppression, it numbered twenty-four cardinals, six electors of the empire, nineteen princes, twenty-one archbishops, and 121 bishops.

The other religious orders had expended their missiles upon the Jesuits, and the scars remained. The Jansenists, Arnaud and Pascal, and especially the latter, by his celebrated provincial letters, had inflicted upon the order a wound never to be healed. Two centuries had fixed upon them the reputation perpetuated in the ethical import of the word Jesuit. This reputation made the world hold them responsible for every plot against the lives of European sovereigns, or the religious liberty of subjects, and, perhaps, often when they were not guilty. This state of the public mind had been of too gradual a growth, and had become too well established, to pass away. And yet the society, up to the latter half of the eighteenth century, had gone on increasing in numbers and other outward signs of prosperity. They numbered at that time thirty-nine houses of the class of professed members; 669 colleges; sixty-one houses for novices; 196 seminaries for the education of the scholars of the order; 335 residences, and 22,780 members scattered over the earth. Their wealth was enormous—

amounting, according to an estimate made by Nicolini, to \$200,000,000, besides the annual income from pensions and other grants of princes, towns, and chapters, for the support of certain colleges, and the semi-annual presents of several hundred thousands of their pupils, their receipts as private tutors in the families of the great, and their alms.

But, having steadily advanced to their proud eminence amid the storms of opposition which they had encountered, they felt too strong. They were willing to defy the governments of Europe, and even that of the Roman see. They were preparing the way for a fearful fall, which was to come in an unexpected moment, and from sources to which they little looked for danger.

We have referred to their young empire springing up in Paraguay. In 1750, Spain ceded a portion of this country to Portugal. The treaty between the two countries required the transportation of the Indians from the ceded territory to a great distance. The Jesuits were required to prepare the Indians for their removal, but were suspected of having induced them to refuse compliance, and to bring into the field an army of 14,000 men to resist the Portuguese government in the execution of the treaty. The treaty had to be canceled. This led the minister of the king of Portugal, Carvalho, better known as the Marquis of Pombal, to resolve upon their expulsion from the dominions of his master. An attempt upon the life of the king, which Pombal, upon doubtful evidence, fixed upon the Jesuits, furthered his wishes, and, in 1759, they were expelled from Portugal, declared guilty of high treason, their possessions confiscated, and 1,840 of them, in a most pitiful condition, poured in upon Italy at once. This was the beginning of troubles.

The society, through Father Lavalette, had, in 1743, established a trading-house in Martinique. This house had nearly the whole trade of the neighboring islands. Two ships, with a cargo valued at 2,000,000, francs, which Lavalette had sent to pay the house of Leducy at Marseilles, fell into the hands of the English. The debt was not paid, and the house brought an action for it against Ricci, the general of the society. He was unwise enough to contest it. The suit went against him,

and was appealed to the parliament of Paris. This body called for the constitution of the society, which was produced, and the ruin of the order was the result. It was decided that the provisions of the constitution were such as to make the whole society responsible. This investigation, too, brought out and gave publicity to many other things which went against the order in the public mind.

To help the matter along, as some say, the Duke de Choiseul, prime minister of Louis XV., cherished a feeling, which had become confirmed by a personal incident. Many years before, being on diplomatic business at Rome, he had dined with Ricci, the general of the Jesuits, and on that occasion had, it is said, made a remark complimentary to the order. Ricci expressed satisfaction with the compliment; but added, that his excellency had not always thought so well of them. On inquiring what this meant, the duke found that a remark made at his own table several years before had been reported, word for word, and was on the general's register. He made up his mind that a society, which made it a business to observe and report so minutely the affairs of private life, was unsafe; and resolved that, if ever he should have the power to effect their suppression, he would use it to that end. That time had now come. The late trials furnished an occasion to stimulate latent desire. The public mind was thoroughly awakened, whether the incident occurred or not. Little was talked of but the Jesuits. Fifty-one bishops, with the cardinal De Luynes at their head, decided that the unlimited authority of the general over the members was not compatible with their duties to their sovereign. Choiseul proposed, as a reform, that a vicar-general should be appointed for France, who should live in that country, and be pledged to obey its laws. The answer of Ricci, to this proposition for saving the order, expresses an immovableness, at the near prospect of extinction, which approaches the sublime: "*Sint ut sunt aut non sint*"—let them (the rules) be as they are, or let them no longer be. The society was suppressed in France in 1762, and eighty-four colleges of the order closed. The members were at first allowed to remain in the kingdom as secular priests; but this permission was soon revoked.

A far heavier blow was next to follow. Pombal and Choiseul might have been supposed to represent the irreligious tendency of the age. Not so with Charles III. of Spain. He was a true son of the church, and even devoted to the religious orders. He had cherished no enmity to the Jesuits; but something had changed his mind in regard to them. The apparent occasion of the change was this; certain large cloaks and broad-brimmed hats, worn in Spain at the time, served for the concealment of crime and criminals. A royal proclamation forbade their use. An insurrection, called by the French writers of the time, from its occasion, *l'emeute des chapeaux*, was the result. The minister's house was besieged, and the king, whose entreaties were disregarded, had to retire from Madrid. It lasted for several days, when the Jesuits, mingling in the crowd, stopped the tumult with the greatest ease. Charles may have inferred that those who could so easily put down, had probably raised the riot. He certainly learned, or saw reason to suspect, something which led him to resolve upon the exile of the order from his dominions. The Jesuits are said to have reported that the king was an illegitimate son of Cardinal Alberoni; and he is supposed to have had some intimation of a movement to place his brother, Don Luis, on the throne, in his place. But, whatever may have been his motive, the king's mind was fixed. His plan of action was well laid, and promptly executed. He had letters sent under seals to all the alcaldes in the Spanish provinces of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, which they were forbidden to open, on pain of death, until the afternoon of the 2d of April, 1767, and then, within twenty-four hours, their officers were to take possession of the houses of the Jesuits in their several jurisdictions, and seize their persons, and send them as prisoners to the ports indicated in their instructions, allowing each only the clothing needed, with his breviary and his purse. The order was executed over the immense territory of Spain and her provinces, with such secrecy and exactness that not a moment was had for remonstrance or precaution, and 6,000 Jesuits were on the deep at once, moving towards the coasts of Italy. The pope and the sovereigns of Europe were all as ignorant as the order itself of the movement until it was exe-

cuted. The aged Clement XIII. wept, and wrote to Charles: "So you, too, my son, so the Catholic king, Charles III., who is so dear to our heart, fills up the chalice of our suffering, condemns our old age to a torrent of tears, and precipitates us into the grave."

In due time the exiles were approaching the shores of Italy. Their general had had time to decide what he shall do. He had directed Cardinal Torrigiani to write to Charles, that they should not be landed in Italy. Charles had given orders to land them by force of arms if necessary. As the weary prisoners supposed that they were about to step upon a land of freedom—the home of their order—the landing of their first vessel at Civita Vecchia was opposed by artillery. The Spanish commander, instead of using force, coasted along to Leghorn, Genoa, and Corsica, only to meet the same reception, and it was six months before they effected a landing at Corsica, which had just fallen into the hands of the French, and in this time many of these unhappy men had died. Other arrivals fared similarly.

Naples and Parma followed the examples of Portugal, France, and Spain. The Roman pontiff did not like to deal with the other powers, but he passed an ecclesiastical censure against the Duke of Parma, forgetting, perhaps, that he was a Bourbon, until reminded of it by a simultaneous demand from the ambassadors of France, Spain, and Naples for the withdrawal of the monitorium addressed to the Duke of Parma. The pope refused to comply, and these powers seized upon Avignon, Ponte Corvo, and Benevento, by way of reprisal, and finally added a demand for the entire suppression of the order throughout the world. Not only these western sovereigns but all the Italian states were against him; and, as a last resort, he turned to Maria Theresa of Austria, and she replied that it was a matter of state policy, in which the interests of religion were not concerned. His last hope was cut off. He called a consistory, to meet on the 3rd of February and advise him upon the matter of suppression; but on the night of the 2nd Clement XIII. died.

The death of Clement gave a new turn to the agitation of the question of suppression. The whole influence of each party was now directed toward the election of a pope who should carry

out its wishes. The new emperor, Joseph II., arrived in Rome while this contest was pending. The Jesuit party made great efforts to secure his favor. He was taken to the Gesu, the great establishment of the order at Rome. But instead of repaying the attentions shown him, in compliments and good-will, his actions passed beyond indifference into contempt. He even asked Ricci, who was in the act of prostrating himself before the emperor, when he was going to relinquish his habit. The cardinals showed him similar attentions, and, contrary to all rules, introduced him into the conclave. Nor did he then demean himself very differently from what he had done at the Gesu; and, on returning, he left Rome the same evening to avoid further honors. Thus the only Catholic sovereign of any influence, upon whom the Jesuit party relied, failed them.

Three months passed in the sacred college without an election. The Spanish cardinals arrived about this time, and, in connection with the French, soon determined the result. Cardinal Ganganelli was a man of a very happy temper of mind. His character had probably led both parties to think that he might be trusted, and both thought that they had favorable assurances from him. He was proclaimed pope, on May 19th, 1769, and after more than three years of anxious investigation into the affairs of the Jesuits—urged on to action by France, and Spain, and other powers—on the 21st of July, 1773, he published his brief, entitled *Dominus ac Redemptor*, suppressing the order throughout the whole world. He lived a little more than a year after this, in good health, and apparently much happier than before his decision, and then died—not without suspicions of poison, which he himself sustained by taking an antidote. While one party, however, affirms, the other denies, and the world will never know which is right.

This was the last and most terrible of a series of blows which had fallen in quick succession upon the order. They were in affliction. They maintained, no doubt, some kind of secret existence, waiting for a good time to come. Prescribed by their own church, of which, for 230 years, they had been the life, they were protected in the dominions of the schismatic Catharine of Russia, and the heretic Frederic of Prussia; but

throughout the rest of Europe they could have no open existence. A sad vacancy, of course, existed for a time in the schools of which they had had the charge. The Indians collected in the reductions of Paraguay and California were scattered, except where the Franciscans took their places and pursued their policy. In 1814, Pius VII. fully restored the order to its old footing. The Jesuits, however, could never again become what they once were. The reason is obvious. The occasion which called them into existence, and the times to which they were adapted, had passed away. They were organized for a state of war; and, although the contending parties are not reconciled in spirit, they have acknowledged each other's independence, and have no use for an immense standing army. The schools of the Jesuits, having been organized on a fixed plan, are no longer adapted to much of Europe. We find this view endorsed by an article which we have lately read from the pen of one of the order. They will never again play the part which, for three centuries past, they have played, in the drama of the world. It is true that they have tried to change somewhat, so as to adapt themselves to the changing times. Two American Jesuits were tried at Rome some years since on the charge of speaking favorably of republics; but acquitted on the ground that they had a right to speak in favor of the government of their own country. But all efforts to introduce the order again upon the stage, with the prominent part which they acted in the seventeenth century, must prove a failure. The strong feelings, for and against them, have met in an apathy from which no movement of theirs will be likely to awaken the world.

We have now accomplished our task without following, except as we have occasionally crossed it, the beaten track of essays on the Jesuits. We refer to the code of practical ethics which has been attributed to the order. It was this that gave their wit to such expressions as that of the Abbé Boileau—

"They are a sort of people who lengthen the creed and shorten the decalogue;" that gave point to the unequalled and unlimited satire of Pascal—that convicted them in the public mind, without a trial, of every assassination and plot against governments, by which there was any ground of hope that their interests could be forwarded; and which has given to their name an ethical meaning as well settled as that of any term in any language. On this hackneyed point we have not dwelt. It has been enough before the public mind, though often presented with such indistinctness as to leave large play to the imagination. We have tried, as briefly as possible, to give that in which the history of the institution is instructive, having really no parallel, as there never was another society formed whose organization, end, and results, involved the same principles, and there probably never will be. The history of the Jesuits may, therefore, be studied as furnishing a lesson found nowhere else.

We add, that the statistics of the order, for the year 1855, show that the decline of the Jesuits has been even greater than we had supposed. They number 5,510, thus distributed:

Italy, Sicily, and Sardinia,	1514
France,	1697
Belgium,	463
Spain,	364
Germany,	117
England, America, and other countries,	1294
Officers, etc., etc.,	61

5316

The order of the Redemptorists, or Liguorians, which was founded at Naples in 1732, has become, to a large extent, the receiver of the influence which the Jesuits have been losing. They are now scattered through most of the countries of Europe, and throw the Jesuits in the shade. Efforts to fix their centre at Rome have often been made without success. Recently, however, a vicar-general has been appointed to reside in that city, and a villa of the Duke of Caserta purchased and fitted up for his use.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

AMERICAN LITERATURE AND REPRINTS.

—THE readers of Lord Cockburn's *Life of Jeffrey*, which was an indifferent performance, will be agreeably surprised by his *Memorials of his Times*. They are very pleasant reading, and relate to a class of men and a period of time which have not before been treated in the same way—the Scotmen of Edinburgh, from the year 1790 to the present era. Lord Cockburn was the companion and intimate acquaintance of those young lawyers and literateurs who, just about the beginning of this century, undertook to break through the leaden despotism of the old Scotch Tories, reigning supreme in Edinburgh, in the most undoubting and insolent security. He shared in the councils and ate the same dinners with Brougham, Sydney Smith, Jeffrey, Henry Erskine, etc., and his reminiscences pertain partly to them, and partly to their opponents, including an account of the changes in the men, manners, and opinions in Edinburgh society, after the French revolution. We get a glimpse at Scott and his set, and assist in a shy at Wilson and his Blackwoodians; but the most conspicuous figures on Lord Cockburn's canvas are the Scotch judges, lawyers, and ministers, who were the considerable men of his day. Most of these men are unknown to us, though they are so admirably sketched, that we take an interest in them at once. It is curious that, the further we go back in Lord Cockburn's memoirs, the more singular and striking his characters become. Adam, the author of the *Roman Antiquities*, Dalzell of the *Collectanea Græca*, Playfair, and Moral Philosophy Stewart, were among his teachers, whom he describes genially; but, apart from their celebrity, there was not much in them to arrest our attention. What is said of the still older men and the older manners, is far more attractive. For instance, we are told of the stiff ball-room decorum of Scotland previous to 1800, that "no couple could dance unless each party was provided with a ticket, prescribing the precise place in the precise dance. If the ticket had marked upon it, say for a country-dance, the figures 3.5., this meant that the holder was to place

himself in the 3rd dance, and 5th from the top—and if he were anywhere else, he was set right or excluded. And the partner's ticket must correspond. Woe to the poor girl who, with ticket 2.7., was found opposite a youth marked 5.9. It was flirting without a license, and looked very ill, and would probably be reported by the ticket director to the mother, or to the martinet dowagers and venerable beaux, who acted as masters and mistresses of the ceremonies. A similar custom, if we mistake not, still prevails at the balls of some of our southern states. The prevailing vices at that time were drunkenness and swearing. Nothing was more common, than for gentlemen who had dined with ladies, and meant to rejoin them, to get drunk, and swearing was not supposed to be inconsistent with the accomplishments of the parlor. Braxfield, a famous justice, having damned a lady at whist for a bad play, apologized to her on the ground that he had mistaken her for his wife. The practice of drinking healths, sentiments, and toasts, at dinner-parties, was so prevalent and indispensable, that in a company of ten, a man could not expect to escape for less than ninety drinks; for he had not only to give the health of everybody present, singly, but everybody present, singly, gave his health. The sentiments drank were generally short moral apothegms, such as, "May the honest heart never feel distress," and must have been the most intolerable of bores. Our "toasts" are bad enough, but these old "sentiments" must have been worse. It is related of a country dominie who, being called upon for his "sentiment" before a large party, and having nothing to guide him in such an experience, after much writhing and groaning, came out with "The reflection of the moon on the cawm bosom of the lake." Old Adam Ferguson, the "historian" of Rome, Lord Cockburn describes as a tall, handsome man, with silky-white hair, who always wore half-boots lined with fur, a long cloth waistcoat, with capacious pockets, a single-breasted coat, a cloth great-coat, also lined with fur, and a felt hat, commonly tied by a ribbon below the chin,

—all, including the hat, of a quaker-gray, or whitish-brown color. The famous Dr. Joseph Black was tall, very thin, and cadaverously pale, with eyes dark, clear, and large, like pools of pure water, who dressed entirely in black, and seemed more like a shade than a person. Among the female acquaintances of Lord Cockburn was a clergyman's widow, whom age had made incapable of walking across the room, and who passed her days in a high-back, leathern chair, reading, talking, and laughing. Once, one of her granddaughters stumbled, in reading the newspapers to her, on a paragraph which stated that a lady's reputation had suffered from some indiscreet talk on the part of the Prince of Wales. Up sprang she of fourscore, exclaiming, with great indignation, as she shook her shriveled fist: "The dawmed villain, does he kiss and tell!" There was another of these old ladies, named Sophy Johnstone, whose dress was always the same—inside and outside of the house, at dinners, at parties, and on excursions—and which consisted of a man's hat, and a man's great-coat, buttoned closely from the chin to the feet, with worsted stockings, and shoes clasped by large brass buckles. Her talk was as rich and racy as her appearance was odd—full of shrewd observation, rare old anecdotes, the most perfect freedom of opinion and expression, and imperturbable good-nature. He tells of another, a Miss Menie Trotter, who described "a dismal, fearful dream" that she had had, in this wise: "Oh! what d'ye think? Of a' the places i' the world, I dreemed I was in heeven! And what d'ye think I saw there? Deil ha'tit, but thoosands upon shoosands, and ten thoosands upon ten thoosands of stark naked weans! That wad be a dreadful thing; for ye ken I ne'er could bide bairns a' my days!" This same old maid, whose dream portrayed such a singular nemesis, dispensed her hospitality, by sacrificing an ox every autumn, and eating it regularly, according to some system of her own, on Sundays, so that it feasted her and a chosen few half through the winter. Urging a neighbor to dine, when near her death, she added, "For oh! Sir Thammus, we're terrible near the tail noo!" Some of her acquaintances were of eighty-five years' standing, and yet she used to take country walks of ten miles at a stretch—which, we fancy, would trouble some of

our youngest ladies. Of the judges of his early day, Cockburn preserves to us a dozen most eccentric characters—Braxfield, Baskgrove, Campbell, Meadowbank, and others—but none more remarkable for a judge, than Lord Hermand. His dress, the style of which he stuck to as he did to his principle, disdained both stock and suspenders, and yet, in spite of the long, bare neck, the outbreak of linen between the upper and nether garments, and the brief pigtail behind, he had the manners of a gentleman. He was said to have acted at more severe scenes of hard drinking than any man living. "Commonplace toppers thought drinking a pleasure, but with Hermand it was a virtue. He expressed a sincere respect for it, a profound moral approbation, and a serious compassion for the poor wretches who could not indulge in it, with due contempt for those who could, but did not." His regards, in this respect, were shown once by a charge, in the case of a young man who had hastily killed his companion in a drunken frolic, and whom the other judges were inclined to treat leniently because he had been over excited at the time of the act. Hermand took quite an opposite view; he said: "We are told that there was no malice, and that the prisoner was in liquor! He was drunk; and yet he murdered the very man who had been drinking with him! They had been carousing the whole night, and yet he stabbed him! Good God, my lairds, if he will do this when he's drunk, what will he not do when he's sober?" In spite of his claret and punch every night, Hermand lived to be over eighty-five. The heads of those old Scotchmen have been among the most astonishing things in history. A portion of Lord Cockburn's recollections will be only interesting to the residents in and about Edinburgh; but the greater part will be found attractive to the generality of readers.

—Mr. GEORGE TUCKER has written a *History of the United States*, in four volumes, of which the first volume has just appeared from the press of Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. It embraces the period from the colonization of the country to the administration of General Harrison, 1841. This first volume closes with the close of the presidency of Washington. The events of the colonization and the

Revolution are rapidly passed over, as they form but an introduction to the main purpose of the author, which is, the history of the government under the federal system. Mr. Tucker brings to his task, besides an obvious good sense, candor, and judgment, a personal knowledge of most of the distinguished men of the Revolutionary era, and of those who have succeeded them. A cotemporary of those who formed the constitution, he has watched its practical workings ever since, with friendly solicitude, and is prepared to describe the results with fidelity and insight. He writes fluently and clearly, in a plain and sensible way, without much display of rhetoric, and yet in an agreeable and animated style. His tendencies are evidently to the democratic view of parties and politics; but he endeavors to maintain the true, impartial spirit of history.

There is ample room, in our literature, for a work like this. With the exception of Mr. Hildreth's history, written from a peculiar stand-point, we have no elaborate and complete account of the government from its commencement to the present time. Mr. Bancroft has not yet reached the period, and, until he does, we are inclined to hail every respectable attempt in this department. Of this kind, in a small way is Miss PEABODY'S *Chronological History of the United States*, arranged according to the mnemonical principle of Bem. The great Polish-Hungarian chieftain was, as our readers are perhaps aware, a man of science as well as of war. He invented a system of universal chronology, for the assistance of students, which is conceded to be, by those who have examined it, superior to any other extant. It is simple in plan, easily applied, and of striking efficiency. This system, Miss Peabody, who deserves the highest credit for her efforts in communicating it to schools and teachers, has adapted to the history of our own country. Any one who desires to render himself familiar with the dates and leading events of our national career, will be astonishingly facilitated by the use of this small and intelligible manual. As an introduction, too, to Bem's large universal chart, it possesses great value.

—We ought to mention, perhaps, along with American histories, the little *Hand-book of American Literature*, historical, biographical, and critical, from the press

of W. & R. CHAMBERS, of Chambers' Journal. Covering the whole period of our literary exertion, it is quite complete in its detail of names, but, of course, succinct in its descriptions. Its principal authorities appear to have been Mr. Griswold's several compilations, and the North American Review. A little is said of a great many writers, in a discriminating way for so brief a compass, and with good intentions, yet without conveying much information. It is almost impossible, in these compends, to utter anything but the most general remarks. The writer of this volume has done as well as he could within his circumscribed limits. A pervading impression seems to rest on his mind that the life of letters is a very hard one in this country; that the best of us "cultivate the muses on a little oatmeal," and that no improvement is to be expected until we shall have established an international copyright law. He exaggerates both the difficulties of the literary life here, and the advantages to be attained by his proposed remedy; and yet, we trust, the day is not far distant when the law will do justice to literary men.

—The *Hertha* of Miss FREDRIKA BREMER, a new novel just issued by Putnam & Co., evinces a great deal of her old characteristic power, her lively sympathy, her earnest moral tone, and her prolific invention of character and incident; but it is not, in the whole, as absorbing as most of her former works. Perhaps, the distinctness with which she obtrudes her main design—the illustration of woman's rights—is the cause of this abatement in interest, or perhaps we have grown used to her manner, which no longer possesses the charm of novelty. But, whatever it be, we are sure that we have not been excited by *Hertha* as we were wont to be by the "Neighbors," "Home," and the "H— Family." At the same time we recognize in *Hertha* many of the finest touches of Miss Bremer's hand, and above all a certain freshness of impulse and intensity of conviction, which we would fain ascribe to the inspiration of the New World. Her increased devotion to the cause of woman, and her feeling on that subject was never dull, must be owing to the enthusiasm in the woman's movement, which she witnessed in the United States, and which was at its height during the time of her visit. Miss Bremer can

write nothing which is not readable, and nothing from the perusal of which one does not rise with quickened sympathies for humanity and goodness.

Our good publishers, Messrs. Dix, Edwards & Co., have reproduced an excellent English translation of the *Life of Perthes*. We think we hear our readers ask, Who was Perthes, that there should be a life of him? It is a pardonable query; for we confess that, until the volumes were laid before us, we knew little or nothing of the man, and did not anticipate much pleasure from the perusal of them. We even doubted the propriety of devoting two large and handsomely printed tomes to the career of a man of such narrow celebrity. But that was a great mistake of ours. We had not read twenty pages of this life, before we found that we were about to be introduced to a most extraordinary man, and to a novel sphere of society. Perthes, then, was a bookseller of Hamburg, nothing more than a bookseller, as some might say, who lived from 1772 to 1843, but such a bookseller as the world does not often see. Born in a low condition of life, soon made an orphan, apprenticed to a hard taskmaster, and almost without opportunities of culture, either literary or social, he made himself the centre of the book-trade of Germany, where the book-trade is something, and, what is more, the centre of a political and religious circle of the highest character and the widest influence. There was a peculiar combination of qualities in the nature of Perthes, rare in any country, and particularly rare in Germany, in that he was, at the same time, a man of the greatest practical sagacity and efficiency, and of the finest and tenderest susceptibilities. The soundness of his judgment was only equalled by the goodness of his heart. He could devote himself to business, to study, to social intercourse, to patriotic and benevolent exertion, and to domestic enjoyment, with a relish for all. In the midst of the most active pursuits of a trade which had been built up into enormous dimensions by his own energies, he found time to repair the neglects of early education, to rear and instruct a large family, to engage in a most extensive correspondence, and to keep alive the national and patriotic sentiments of his country. It was this many-sided interest and activity, con-

joined to his rare good sense and kindness, which brought Perthes into connection with almost every celebrity of his time, political, literary, and religious. He was the intimate and respected friend of Klopstock, the poet, of Niebuhr, the historian, of William Von Humboldt, the philologist, of Johannes von Müller, the statesman and writer, of the Counts Stolberg, of the Princess Galitzin, of Jacobi and Eichhorn, and of Claudius and Heeren. And besides these he numbered among his confidential acquaintances, Goethe, Görres, Schlosser, Voos, the Schlegels, Schelling, Savigny, Varnhagen von Ense, and others scarcely less distinguished. He was in constant intercourse or correspondence with these, not on affairs or business at all, but on the great questions which agitated the church and state, or on the profounder problems of the inward religious life. Without pretending to a high degree of literary cultivation himself—always, indeed, holding himself forth as a simple bookseller—there was a charm in Perthes which attracted to him the best spirits of his day and generation, and, inferior as he was to them in position and attainments, he always met them with the frank and honest cordiality of an equal.

This biography of Perthes, written by a relative, now professor of law at the university at Bonn, possesses several distinct sources of interest. In the early parts, we get a delightful glimpse of German domestic life, particularly of the naïve, innocent and genial relations of the sexes, as shown in Perthes' love-ties; then we have an exhibition of married harmony and attachment which is perfectly sweet to the soul—Perthes having been married to a noble and affectionate creature, in every way worthy of his devotion and character. Next we have a development of internal religious experience, from the cold moralism of the school, or the worship of beauty, to the profoundest perception of the vital spirit of Christianity; and, finally, a minute yet varied and lively history of the external political and religious events of the times—those times being, it will be remembered, the eventful times of the wars of Napoleon, when Germany, overrun by the invader, was heaving with agitations. But the signal excellence of this book, in our estimation, is the character of Perthes himself—so full of every virtue, and grace,

and hope. A rare man, indeed, was he—rare for any rank in life—one of those rich natures which overflow with sympathy—which are always alive and hopeful, and yet always calm—which elevate our feelings for human nature, and impart a new charm to existence. The publishers, as a class, should be proud of such a patriarch; and while learning the profoundest lessons of disinterestedness and manly courage from his career, ought to delight in spreading the knowledge of his illustrious example. Though a conservative in his political and religious tendencies, he was still liberal, and may be admired by men of the most different convictions.

—A good cyclopedia is a good thing to have—not in the country merely, as Sparrowgrass would say, but in your library, wherever it is. But a good encyclopedia is not an easy thing to get. A great many different kinds have been published, but generally each one with reference to particular classes or taste. The old Edinburgh Encyclopedia was a capital thing for those who could spend a hundred dollars or more on a single work. The Encyclopedia Metropolitana is also a most valuable possession for scientific and literary men. But for common, ordinary use, and for common, ordinary people, we know of no work of this kind superior to the *English Encyclopedia*, conducted by CHARLES KNIGHT, and published by Bradbury & Evans. It has this peculiarity, apart from its high literary merits, that it separates the geographical, biographical, historical, scientific, and artistic parts into distinct departments, treating each by itself, and furnishing each to the reader as a separate work. By this arrangement, the publishers are enabled to complete each part at once; and the purchaser, who is interested in special departments only, need not be at the expense of a mass of matter which would be useless to him. As a whole, the *English Encyclopedia* has great merit. The articles are prepared by writers competent to the task, bring their information down to the latest dates, and, what is a special advantage, give, after the French fashion, a brief reference to the literature of the subject. In the biographical department, for instance, the notices are not confined to departed worthies, as if the world felt no interest in a man until after he was dead, but living

celebrities are included; and, where the importance of the person demands it, are described at length. Fine wood-cut illustrations are used, when they are necessary, as in the natural history division, to represent different animals. The form of the volumes is convenient, and the typographical execution neat.

—It is worthy of passing remark, that the first complete and faithful translation into English, of the world-famous *Confessions* of ROUSSEAU, should have been made in this city. There have been what purported to be translations before, but Mr. CALVIN BLANCARD'S, just issued, is the first that we know of which is un mutilated and accurate. Whether the enterprise is a commendable one, on that or any other account, we may perhaps undertake to decide some time in the form of an elaborate estimate of Rousseau and his influence on his times. Rousseau, in the opening sentence of his book, says, that it is a work wholly without example; but, had his reading been more extensive than it was, he would have known that Cardan, an Italian philosopher who lived some two centuries before he did, had perpetrated a similar extraordinary and offensive production. He was a man of vast acquirements, who read lectures on medicine and mathematics at several of the universities of Italy, and, after passing through a life of great vicissitude, bequeathed to the world his *Cardanus de Vita Sua*, in which, like Rousseau, he confesses in perfectly cold blood the most disgraceful things of himself, and treated his friends and acquaintances with the same familiarity. There is a remarkable resemblance between Cardan and Rousseau, which, we are surprised, has not been more frequently noticed in literary history. Cardan, however, was a more deliberate and less sentimental rogue than Rousseau, and though inferior in genius, infinitely superior to him in learning, and more prolific, as an author, having published some two hundred different treatises; but in their utter inability to comprehend the word duty, or to practice its maxims, they were alike. Hallam, in his literature, speaks of Cardan simply as a discoverer in algebra; but, besides his attainments in mathematics, he was a profound classical linguist, and intimately acquainted with all the philosophy of his day.

THE WORLD OF NEW YORK.

CERES-ROBED, his brows heavy with the purple glory of a Bacchus-crown, September sits enthroned, while the whole round year pours loyal tribute at his feet. With right kingly hand he dispenses his golden gifts, and happy Earth spreads out her lap to catch his benisons of mellow ripeness and of beauty.

Especially is September hailed by us, close prisoners of Gotham. He brings us cool breezes to render even Broadway supportable. He calls home our fair truants, who have been gathering fresh bloom from mountain-tops, and balmy sighs from the sea-side.

"Come o'er the boorne, Besse,
Pretty little Besse,
Come o'er the boorne, Besse, to me!"

One by one the forms and faces of long ago—it seems to us, so ached our weary eyes for their pleasant presence—reappear, to greet us on the road to dinner with half-smiles of recognition—steps bounding and free, health and renewed beauty, beneath every provoking parasollette.

No daily pedestrian on Broadway, these three months last past, can have failed to mark the general flaccidity of clothes: muslin transparencies wilting down in very sympathy with their fair wearers; the flowers in hats perceptibly fading; a general downfall of shirt-collars and dejection of cravats; locks all limp, and vestments all awry; the angular masculine outline plainly visible through the grassy fabrics of summer undress; the sturdy hoop (which certainly has done more to "keep up appearances" than the whole paraphernalia beside) alone holding its own in the universal limberness. September restores to our maidens and matrons their fresh neatness, their careful primness; to our shirt-collars, our skirts, and our persons, the one thing needful—the immortal invention of Queen Elizabeth's immortal laundress, who, by-the-by, was hanged—starch.

Our benefactor breathes upon the dust and desolation of long blocks of shut-up dwellings, whose neglected pavements we have traversed in daily discomfort, and all is astir and full of life once more. The occupants of some have returned from long tours; others from watering-places or country seats; while the reappearance

of very many has been attended with no more inconvenience to themselves than that inseparable from the ascent of several flights of stairs. So the young lady with the curls sits again at the parlor window, with the old languor, and the diamond ring, and the *Home Journal*; and the piano, several doors beyond, practices its three hours a day, and plays in the evenings; and the baby we saw last spring "muling, etc., in its nurse's arms," wears shoes and grins four teeth at us defiantly. In fact, the whole city seems to awaken from its long, stupefying slumber, and to brighten, with the shop-windows, in the lively hues of fall fashions.

Much of the pathos of the past season was to be found in the sudden deaths of dogs—summarily lynched, on ill-considered charges of hydrophobia, and slaughtered in gross, in blind alleys and kennels, with pistol, knife, and bludgeon. In the human subject this madness is simply horrible; in our canine fellow-creature it is the saddest of mortal chances. If ever, good reader, you have rejoiced in the friendship of a gallant Newfoundland, modest, generous, grandly simple, only to see the fine fellow go mad at last, you remember almost with tears, how the hour came, when, as the Shepherd in *Noctes Ambrosiana* says, "he did not know a Hogg from a hoolet." "The optic nerves o' his een were a' diseased—as ye may well hae seen, gin ye hod the courage to examine sic pupils—and they dootless distractit the creatur's soul within him wi' hideous apparitions of his ain maister, in the shape o' the deevil, wi' a pitchfork, gaun to pin him up agin the barn-door." You remember how, as you came home at night, the children met you with long faces, and the alarming news that Boatswain was so cross and would not play; that he must be ill, for he had not eaten anything all day, and would not come out from under the cellar-steps; that he did not wag his tail now; and there was a queer look out of his eyes, and he had snapped at the kitten twice, and smashed the new bucket, and had a fit. By-and-by his little playmates, "the verra bit weans that used to ride on his back, wi' their arms roun' his neck, and sometimes kissin' the very chowks o' him, seem to the distractit dows to be sae mony demons, a' glowerin' and girloin' at him, wi' red-hot

pokers in their tawlons, threatenin' him wi' the death o' Edward the Second, in Berkley Castle." All Bowery, with brick-bats, is at his heels; till, at last, Boatswain lies still, "covered wi' a rickle o' cruel stanes, only a bit o' his skin here and there seen through. And then, to be sure, there's a wailin' o' weans, both callants and lasses, to think that colley should hae been killed, wha, till God allowed him till gang mad, had never offered to bite onybody but neer-do-weels a' his born days."

Yes, it is by no means the least of the good things that September brings, that Boatswain may once more lift up a jubilant bark, unmuffled with a muzzle, and give exultant expression to the great scope of tall that "hangs o'er his hurdies wi' a swirl."

But better the muzzle than the handcuff; better the poisoned sausage than the hangman's cord. There have been mad dogs this summer that cold water never crazed; and the madness was the same, calling as loudly for the cage and chain, whether it felled a senator to earth, or sent a ball to the heart of a hotel-waiter, or cut the throat of an Irish porter, or brained with a billet a poor daughter of shame, or tossed a sickly baby into a sink.

But here we are among murderers and members of Congress, though we had promised to drop our lines in none but pleasant places. Perhaps it was the cane that did it—the innocent toy wherewith our amiable but awkward visitor employs his hands and reassures his diffidence. Canes disturb us of late. Let us speak of a New York artican, and his ambitious handiwork.

Three years and a half ago, Mr. John Neumann, a German adopted citizen, coppersmith, maker of tanks and soda-fountains and kitchen-boilers, bethought him that, to please his wife, he would contribute a trifle in his line to our famous Crystal Palace. So he bought, off the head of an Italian image-maker, a cheap plaster bust of the Father of his Country, and set about reproducing it in sheet copper for the fun of the thing. But busts are not made so easily as boilers—especially with "hammer and tongs"—and Mr. Neumann had never made a bust. Besides, there were the ten-kettles already on the stocks, which must be tinkered in time; and there were tanks to rivet and a contract for coal-hods to fill—to say nothing of the rent which must be paid and the claims of the market-basket. So

the bust was not ready by that Fourth of July, which is one reason, no doubt, why even the genius of Barnum could not save the Crystal Palace. Perhaps Mrs. Neumann poked fun at her spouse, and all the little Neumanns had their little jokes at the paternal expense. Whatever it was, something certainly wrought on Mr. Neumann's feelings, and all the coppersmith within him was aroused. Wherefore behold him, this last Fourth of July, astonishing the day with a full-length statue of Washington, life-size—that is, the size of the living Washington, in its every proportion true to history—and in continental uniform: small-clothes, cocked hat, fob seals, queue, top-boots, and all. Do yourself the favor, good Gothamite, to go and see it, and flatter yourself with a little local pride on behalf of a New York mechanic. You will find the statue, *per se*, good as a statue; the attitude is well, and not less characteristic than some we have seen that claimed our admiration on more pretentious grounds. The head and face are no better, perhaps, than those of the cheap cast from which they were modeled; but you are not likely to mistake them for those of any other man; even a coppersmith is not liable to go so far astray from a likeness of Washington, or Napoleon, or the Duke of Wellington, or Henry the Eighth. Then, as specimens of nicely skillful handiwork, you will bestow your surprised admiration on the hair, the shirt-frill, the stitching of button-holes and seams, the veins in the back of the hand, the texture of the stockings, the gentleman-soldierlike fit of the boots, the carefully-defined leaves of the book—indeed, the fine details everywhere. You will acknowledge that the figure and the mien, though sufficiently grave and commanding, are simple and true, with no more stiffness than you may easily excuse, even without straining your generous consideration; and when you have recollected once more the hammer and tongs, the dark little shop, and the rare snatches of leisure—that Mr. Neumann had never an hour's instruction in his life, that he got his proportions and attitude from a careful study of his own slender frame, his details and arrangement from books and his own good taste—you will be ready to pronounce the copper Washington a wonderful performance, and the artisan an artist.

In 1623, when Charles I., then Prince of Wales, visited Madrid in company with the scapegrace Buckingham to woo the Infanta, Velasquez, the famous Spanish painter, received a hundred crowns for a portrait of the royal knight-errant. For more than a century, collectors of historical pictures have been in pursuit of this likeness of King James's "baby," and not the least diligent and pertinacious seekers have been those who, beating galleries and shops from one end of England to the other, have never left off crying that it was "lost forever." If you take an interest in that sort of expeditions in the track of the Franklins of art, you will do well to repair straightway to the Egyptian Museum, where, up four flights of stairs, you will find an English gentleman, an agreeable enthusiast, pious but modest, who will conduct you, with befitting solemnity, through certain short but awful passages, worthy of the pyramids, to an inner chamber of more than outer darkness, save for a glory of gas, wherein, bestowing you on a sofa, he will suddenly but with dignity confront you with his king, the "lost Velasquez" of his faith this many a weary day, and, if you be not less imaginative than a corpse, presently of yours. But you will have gone thither to believe. What is one historical fact more or less, that for its sake you should apply your savage proofs to dissipate the dream of beauty which a devoted heart has gathered about it like a cloak; that like a mercenary official, acting in the name of the law and the evidence, you should seek to arrest and disperse the storied procession which, from morn till night, from night till morn again, moves, without end, under the lonely window of an enthusiast's soul? Rather fix your fancy, no less than your gaze, upon the delicate, pale features, and the foreboding eyes, till they have become for you the living eyes and lips of the man Charles himself; and be grateful that you are admitted to partake of the beautiful, nor altogether unprofitable, religion of the loyal believer, who for ten years has been fighting his way—through the courts and the critics, through peddlers, quacks, persecutors and scoffers, and the pity that was worse than all—to the feet of a square of painted canvas, which, to the clear ken of his rapt devotion, was the very presence of God's anointed. What if it be but a

delusion or a dream after all, so you have had an opportunity to rejoice in your capabilities of veneration, and have tasted the pure piety of a man who solemnly believes in something?

And now, our fair young friend, we have also a picture for you. Come with us, with Meyerbeer's music in your mind's ear, to Williams & Stevens's, and we will show you Oldham Barlow's etching of "The Huguenot"—companion to that other poem of Millais's, "The Order for Release," with which we had the happiness to entertain your married sister last month. It is the noon before the bloody night of St. Bartholomew. A Roman Catholic girl and a Huguenot gentleman, lovers of course, and lately betrothed, are met in a secluded garden nook, quite away from the ears and eyes of noon. The girl has learnt all the terrible secret, and knows the badge—a white scarf round the left arm—which is to distinguish the slayers from their victims. She has warned him; she has suddenly bent the scarf about his sleeve ere he was aware of her purpose; and now, with upturned face and pleading eyes, she awaits her sentence. They have been in close converse. For a time she only trembled with the hideous secret she dared not slip, and then in her trouble she plucked in pieces that rose whose petals lie at his feet. But now he knows all—and will he accept the badge and live for her sake? The pale, up-turned face, the eager, frightened eyes, the almost gasping lips, the delicate fair hands straining at the knot of the scarf—all put the question together. You look in his face for the answer. At first—it was the loyal gentleman's impulse—he would have refused; you know that by the hand of the arm which is about her neck gently forbidding her efforts to fasten the scarf. But will he continue to refuse? Mr. Millais, who should know, says yes; but we think not. Look at his eyes; whither are they turned? Down through the big blue eyes of the girl, down, down, down into the profound of the woman's soul, which, disturbed by an unwonted agitation, has just tossed up something rich and strange. For him, St. Bartholomew's dreadful day has at this moment no more terror than the eve of St. Agnes. Catholic and Huguenot, Guise and l'Hôpital, a white scarf and a red one, are all alike to him.

He will not reject the badge, if it can help him to keep the treasure he has just found; or if he do, it will be "on reflection," and he is not reflecting now. The man is discovering a new country.

"Now feels he like some watcher of the skies,
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when, with eagle eyes,
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

In theatricals, of late, the public has not been astounded by a crowd of novelties, but has been compelled to concentrate its wonderment upon one or two establishments. An original entertainment was brought out at Niblo's Garden, by Miss Emma Stanley, an English lady, who appeared before our republican eyes, wearing the newest bloom of royal approbation, and aristocratic good opinion. Her performance is a many-charactered monologue, written expressly for her, and admirably calculated to display to advantage a certain power of successful mimicry, which is possessed by her in no common degree. She calls this curious entertainment "the Seven Ages of Woman." Shakespeare is of course responsible for the naked idea, and Mr. E. L. Blanchard is the dramatic tailor who has clothed it in its modern dress. Miss Stanley, though probably not as beautiful as Cleopatra, certainly discovers a rare amount of dramatic talent of a peculiar order, and shows herself the mistress of accomplishments enough to render each one of a dozen modern belles the envy of her own little set of "our best society."

Mr. Stuart's "Summer Garden," in which there is not a foot of earth, an ounce of mould, or a symptom of vegetation, has been so successful that its misnomer is forgotten. The attractions have been that ghoul-like melo-drama of Bourcicault's adaptation, "The Phantom," which possesses a most ghastly fascination; and the too-long-by-two-acts play, "Violet, the Life of an Actress." In the former, Mr. Bourcicault is grim and horrible, and Miss Robertson, the "star" of the Garden, is pretty, and very much out of place; they both die several times, and it is not until after a number of premature and unpleasant resurrections, that the ghost is laid, and the rest of the people married, with deadly liveliness. In the "Life of an Actress," Mr. Bourcicault is an old French actor, with a great deal of ambition but a very dilapidated wardrobe, who eventually becomes a duke, and gets a new coat; Miss Robertson, as "Violet," the actress, is his pupil and adopted daughter, who succeeds in accomplishing a stage triumph, and achieving a great reputation. The play is well acted; but the audiences would be satisfied with less of it. If it were concentrated, it would be not only more powerful but more merciful, while the ambitious mercury retains its present elevation.

Burton is playing at Niblo's, alternating with the perennial Ravela.

Miss Keene's new theatre is already in a state of great forwardness—on paper—but its proportions are not yet visible to the naked eye of the casual observer.